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THE REPAT. CONVALESCENT FARM.

From time to time, readers of the daily press are regaled with “write-ups” which extol the various stunts run by the Repat. On 17-2-22, an article was published on the subject of a convalescent farm for T.B. cases, which has been established at Noggooring, near Northam. Those unfortunate diggers suffering from this complaint and desiring to reside on the farm were invited to apply to the Repat. The fugueman of the “farm” pronounced the following panegyric:

“It (the farm scheme) will ensure the restoration to normal health and usefulness (so far as is humanly practicable) of many war-worn individuals who might otherwise retrogress, whereas under scientific medical supervision and treatment, with fine dry air and good wholesome food and healthy outdoor occupation, they would live with profit to themselves and the community.”

On the face of it, this project appears to be a wonderful chance for the T.B. digger sufferer. But if similar methods of administration are in vogue here to at least one farm in the Eastern States, then the advantages of a term of treatment won’t be apparent.

From Broadwater Convalescent Home, thirteen miles from Brisbane, complaints are forthcoming to the effect that disabled men, many of them serious limb cases, are employed at heavy manual labour. Among them, until recently, was J. R. Sells, ex 15th Batt.

On 8/8/16, Sells was blown up and buried at Mouquet Farm. Since his return, he has had a rough spin. On 11/12/30, he was admitted to Ravensmere Hospital, and last March an operation was performed, when a piece of bone was transferred from his shin to his spine. He had 40 stitches let into his leg, and 38 in his back. The operation was recognised as one of great delicacy.

Six month after his operation, Sells was sent for a dose of the Repat’s “scientific medical supervision and treatment,” etc., etc., at Broadwater. He was detailed as valet to the fowls, and his job was to carry buckets of water to the fowl house. Other odd jobs allotted to this patched-up cripple included hoeing, digging, and bagging spuds, and handling the bags, bagging chaff, and erecting a wireless pole. Sells felt the terrible strain of this heavy work, and his spine felt strung together on a bit of thread. His objections met with the gentle hint that refusal to work meant liability to forfeit all Repat. benefits.

Sells stuck it for eight months. Then he was carried back to Rosemount Hospital with the spine graft snapped, and the bottom half torn away. He is now trussed up in a plaster jacket, and likely to remain so for many months.

Now we don’t know whether this sort of thing is going to happen at the Northam farm. Indeed, our opinion is that it won’t, for the administration of Colonel Tilney and his Repat. officers has always been marked by an anxiety to give the diggers a fair deal—or as fair a deal as the regulations permit. We aren’t afraid that diggers won’t be given every consideration from our Western Repatriation officers. In comparison with Eastern Departments—notably with the notorious Cyanide gang of N.S.W.—we are to be congratulated on having a man like Colonel Tilney in charge. But all schemes like the convalescent farm are moulded on similar lines, and they are naturally controlled from the higher and central authority in Melbourne. Therein lies the danger of foolish and inhuman treatment of those diggers who may elect to place themselves under the Repat. Department’s care.

“Z.Z.”: Loud and indignant growls are being made by Mt. Lawley folk about the filthy state of the drinking water provided by a kind and generous Government. At a recent meeting of the district sub-branch a table in the corner was littered with empty beer bottles—somebody had doubtless been having a good time. There was also a jug containing a liquid that looked like beer, but was in reality the fluid adjudged by learned health authorities to be aqua pura, or, in plain English, pure water. One member of the branch was holding forth, interrupting the proceedings, and generally getting on everyone’s nerves. Major Hope decided on drastic action. Pouring a generous glassful from the jug, he solemnly invited the noisy one to “have a shandy.” The speaker stopped his flow of eloquence to take a deep draught. His disgust on finding that his drink was not the stuff that cheers sent everyone into joyful roars of mirth. The drink also had the effect of quietening the noisy one—for a whole five minutes.

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

"F.G.H." makes a suggestion that we supply covers in which we can case our copies of the "L.P." clean and handy. We thank our friend for the tip, and shall certainly arrange to supply suitable covers at the end of the year.

*I support the remarks of "The Count" ("L.P." Feb.) on the subject of Parliamentary customs. A quorum should be 80 per cent. of the full Parliament. Let politicians be put on the same basis as other State employees — no work (attendance), no pay — then we may expect some results from the House of Yap.

"Violets": Z.Z.'s articles all preach the same moral — the necessity for business-like methods in Government departments. Here's an instance. A Government official found he had undercharged a certain citizen 2d. His offer to personally pay the deficiency was treated with scorn. To pay certain knowledge, five or six letters were sent to the citizen over the matter, and probably a similar number to the official at fault. Now I reckon that the cost of dictating, typing, filing and dispatching every letter must be about 2d. 6d. Readers may amuse themselves by calculating what the cost of the taxpay ers to collect that modest tuppence.

"R.P.S.": Z.Z.'s is quite right to draw attention to the ridiculous level crossings ("L.P." Feb.), but a worse feature of these obsolete gates is the danger to human life. Only the other day a returned soldier met with a fearful death at Moore-street crossing. The only solution is to sink the city railway to a depth of some hundreds of feet. I know it's an expensive idea, but it will have to be done sooner or later.

"Violets": Allow me to tell "G'horge" that I do read all articles and speeches on the subject of a White Australia. Let "G'horge" consider that the Indians are being taught that they are British, and that it won't be long before they will demand entry to every part of the British Empire — including Australia! Wouldn't it be better for us to indente our some of them to develop the Commonwealth and so make it possible to attract a huge white population thereby? And the Indians won't be alone in mourning the "open sesame" password into Australia, for the yellow man will also want to say. Wouldn't it be better to have the brown claps under indente, instead of being forced ultimately to give them citizen rights? What I am trying to develop the Commonwealth for the white race! Anyway, I've never advocated a black, brown, yellow and blindered Australia, and if "G'horge" doesn't believe me, let him read my pae again — but thoroughly this time.

"The Count" : "Violets", arguments on the subject of indentured labour are less interesting than the subject itself. I've read a little, but not enough. This subject of the maintenance of a White Australia is a big problem, and W. M. Hughes knows it for he gave much prominence to the Aussie viewpoint at the Imperial Conference. India is making British statesmen furiously to think for, although recognised as an integral part of the British Empire, Indian subjects are left out from another part of the Empire — Australia. Obviously it's a hard job to show Gandhi and his followers the blessings of British rule, when Australia prefers the Indian's room to his company. Anyway, it's doubtful in my mind if the British Cabinet agree with the White Australia ideal. Only recently, Montague Secretary for India said:

"I hope there will be no color bar against Indians in other parts of the Empire.

"If, while we tell these people of India that they can win full partnership in the Empire, we also tell them that they are excluded from other parts of the world over which the Union Jacks fly, our policy in India will be impossible.

It is commonly supposed that a member of the British Cabinet doesn't discover without the authority of his colleagues, so we can take these remarks to be the official view of Australian Imperial policy. Whether Indians will agree to be indentured, or whether they will demand full citizen rights, is what "Violets" should satisfy us on.

"Z.Z.": Fritz is getting busy preparing for his big offensive. In August, his medical and mouth organs, and other rotten rubbish will begin to flood the Australian markets. Billy Hughes has swapped his digger hat for a spiked Fritz helmet. God help the infant Aussie industries!

I maintain that the resumption of trade with Germany is going to be disastrous to Australia. The reasons are many, but here are just a few to go on with."

On the strength of Hughes' "no trading with Germany" pledges, many industries were started during the war. Millions of pounds have been sunk into these industries. Certain Australian manufacturers are now negotiating with Fritz for agencies for the very goods they themselves manufacture, well knowing that Fritz will cripple their manufacturing business.

England and America have been trading with Fritz for the last two years. British ex-Service men are looking for work and officials say sales are made. Good America has five millions unemployed and England 2½ millions. Yet the unemployed in Germany number less than 250,000! (The menace of Hun goods to Australian manufacturers is so dire that no action by the Federal Government can take steps to protect our own workers can be too drastic. As an example of what the Hun manufacturers can do to make the Australian manufacturer look silly, the following figures should be compared and borne in mind:

Made in Made in Germany.
Compressed cane cabin 4 £ 8 7 £ 27 6 7
trunks
Vulcanised fibre suit 8 £ 2 18 3
cases
Electric table reading lamps 2 £ 10 0 £ 25 0 0

It must be remembered that the price quoted for the German product in each case is the average charged of 25 per cent., general tariff of 50 per cent., and anti-dumping tax of 75 per cent.

The reason for this disparity is the rate of exchange. An English or Australian pound is worth approximately, 1,000 marks. In other words, the Germans will give the equivalent of £1 for less than an Aussie sixpence, and every sixpence sent to Germany brings back over twenty marks worth of goods.

Before the war, the German workman got, on the average, 8 marks a day. Say he now gets 12 times that amount (which he does not), when his product is brought to Australia it would take about 2s. 3d. in our money to pay for this wage of 100 marks per day. Hence, we shall have German labour at 2s. 3d. a day in competition with our minimum of 16s. a day!

We are expected to feel comforted because the Government has introduced anti-dumping legislation. This is likely to be as effective as attempting to stem the tide with a broom. There are ways of defeating the operations of the anti-dumping measure.

Small wonder, then, that big manufacturing interests, like Broken Hill, Queensland and others are closing down, and that numerous others are contemplating it. What is to become of the thousands of workers who will be thrown out of employment?

This, to my mind, is the gravest problem in Australian industrial life. The problem must be faced, and whether Federal politicians are too apathetic, then we must change our Federal politicians. There's a Federal election happening soon.

Sergt. A. F. Lawrence, D.C.M. (ex 16th Batt) was the proud groom at a peasant wedding, which was celebrated at Oswin on 22/2/27. The bride was Miss Elsie Mary Morley, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Morley, of Young's Siding. Both parties to the union came from "fighting" families. In the late argument the bride lost one brother, and had another personal. Nuggett Lawrence, the recruit into the ranks of the beneficiaries earned his D.C.M. at Le Vele. All diggs will wish the young couple a happy and prosperous life together.

Advertise in 'The Listening Post'.

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

"Violets": Cannot Australians teach dressmaking? I ask because a Yankee concern is advertising a "dressmaking by post" course. This proposition is, to my mind, the coolest thing yet offered by the dollars' earning agents of U.S.A., and I advise all neat Aussie women to forget their money in Australia by dealing with them with purely Aussie concerns. If we've got to go to the Yanks to learn dressmaking, then we are poor old things.

"Violets": The other day somebody asked me to locate Westralia's beauty spots, over which I'm always enthusing. I politely told him to try an eye-wash. The Darling Ranges, with their innumerable brooks and rivulets, provide scenery of surpassing splendour. Then for rugged scenery, etc. Stirling Ranges are magnificent in their pristine magnificence. On the other hand, with its dazzling and wondrous caves, can hardly be excelled. If these beauty spots were possessed by other States and countries, their splendour would be boomed the world over, but as they're in W.A. they must be left to blush practically unseen.

"Violets": Here's a suggestion for putting a snipe in the wheel of our Murkin dollar-grabbing friends. American patent laws make it compulsory for an inventor to reside in U.S.A. for a period, and actually make and sell the commodity inside the States before full patent rights can be granted. On the other hand, there are no such rules as what a bank wants to patent an article in the British Empire. Why shouldn't we copy the Yankee patent laws? Then, perhaps, we might get rest from the boilights of indifferent Yankee rubbish that flood the Aussie markets.

"Z.Z." : He was a digger applying for shares in the R.S.L. Co-op. Laboriously he set about filling the application form. Now, after about a hundred and five pages, duly written in, he excited a desire to change the name of his application, and then wrote "two arms, two legs, head on shoulders."

The committee of the 44th Battalion Association have decided to have the social evening on March 29th at the Soldiers' Institute, Perth. The price of admission will be 2/-, which will include lady friends. A committee consisting of Messrs. McLarty, Peters, Scott and the President and Lieut.-Colonel the Commanding Officer, frame the programme, and the orchestra of the 44th will supply the music for the dance.

The South Perth sub-branch of the R.S.L. have arranged for a musical evening to take place at the Zee on the night of April 8th. To supply music the Sub-branch has agreed to supply the music. The funds collected will go towards finishing the memorial to fallen soldiers in the South Perth district.

"J.C.C.": Narrogin and branch-ites are asked to remember that the annual reunion will be held on Anzac Night. Arrangements are also being made to fittingly commemorate Anzac Day.

"C.W.R.B.": On 24/2/22 Professor Woodhouse, of the Sydney Uni., granted an interview to the morning daily, in which he denounced the policy of permitting Italians and Greeks to enter the Commonwealth. He held that we want (1) Racial peculiarities that cannot be assimilated in Australia; (2) danger of flooding the country with men without "nation-making capacity"; (3) Health and strength (at branch stage) of men who don't intend to settle permanently, and who only want to make money here; (4) they are undesirable and decadent; (5) if settlers are desired from foreign countries, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and such-like sober and steady people should be preferred.

Leederville Sub-branch regards these opinions as so much bosh. By their vigilant fighters, in the late war, our Italian allies did all that could be expected of them to make for a strong and lasting State. At a general meeting on 3/3/22, strong exception was taken to the Professor's remarks. The following resolutions were carried:

That this sub-branch of the R.S.L. takes strong exception to the remarks of Prof. W. J. Woodhouse, as reported in the "West Australian" of 24th February last. The branch wishes to point out:

(1) That the Italian proved themselves brave allies in the recent great war, which neither Danes, Swedes, nor Norwegians can be said to have done.

(2) That if the Italians were as good as the British, surely they should be as good in the midst.

(3) That in our opinion nation no nation class which fought for the right in the great world crisis should be termed "decadent," least of all the noble-minded Italian army.

"E.K.G.": Calling R.S.L.-ites are up to their necks in preparation for the sports meeting on 1/4/22 next. The programme is headed with a 10/-, 5/- and 1/- chop, to follow with a 5/- challenge, 10/- chop, a Men's Chop, an R.S.L. Handicap, a local trot, and a mile and a half, all of which will provide a good money's worth.

W.A. Ross discourses on Kalgoorlie Sub-branch:—This branch is in need of good, solid, and fearless leadership. A weak-kneed policy is N.G. in a hard-case community like Kalgoorlie, and the future will depend on the policy of the officials when they are chosen for the forthcoming general meeting. This branch has passed through stormy times, but it has always been loyal to the League. Never has it swerved one jot or dot from the ideals of the R.S.L. We realize that in a community where so many are leaving to find more lucrative employment elsewhere, there must be anxious times ahead. The future looks for the law and order, and the ability and loyalty of our officials. Strong men are needed—men who can expand the objects of the R.S.L. give determined opposition to Bolshevism and revolutionary influence, and insist on prefer-

ence to those men who sacrificed so much for the Empire.

"J. Mc.C.": The North Fremantle Branch, R.S.L., held a very successful meeting in their branch rooms on 6th March, 1922. The President, Mr. H. W. Westman, D.C.M., presided over an attendance of thirty-five members. He drew attention to the wonderful wave of enthusiasm which is prevailing in the branch at the present time, as is proved by the very marked improvement in the roll for recent meetings. The President also pointed out that the financial statement disclosed an equally sound and healthy state of affairs. On 12th April, 1922, the branch had a bank balance of £2 3s. lid., and against this the outstanding liabilities amounted to £12 15s. The ladies of North Fremantle again came to the assistance of the branch, and successfully ran a plain and fancy dress ball, with the result that the funds of the branch were augmented by a sum of £23. Since then the branch has not lost one penny. All liabilities have been settled, and at the meeting which took place. By adding which time £52 has been given for charitable causes, the cash credit in the bank at the moment stands at £43 11s. To quote a Member:—"We have a steady balance in the shape of clothing, etc., the value of £19, making a total credit balance of £63. The membership is also increasing daily. During the last two years twenty new members have been enrolled. More good work has been done just lately by the branch, principally and in every case to date successfully, getting a review and an increase in the number of main members, also the retention of returned soldiers in the permanent forces, and many other minor matters. The President, in concluding his remarks, requested all members to keep their shoulders to the wheel and assist in keeping the branch in the present healthy state.

J.C.G.—Two Narrogin comrades had a disastrous fire recently, when their farm property, last season's crop, and most of this season's seed was destroyed. The stock was saved, but no feed. A stroke of bad luck, as it is proof of the risks taken by our primary producers. This year our friends' first year on the property. The matter was brought before the Narrogin Citizens' Welfare Committee, and a public appeal has been launched. Narrogin sub-branch has donated a five to the fund, and the proceeds of the concert will also be devoted to the same useful work. With the assistance of the public a goodly sum is anticipated.

Feeling that he wasn't getting enough work to keep him out of mischief, C. W. R. Beechey has resigned the presidential position at Leederville. He has now been elected Honorary Secretary J. H. J. Hesse, vice-president, and a former president, steps into the breach, while C. J. J. Cooke, of Loco. Sub-branch, is vice-president.

"J.C.C.": Alf Moon of Narrogin sub-branch, has taken unto himself a "new moon," and the happy couple are now enjoying a "honey moon." All Narrogin boys wish Mr. and Mrs. C. All the best of luck.
THE JESTER.

(By J. Pollard.)

“Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!” The words came distinctly to Johnnie's ears as he pushed open the door of the estaminet. They came floating across from the “bar,” over the heads of the crowd of troops at the round tables in the room. They rose above the loud murmur of voices, the tinkle of wine glasses, and the scraping of chairs.

Johnnie half halted on the threshold, for the words seemed to jar him a little, strange for a humble, imperceptible instant a vague presentiment passed over him, leaving him cold. Then he walked in, shrugging his shoulders a little. He glanced around as he walked across the room to an empty table.

The scene was a fairly common one in those days. ‘Twas in a little estaminet in Steenje, back o' the line a bit, and the boys were “out” for a few days. A score of troopers at tables and chairs crowded into the little room, all talking—and drinking. A thick haze of tobacco smoke hanging to the ceiling. Over the door a notice had been written, “It is distinctly difficult matter to obtain a grant of a lump sum in lieu of pension, and it is not done with a view to be rid of a young fellow of 23 or so.” He had just heard the words: "Eat, drink and be merry."

The lad turned to his mates with a smile in his eyes, and he said something, which Johnnie couldn’t catch, but which was evidenced in a humorous, companionable nature, for his companions laughed heartily. Then they turned to the bar again, and the lad’s voice came to Johnnie distinctly again, “Encore, madam!”

Johnnie ordered a glass of benedictine from mademoiselle.

A week later Johnnie was coming back from Broodsiende with a message from headquarters.

He had just struck the duckboards and was stepping along at a stiff pace. A few shells were dropping around in the mud—you know, the sort that used to come from nowhere, and just used to drop anywhere—one there and another one half a mile away, then the next one half a mile away on the other side. One didn’t linger in the neighborhood there, for the next one might come where you were.

Then came an almost inaudible moan from the right, and Johnnie involuntarily glanced around.

Then he was off the duckboards, and kneeling in a shell hole, where three men lay huddled together. Again he heard the moan, and it came from the underneat-h one. Johnnie hauled the two uppermost men away—they were both dead.

As Johnnie looked at the figure in the bottom of the shell hole his heart contracted a little. It was the lad in the estaminet again—and Johnnie glanced again at the two dead men: they were the two companions of the lad in the estaminet. And as he turned again the boy breathed his last. His mouth relaxed, and he lay still.

And to Johnnie, as he sat still a moment, there came a voice distinct above the murmur of voices, and the tinkle of glasses, which came with it: “Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.”

COMMUTATION OF PENSIONS.

“Paleface” resumes the debate:—“Came lo’s” has the idea, but he wording his contribution so as to give “Correspondent” a chance to hit back. The latter had very little to say, a mere parenthesis, but his words were the most anxious to take any terms they could at the time of the transaction.

A man who does not stick by a bargain when once he has made it does not deserve the help of his country, for he was not the man who would take his gruelling on service.

“Correspondent,” who started the bother, gets the last nag:—“Camelo’s” offi cer, who enters the lists as Knight of the Pale Face, hasn’t got anything new to say. To repeat a statement doesn’t make it true. The argument of “Paleface” is a non-starter, the correspondent’s case, the while avoiding “Camelo’s” dire error of giving us a chance to think. Not only does he avoid the pitfall of the correspondent’s method of avoiding the pitfall of the correspondent’s method, but he adds another bit of argument. He says nothing fresh, so it leaves me nothing fresh either!

“Paleface” suggests that I’m talking out of my hat, and that I’ve invented the case cited. I give the lie direct to such a charge. The case is one of a T.B. sufferer, on a FULL pension, who came very close to commutation! Here are the particulars:—A few months ago, this soldier entered Kalamunda Convalescent Home. Becoming disgusted, or for pure carelessness, he packed his swag, and cast the dust of Kalamunda from his feet. The pension people strongly disapproved of his procedure, and they cut out his pension. Later, they generously granted him a small pension, less than 20 per cent. In disgust, the digger applied to Melbourne for commutation. He was told that Melbourne would not consider a prior application must be made to the Repat. At Perth. However, in the meantime the Full pension had cooled down, and had restored the full pension! Now had that digger made out a case for commutation prior to his promotion to Full pension, he had a fair chance of collecting the cash. I stand by my word when I pointed out the danger of commutating the pension of that T.B. digger!

Quoth “Camelo” :—The spectacle of seriously hurt men having to starve, because at some previous time they elected to take a lump sum in lieu of pension, and by some means or other, otherwise, lost all, cannot be seriously considered.

The facts quoted above show the true worth of “Camelo’s” statement. It appears, after all, that such a thing IS possible, and that it SHOULD be seriously considered.

The digger concerned in a sly way, and doesn’t want his name printed. To prove this to be an actual case, the full name, etc., may be obtained by Messrs. Camelo and Paleface from the Editor of “The Listening Post.”
THE DECLINE OF THE R.S.L.

Criticism, like self-mockery, is a good thing, and the following criticism is published for the consideration of R.S.L. members.

'Regrett': All dinkums will regret the drift in the R.S.L. Undoubtedly, there is a steady and continual decline in membership, and in the hopes of finding some eventual remedy to this grievous state of affairs, I should like to start a discussion on the subject.

As a result of the last conference, I had hopes that the grievances aired would have been thoroughly and carefully considered by the Executive, and some means devised to bring the R.S.L. to its old prosperous position.

As few members of the Executive are apparently aware of what was intended on the inauguration of the League, it may be expedient to start from scratch. Undoubtedly the present trouble lies largely in the departure from the original aims and ideals of the founders of the R.S.L.

Whilst the bulk of the A.I.F. was still building a future, a notable number of men who had seen and suffered, realised the need for an organisation to represent the returned and returning soldiers. Some of these men met in the Soldiers' Club, George-street, Sydney, and they formed 'The Returned Soldiers' Association', this being the forerunner of what has now become the R.S.L.

Included in this small gathering were two members from their death-beds at Randwick A.G.H. to lend a hand.

At this inaugural meeting, it was expressly pointed out that weaker diggers would require assistance in times of need and distress, and the idea in forming the organisation was to help the men who couldn't help themselves. Thus the league was founded upon secure and solid foundation, and had the Executive kept this in mind, the object they had achieved would have been the R.S.L. would never have been in the parlous position it is in to-day. Never for one moment did those far visioned men who formed the League intend the organisation to further the interests of specially selected individuals nor was it intended to build up big balances in the financial line.

It will be remembered how at one time, a stunt was organised to help a certain digger, and even disturbances of the peace were contemplated in order to secure justice. At present there are some hundreds of worthless diggers in sorry plight, yet I have not seen or heard of the Executive being actively interested. At the last conference one delegate strongly urged that this was a justifiable cause for drastic action, and that some stunt was needed to compel the attention of our flagging politicians and pro-fighting business men.

At the meetings of the various sub-branches it is noticeable that great difficulty is experienced in finding what is happening at meetings of the Executive. The whole procedure adopted by the Executive is wrong. Instead of awaiting for matters to be brought up by sub-branches, and by the Press, the Executive, if they were doing their duty, would already be in touch with the matters, and satisfactorily dealing with them. As an example I would mention last year's celebration of Anzac Day. I trust that these remarks shall not be taken as mere fault-finding. My one object is to get the R.S.L. back to the high ideals with which it was founded, and from which it has, to such a great extent, departed. More genuine effort on behalf of the needy and distressed, and less limelight seeking, presentation and certificate stunts, is required to build up our league to what it was intended it should be, and what it certainly can be.

Avenue of Employment for Maimed Men.

SOME LOGICAL AND HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

(By F. T. KNAPP.)

There is one rural industry which no doubt offers to some of our maimed and worthless ex-soldiers the means of earning a decent living and becoming self-supporting members of the community, if they were given the chance to do so by the Commonwealth and State repatriation authorities. It is the fruit-growing industry, and it seems reasonable to believe that something might yet be done in this direction.

The following suggestions are made:

1.-That the Repat. acquire, on behalf of a certain number of maimed men, an area of orchard land in profit, and capable of supporting number decided on.

2.-That orchard in question be developed on communal system, with a qualified manager, or adviser, in charge.

3.-That the area acquired be divided into blocks, so that a member of the orchard community can qualify, in spite of physical handicaps, for individual ownership.

4.-That sheds be opened in metropolitan and goldfields centres to sell varieties of fruit produced by the orchard community. This avenue would provide employment for men incapacitated from doing other work.

5.-That drying, canning, and the manufacture of fruit products be also considered in conjunction with foregoing suggestions.

My reasons for these suggestions are that this industry could employ these men during a large part of the year, and to men minus one or two limbs much of the work on an orchard is not impossible. For instance: (a) pruning could be done by men minus one arm and by man minus one or both legs; (b) plowing and cultivation (walking implements) by man with one sound arm and one artificial, man minus one arm and one or both legs; (c) picking, as in (b); (d) packing and case-making—this is possible to any man with one sound arm and one artificial

even if he be minus one or both legs; (e) selling products, as in (d).

Something on these lines might be tried in the hope of providing an interesting, health-giving and profitable occupation to many of our maimed and limbless unemployed returned men.

A CASE OF NERVES.

(By "Paleface")

Scene: Before the Hindenburg line.

They were filling in a trench where a 'phone wire or two had been laid; it was a dirty, cold, wet night. Those discouraging foreigners, the Huns, had never been so chivalrous, and on this occasion they were almost rude. Anyhow, it made the fatigue party hurry.

Joe, under his baptismal fire, sweated—"from work, I think—but he stopped short and uttered a silent swear of horror when he found a human hand pinned to his handjacket.

Put yourself in his place—a dressing of wiz-bangs served with pepperpot machines—bullets in your job nearly done; and you go and unearth something, which may not even smell as sweet as Burswood. Can you wonder that Joe's eyes pierced the darkness and depicted a gruesome sight to his highly-strung mind?

But can you imagine how he felt when his cobber roared in a trench stage whisper after a bright flare had lit up the landscape: 'Joe, you're the dullest idiot I ever met; you've spilt my new sheepskin glove.'

"349": After the armistice was signed, the heads suddenly discovered that Light-Horsemen didn't know their jobs, and orders were given to commence elementary training as per drill book. One day our troop was being inspected by a Tommy staff officer who wanted to see if our chins-traps were being worn at the right angle, etc., etc. After a few haws and heahs, Mr. Staff Officer turned to ride away, but in doing so banged into the troop lined up. "Ease off there!" roared the troop leader, when a wag on the left flank chipped in: "No 'e aint, but 'e blanket soon will be."

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.

Amateur Photographers!

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REC. A. LAMBERT, 61 BARPACK ST., PERTH.
The soldiers' farewell.

On March 6th Perth Sub-branch bade farewell to one of its members, who was about to leave on a trip to England. The member so honoured was His Excellency Sir Francis Newdegate, representative of King George in the State of Western Australia. A distinguished and representative gathering of citizens assembled to figuratively shake the Governor's hand in farewell. The visitors included the Acting-Premier, Gen. Sir Talbot Hobbs, Colonels Collett and Bartlett, and Mr. G. J. Foley, M.H.R. President G. Longmore presided.

The Acting-Premier (H. P. Colebatch) had the first say. "The Government," he said, "welcomed the opportunity of His Excellency visiting England at the present time. We know that in England there are millions of people for whom satisfactory employment cannot be found; and we know that in Western Australia there is room for these men and these millions. I may say that no other Governor has tried so hard to know Western Australia and understand its people as His Excellency. He has travelled it from one end to the other, and he has not done it in a haphazard fashion. I know that he is very strongly impressed with the possibilities of Western Australia, and that while he thinks highly of the country he thinks a great deal more of its people. Going home with these ideas, His Excellency is going to be of even greater service to the State than he has been here. So, on behalf of the Government, I wish him with the greatest heartiness a pleasant journey home and a speedy return to Western Australia."

"It was a very fortunate day for this State when His Excellency was asked to come here," said Sir Talbot Hobbs. He ventured to say that no man in Western Australia had had more to do with the returned soldier more at heart than His Excellency. He had done a great deal to cement the brotherhood between the peoples of this State and Britain, and the camaraderie between the "Digger" and the "Tommy."

Padre P. Hayes (representing Archbishop Clune) spoke of the soldiers' opportunity of civil life victories. Rev. L. L. Riley (on behalf of his father, Archbishop Riley) made a racy speech. "Most paddies," he said, "are pinched to the degree of D.D. His Excellency could in truth claim those letters, for by sentiment and deed, Sir Francis had proved himself a dinkum digger. Rabby Friedman also spoke of the Governor's work, and he wished him a pleasant trip. J. Cornell, M.L.C., backed up the other speakers.

In reply, Sir Francis said: -- "I think one of the greatest honours that ever was paid me was to make me a 'digger.' Another great honour was to make me honorary Colonel of the 11th Battalion. It is an honour to have anything to do with Australian soldiers. From my heart I hope that this returned soldiers' organisation will continue to do good work."

That is a great ideal for soldiers; it is a great ideal for a great, young country like yours. This country has not been properly known in the past. It is the fault of the school maps. (Laughter.) However, it is a progressive country and the maps are being corrected. It certainly is not known in the Eastern States so there is some excuse for its not being known in England. Since we came here we have found nothing but goodwill all round, and I am very grateful for it. And I am grateful for the real good comradeship that these men who, like myself, have been soldiers, have shown. We.

The musical programme was provided by Miss Elsie Rawlins (Mrs. Geo. Horton) and Meares. George Horton (in fine form), Ossipoff, Norwood, Talbot, Taylor, Whitby, Eric Duncan and F. Butler.

"C.W.R.W.:" Model dug-outs may be erected on the vacant land in front of the Leederville Picture Gardens, if permission can be obtained, to give colour at the Anzac Memorial Service. A big committee is working out the details. If he can manage, General Sir H. Hobbs will attend, and instrumental music will be provided by Leederville Salvation Army Band. The vocal music will be furnished by a combined choir, and by Mr. L. L. Carter, M.L.A. The devotional part of the service will commence at 3 p.m., and the presentation of medals at 4 p.m. The whole of the collection will go to the R.S. Amelioration Fund, the sub-branch standing the cost of advertising etc. Last year, 500 people gave 11 guineas. There's room for 1,000 in the gardens, and it is aimed to treble last year's collection.

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Originalities

"Jay": The W.A. Trotting Association is the latest body to forget what Western Australia owes to her returned men. The newly-appointed clerk of the course doesn’t wear the discharge badge of the A.I.F., although there were several diggers applicants capable of giving every encouragement. When oneyoungster -the W.A.T.A. committee that if Frits had won the decision in the late world argument, there might not have been any trots. Frankly, after the record of the trotting folk, we are astonished at the appointment, and we believe we have the public with us in our surprise.

Several folk supposed to be in the know predict that a bill will shortly be drafted capitalising the first five years’ interest bill of all returned soldiers. Up to date we haven’t been able to get any confirmation of the rumour, but the obvious justice of such a step makes us optimistic.

"Railways": The long belated Railway Board award has been issued. Some diggers officers have got a rise, while others must be content with the Irishman’s type of rise. Also some diggers, capable men, too, have been advanced, and are expected to parlay their advancement, by junior members with no war service.

In excuse, the Board squeals that the Act doesn’t empower them to give preference to returned diggers. It also tersely tells the Premier that he had instructed heads of branches to give preference. Either that instruction has been pigeon-holed and mislaid, or the word “preference” has been mis-taken for “penalty.” Colonel Denton, M.L.A., was until recently an officer in the Railway Department. The boys would take it as a kindly act if Jimmys would make a few enquiries. He might find a few anomalies—in fact he might even discover that when the Commission says “Appeal to the Board,” it is like unto appealing to Caesar against Caesar.

"J.L.C.": Is it possible for a member of the "J.L.C." staff to attend executive meetings and give a breezy report of the proceedings? (At the last meeting our reporter became so interested that he clean forgot to report the proceedings. However, we shall have a report in next issue.)

"J.T.W.": East Kirrup Sub-branch came to light with a smoke social on 15/2/22, and a merry evening’s entertainment was provided. To aid the Provident Fund, a dance was also held, and it proved one of the best ever. The members and their ladies’ committee were trumpery. They supervised the important job of filling the inner man, and all of them worked like Trojans. A balance of £16 3s. 2d. went to remembrance, but it was a satisfaction to note that money was not only to help diggers and their dependants, but all cases of distress in the camp. All Kirrup boys are loud in their praises of the “Listening Post,” and they think that if the present standard can be maintained, its success is assured.

"J.C.": A couple of years ago, this district (Narragin) was invaded by a can-vasser who induced some of us to hand over 4 guineas. This amount was to pay for a copy of the book, “Fighting Sons of Australia,” in which was to be published a photograph and biography of each digger subscriber. Being a bit tired of waiting in vain for the book, I wrote to the publishers (Palmer and Ashworth) and was told that the book had been left in the hands of the printers. That was a couple of months ago, but the book hasn’t happened along yet. I wonder what’s keeping it?

(We have communicated with the publishers, and understand that the printing is a longer job than was anticipated. However, we have been enabled to view the proofs, and are assured that the date of publication will be about six weeks hence.)

"G.W.W.": No. 2 State Mill Sub-branch is up to its neck preparing a programme for Anzac Day. Morning will see a community assembly at the Mill, and expected to be the children; and the day will be wound up in the evening by a concert and dance.

"G.W.W.": Last year, mention was made of a proposed R.S.L. Friendly Society, but the project seems to have taken itself away to a quiet corner and peace.

"J.Mc.": North Fremantle Branch is well advanced with the arrangements for the fitting celebration of Anzac Day. Which, take the form of a monster Memorial Service and presentation of medals in the North Fremantle Town Hall, or Oval (according to which is the most suitable of the day) at 3 p.m.

He’s Grace the Archbishop of Perth has promised to conduct the service. The different choirs in the district, together with the children, will assist in a full choral service, and they in turn will have the assistance of the Fremantle Town and Military Band.

General Sir Talbot Hobbs, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.M.G., has also signified his intention to be present, and will be asked to present the British War Medal to the relatives of the brave lads who gave their all for king and country. After the presentation, a group photo of the recipients will be taken for presentation at each recipient. In this direction the co-operation of all relatives of deceased soldiers, is requested, and getting in touch with the Branch Secretary, at No. 152 Queen Victoria-street, Fremantle, as early as possible, they will greatly assist in the completing of all the necessary arrangements.

It is understood that the first batch of Victory Medals will be available for presentation on that day; if so, General Hobbs will be asked to make the presentations. In this direction returned diggers are asked to do as in the above paragraph.

The other sub-branches have been asked to co-operate, as it is thought that each district in turn in the municipality should hold the combined service in their district. It is sincerely hoped that all returned soldiers will rally to the service on this day, and do homage to those who fought and fell by our side on the war-sodden fields of Gallipoli, Palestine, Flanders, and Belgium.

At the monthly meeting of the Perth Branch R.S.L., held on March 6th, the matter of the employment of a non-return man in preference to a returned man by the W.A. Trotting Association was considered. The meeting and the president was instructed to get in touch with the President of the State Executive and take whatever action may be necessary to gain the desired end. Mr. Longmore, the President, was elected to represent the branch as director on the R.S. Co-operative Trading Co., Ltd. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Malcolm, Whiteley, and Woodham, were elected to devise means to raise £50 to subsidise a cot at the Children’s Home in the name of the branch. The resignation of Messrs. Bebee and Woodham were received, and the usual letter of appreciation will be sent to them for services rendered. Messrs. Rosenthal and Bebee were elected to the vacant positions. The visiting committee will be strengthened by the addition of Messrs. Rosenthal and Ryan. The Governor, Sir Francis Nevadgate, who is a member of the branch and will be leaving for England shortly, was asked by the branch to convey a wreath of West Australian flowers to England, and place it on the Australian soldiers’ grave at Harqfeld.

"F.A.": Here’s a record to beat ‘Came-lo’s’!—Sergeant T., original 8th Battery, collected 22 gun-shot wounds. He cheerfully suffered the misfortune of a leg three inches from the thigh, and his wrist and hand is useless. Tried his hand at typing, but his battered wrist made him give it up. Then he set to and studied accountancy, being eventually successful in passing his final exam. diploma. He now holds down a responsible job in the civil service. He is quite happy, and the proud possessor of a body of little diggersesses. I maintain that this record equally puts ‘Came-lo’s’ well in the shade.

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ALL REPAIRS NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED

ORIGINALITIES—continued from page 9

The cash-keeper at the “L.P.” office has been like a grizzly bear with the toothache. The wherefore is the practice of several correspondents in short-stamping their letters, thus necessitating a raid on the cash-box to pay the short postage. On days when the sun rises in its glory and the temperature reaches 108 point umpteen, the money so spent could be used for—er—other purposes. Will correspondents please pay full postage in future?

Cap. Potter, of the Base, has elected to do battle with A. H. Panton, M.L.C., at the forthcoming Legislative Council elections. It should be a good go. Panton, it will be remembered, returned his R.S.I. badge and resigned from the League, and we are still wondering why the necessity for that drastic and melodramatic action.

George James, the pension king at the Repat., entered into double harness on the 14th March. George always gives everyone a fair spin, and is one of the best. He picked a bad day to do the trick—107 in the shade. We wish him every happiness.

We are proud to think that last month’s little chat to Fremantle diggers has shown good effect, for peace reigns once more at the Port, and that all rival factions have embraced (figuratively) and sworn eternal friendship. This is good news to the League and to all true diggers.

By direct giving, South Perth Memorial Fund has benefited to the tune of £200. It is hoped to raise a further £500 on Saturday, 8th April, when the Zoo grounds have been reserved for the whole of the day. At night the grounds will be illuminated by myriads of coloured lights. The attractions include sports, side shows, bands, refreshments, surprise packets, etc. The whole stunt is a most ambitious one, and the control is in the hands of the local sub-branch, aided by a large committee of ratepayers. The executive is composed of Messrs. Lord, Pope, and Ridley. Alex. Clydesdale, M.L.A., is chairman, while the hon. organiser is Mr. A. Hodder 3 Hardy-street, South Perth, who will welcome suggestions and donations, preference being given to the latter.

“A Howl”: If there’s one thing more than another about the “L.P.” that I like, it’s the horse sense it expresses about the folly of sending money out of Westralia. So long as there is a continual drain of wealth from the State, so long will Westralia continue to struggle as a second-rate State. I know one case of a settler who arrived some years ago without a penny, and who later sold out for £43,000 odd. Then he cleared back to the cold country, invested in property, and lost every dollar. Now he’s back, trying to get another farm, without having any money to buy. Now, there’s only one way to stop this sort of thing. A man who makes money in the State, and then takes himself and his money elsewhere, must be heavily taxed. This drain is a serious matter, and it needs drastic action. The man who reckons W.A. is good enough to make money in, but that it isn’t good enough to spend it in, must be severely jumped on, and heavily taxed.

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”
Some sub-branches are distributing these badges free to their members, but this is entirely a matter for each sub-branch to decide for itself. The sub-branches must, however, purchase the badges from the Executive.

**THE BARRAGE.**

Gently blows the easterly wind,  
The night is nearly done;  
Faintly are the clouds outlined  
In rays of dawning sun.  
The zero hour comes apace—  
Ah! see the signal there,  
Floating high in middle space;  
It is the warning flare!  
Hark! The boom of heavy,  
The barrage signal gun!  
The gunners all are ready,  
The barrage has begun.  
Nor blast of Juno’s war horn,  
Nor whim of Ariel,  
E’er so rudely stirred a morn,  
Or caused such carnage toll.  
A sound, a super thunder,  
Speaks from many a gun,  
Earth’s face is torn asunder,  
And fumes eclipse the sun.  
Death’s messengers are shrieking  
Their frantic screams again,  
The air with gas is reeking,  
And with incend’ry flame.  
Coldly blows the easterly wind,  
The day is cold and grey;  
Crested hills are vapour-lined,  
And hushed the din of fray.  
Full many an upturned face  
Betokened parted soul;  
“Requiescant in Pace!”  
While time doth onward roll.

L. GIBBONS.

**“File”:** An institution which has played no inconsiderable part in W.A.’s war work, the Repat. General Hospital at Fremantle, will soon cease to be the receiving and recuperating haven for damaged diggers. In a few days it will revert to its original uses, as the first Aussie lodgment for new (and whole) citizens arriving in W.A. from the cradle of our race. In plain English, it will again be used as the Immigration Receiving Depot.

**“File”:** Apropos of the wearing of war ribbons. It’s amusing to see the way many men wear these ribbons on every conceivable (and inconceivable) occasion. It is now announced that war medals take precedence over all pretty decorations. This information is promulgated for the benefit of ex-diggers aspiring to ambassadorial honors.

“File”: Into the august and awful presence of “Gutz” Ryan came a digger, determined to have another fly for C3 and Australia. “Spots before the eyes, sir,” he explained in response to the usual question. “Oh,” spots—look like men embarking for Australia. But I can’t see you among them.” And the weary digger passed on.

“Paleface”: The Repat. staff gathered in force on 14/3/22, when George James, O.I.C. Pensions, was presented with an electric kettle. The reason wherefore was George’s marriage to Miss Edna Cadden, of Victoria Park. Incidentally, the temperature reached 107.6 in the shade, but it isn’t suggested that this had anything to do with the presentation.) The said staff, being chiefly composed of staid beneficia (of a few months’ standing), chose an electric kettle, recognising that the brewing of the early morning beverage usually falls to the lot of the worse half. George saw service with the 10th L.H., and he received his share of iron rations from the ever-generous Jacko, on Gallipoli.

By the courtesy of Mr. Hugh Huxham, the Mt. Lawley North Perth, R.S.L. is having a night out next Wednesday at the Olympia Theatre, Hay-street. This is sure to be a splendid show, and the date should be kept open. Tickets can be obtained from any branch member or from “L.P.” office.

**THE ANGELUS IN FRANCE.**

Down where the tall elms gently sway,  
Fanned by the evening breeze,  
The turcots of a cloister gray  
Stand clear above the trees.  
High on the west, beyond the glade,  
Where day’s god abdicates,  
Dame Nature’s blush shows like a maid  
As his last kiss he takes!  
Upon the breeze is gently borne  
The scented narcissus,  
The sweet perfume of spring hawthorn,  
And chimes of Angelus!—  
Thus sound and scene and sight and all  
Can scarcely fitter be,  
As peasants on their Maker call,  
And ‘fore Him bow the knee.

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AGENTS,

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Dear Sir,

I have again taken over the position of hon. secretary to the Leederville Sub-branch of the Returned Soldiers' League. I was the original secretary when the sub-branch was formed in 1918 and held the position until 1920, when I resigned for other reasons.

A member at the last general meeting generously donated £1 for propaganda work, enabling me to circulate 240 returned soldiers in the district whose names and addresses I already had. I am putting forward several reasons why you should join or re-join the branch as an active member:

1. At the annual general meeting it was the opinion of the branch that 10s. was too heavy for the annual subscription and it was decided to refund 3s. out of each full year's subscription to the member.

2. We have still about £60 in the two relief funds and would like full meetings when any money from these funds is granted to soldiers, their widows and children.

3. We paid £25 in 1921 and only collected £15, and we have only the collection at the annual Anzac Memorial service and one or two concerts during the winter months to build up the funds with and we want the support of "diggers" to make these events successful.

4. We intend to curtail the ordinary business on meeting nights and with the help of a ladies' committee finish the evening with little entertainments to which members can bring their wives, daughters, and lady friends. Also to have several card nights during the winter (a popular form of entertainment).

5. United and strong we would have considerable influence regarding popular districts of Leederville and West Leederville and could combine with all other Associations in the district for their benefit and our own. I feel that, therefore, united we shall inevitably fade away.

Trusting this will induce you to attend our next general meeting on 7th April, 1922, and become a financial and active member of the sub-branch.

Yours sincerely,

C. W. R. BEECHLEY,
Hon. Secretary.

Presentation to Jim Butler.

The arrangements for the presentation to Jimmy Butler and farewell to the Governor were left in the capable hands of Arthur Rogers, C. W. Beechley, and H. MacPherson. It goes without saying everything went off without a hitch.

P.S.—None of these gentlemen are "professional organisers"!

Perth Sub-branch would take no denial this time when it decided to make a presentation to J. R. Butler, D.C.M. Some time ago, when a presentation of £20 was planned, Jimmy turned the position down with an emphatic no, but he couldn't get out of it this time. The presentation, which took place on 8th March, 1922, was made by His Excellency the Governor, and it took the form of a good-looking silver tea and coffee set. Sir Francis expressed the appreciation of all diggers and congratulated J. R. B. on this "token of respect and of acknowledgement of work done for the cause we all have at heart." He also expressed his pleasure at seeing Mrs. Butler and family present. In response, Jim said he had always done his very best for the digger, and he evoked a sympathetic cheer when he said he was more used to addressing diggers in their own vernacular than in the language befitting that gathering.

The personality of J. R. Butler has been a big factor in the success of the West Australian R.S.L., possessing a keen intellect, a rare judgment, and a grim determination to follow what he deems to be the right path, he has attained a remarkable degree of success in all undertakings. His rough and ready eloquence finds a quick and sympathetic response. Perth Sub-branch may indeed be proud of having "discovered" J. R. Butler.

"T.W.": There is no more energetic worker for returned soldiers than F. A. M. Hillary, President of South Perth Sub-branch. F.A.M. was an old 12th Batt., and had the misfortune to lose a leg in the big box-in in France, but that does not stop him from endeavouring to assist his fellow-diggers and their dependents.

"T.W.": Since the building of homes for diggers has been transferred from the Commonwealth Government to State Government, those most interested—the diggers—are getting a very bad spin. There are hundreds of applications for houses waiting at the "go-slow" office, and apparently no one is concerned whether applications are attended to or not. This shameful neglect has been a feature of the War Service Homes administration since its inception. When will the digger get a fair go?
ORIGINALITIES.—continued from page 10.

"File": Occasionally, some disgruntled digger in a fed-up mood starts an argument on the war work of that vast undertaking the Y.M.C.A. To the credit of most diggers, their opinions as to whether the profit or loss account of a Christian organisation should lean towards the debit or credit side, is at least unspoken. There is little to be gained by public discussion, but a feeling hard to remove is that somebody might possibly have made a good thing out of it. I know I didn't get much benefit from the Y.M.C.A., but then perhaps I was unlucky.

"E.B." Meekatharra Sub-branch seems to be as dead as a doornail, or at least quite as bad as the Nor'-West branchers complained about by "W.R.S." ("L.P." Feb.). I think the Executive should pay special attention to outlandish sub-branches and try to get them going. The fault does not lie with the local branch secretaries—Mr. Shillington, at Meekatharra, is a real toller, but should receive a bit more encouragement from the Executive officials.

"E.B." Here's good luck to the "L.P." in its fight to get the first five years' interest capitalised! With my partner, I'm working a bit of country 200 miles north of Meekatharra. We're trying to raise cattle, and it's a willing battle too. If the interest for the first five years can be capitalised, it will be a tremendous help, and will ensure success. Your pegging away at this object must do good eventually, and success will earn you the deep gratitude of all S.S.S. men up this way, at least. All the same, I'd like to express my deep appreciation of the fine treatment we have received from the Agricultural Bank officials.

Near Villers Bretonneux some signallers were running a quick-and-lively 'phone wire over re-won ground, utilising as many ready-made supports as possible in order to save the time and energy involved in driving stakes. A dead Fritz inhabited a shell-hole, sitting position, head and shoulders above ground level, rest buried. The linesman was just about to drive a stake in the ground when the Buckshee Bombardier in charge noticed the stiff Fritz. "He'll do!" he said, and looped the wire round the stonkered one's neck.—J. Edward M.

My unit had a hard case who deserves to get a first prize in the Novel Excuses Stakes. He had stayed all night in a near-by town and on facing the Old Man at Orderly Room next morning was asked the reason for his A.W.L.-ness. "Well, it's like this, Sir," he said plausibly, "I had a pass but lost it somehow and wasn't game to come back without it for fear the M.P.'s would get me on the way." The Old Man was a Digger himself once, and considered that a novel excuse like that was too good to go unrewarded. He dismissed the case.—6065.

"Talking about mean men," said Bluey (we weren't talking about mean men, but that wasn't going to stop Bluey from starting an argument). "I reckon that a Quarter Bloke that we used to have in our Batt. gets first place. Cripes! the cow was mean enough to pinch a fly from a blind spider!"—D.B.

I wonder if those Diggers of the Yarra tribe, who like to chack the Cornstalk variety about "our arbour" have any idea of how antiquated the joke really is. I didn't, until I lobbed on this in a copy of "Tit Bits," dated December 14, 1889:

The inhabitants of Sydney are justly very proud of their beautiful bay, and invariably the first question they put to visitors is: "What do you think of our harbour?" This inquiry was answered in an unique way by the commander of H.M.S. Nelson. When this vessel steered into the harbour a large board was seen hanging over her side, and to the amazement of the Sydneysites was painted upon it in gigantic letters, "We like your harbour very much."—Groper.

When the Diggers charged across the moat into Peronne, about one of the first persons they saw was a well-known Rosella. How he got there nobody knew. His unit was operating on the other side of the river, and there was no bridge nearby. He was covered with wet, slimy swamp-mud and he threw his weight into the scrap, using his revolver, a kind of pocket howitzer, with great effect. In one street, where the Hun put up a pretty stiff fight, the Brass Hat urged the Diggers on to greater efforts. "Get into them, boys!" he roared. "Get into them! Don't let them hold you up. You're doing well, but you're taking a long time. You'll have to get a move on. The civilians are waiting to cross the canal into the town with their furniture, so don't keep them waiting too long."—36-40.

I knew one Tommy R.S.M. who doesn't think much of our discipline. There was a hospital not far from our rest area, and the society of one of the Sisters used to keep our Captain (and thereby his groom and two horses) out of bed late. One wet night, towards the end of a two-hour wait, the R.S.M. was ill-advised enough to order the horses to be kept off the lawn. The language in which he was answered almost set fire to the R.S.M. (It made me take notice, and I once drove bullocks in Aussie). As the language was subsiding, the Captain appeared. With a salute which was fully worth a M.M. and bar, the R.S.M. complained. "Your groom has been swearing at me, Sir?" "Oh, don't let that worry you, Sergeant-Major," replied the Skipper, cheerfully, "he swears at me all the way home every night."—Sap.

"Talk about shrewd heads—you're all slipping a bit compared to a bloke who diddled our O.C for months!" said the Mascot. Any information about shrewdies always interested us, so we invited him to slip us the dinkum oil at the foot. "Well, the O.C. was very particular about the rum issue, and always come round with the Quarter Bloke's offsider who issued it, to see that we got a fair deal. The Offsider always had his thumb tied up with a thick bandage, and before the job was over he was usually a bit inky, but the boss didn't tumble to it, as he always watched him carefully and never allowed him a nip till after they were finished. Long after the rum ration was cut out some cow put the Offsider's pot on. The sore finger was a stall—only a clean, absorbent pad, and whilst pouring out each digger's tot, he held his thumb in the dixie and gradually saturated the bandage and sucked it dry on the way to the next hut. Can you beat it?"—Ah Wee.
THE LISTENING POST.

PAGE FIFTEEN

What the Executive is Doing.

The last meeting was held on 14/3/22.


APOLOGIES.—Apologies were received from Messrs. Sexty, Shand, and Mowday.

DELEGATE.—The President extended a welcome to Mr. E. B. Smallpage, who took his seat on the Executive, vice Reverend E. H. C. Nye, resigned.

VALEDICTORY TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.—It was resolved that, providing the time was convenient to His Excellency, the farewell from the "diggers" should take place at the Institute on Tuesday, the 21st instant, at 4.30 p.m.

EMPLOYMENT ON KALGOORLIE EXPRESS.—A letter was read, from the Commissioner of Railways, with reference to employment on the Kalgoorlie express. Moved Mr. Cornell, seconded by Mr. Priestley—"That the Commissioner be informed that his letter of the 8th instant was not considered as a definite reply to the points raised by the Executive, and further the Executive would be pleased to learn from the Commissioner if there is any other State or country controlling railways where women are employed on the dining cars."

HOSPITAL PROPERTY.—A letter was received from the Deputy Commissioner of Repatriation regarding the disposal of hospital property, and the Secretary was instructed to advise the Leederville Sub-branch in accordance therewith.

RETURNED SOLDIERS AND POLICE COURT PROCEEDINGS.—A letter was received from the Midland Junction Sub-branch, and it was moved by Mr. Cornell, seconded by Mr. Reid—"That arrangements be made that arrangements should be made with the police that no mention should be made of accused men being returned soldiers, except when a returned soldier may himself bring up this fact as a plea for leniency."—Carried.

MAYLANDS-BAYSWATER SUBBRANCH.—A letter was received conveying a resolution to wind up the branch. Moved by Mr. Priestley, seconded by Mr. Pope—"That a member of the Executive attend a special meeting of the branch, as it was felt that it was not the desire of returned soldiers that this branch should cease to exist."—Carried.

VISIT OF MR. R. E. BUSH.—The West Perth Sub-branch intimated that Mr. R. E. Bush would be visiting Australia, and as that gentleman had done a great deal for sick and wounded Australian soldiers in England, it was suggested that he should be presented with the League's Certificate of Merit. It was resolved that this recommendation be referred to the Central Executive in Melbourne. Moved by Mr. Robson, seconded by Mr. Unmack—"That in the event of Mr. Bush visiting Western Australia, arrangements should be made to extend a welcome to him."—Carried.

INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS.—A letter was received from Subiaco Sub-branch regarding instruction in raffia work, and it was moved by Mr. Unmack, seconded by Mr. Priestley—"That the Secretary ascertain the position from the Education Department."—Carried.

SOUTH PERTH MEMORIAL.—A letter was received from the Hon. Organiser of the South Perth Soldiers' Memorial Fund, with regard to sports, etc., to be held at the Zoo on Saturday, the 8th April, and it was resolved that the information be promulgated to the metropolitan sub-branches.

LECTURES BY REVEREND M. MULLINEUX, M.C.—A letter was received from the General Secretary advising that this gentleman would lecture in Perth on Saturday, the 1st April, and at Fremantle on the 3rd proximo, on the work being done to perpetuate the memory of those who lost their lives during the war, and it was resolved that the various sub-branches be advised.

EMPLOYMENT IN GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.—The President reported that the Management Committee had considered the policy of preference as put forward by the N.S.W. State Branch. The General President had taken up the attitude of absolute preference to returned soldiers, but that the claim thereto be waived only when the father of a deceased soldier can prove that by his dismissal he and his dependants would be forced into necessitous circumstances. The Management Committee had resolved that this attitude should be supported, and it was resolved that their action should be endorsed. Moved by Mr. Cornel, seconded by Mr. Davy—"That the following telegram be sent to the Federal President: 'Executive endorses decision its Management Committee instructing Mr. Braham support your attitude preference employment returned soldiers.'"

WAR SERVICE HOMES.—A letter was received from the General Secretary stating that arrangements had been made for the completion of contracts entered into by Mr. C. Arnott.

WEST SUBIACO BRANCH.—Moved by Mr. Davy, seconded by Mr. Colebatch—"That a sub-committee be appointed to investigate the matter of a bond given by Mr. A. Anderson in respect of the defalcation of the late Secretary of the West Subiaco Branch, and that the Secretary get in touch with the President and Secretary of the sub-branch concerned and request them to stay proceedings pending a recommendation being made to the Executive."—Carried. A sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Priestley, Cornell, and the Secretary, was then appointed.

FINANCE.—The report of the Finance Committee was received and adopted, and payment of the following accounts for the past two months was approved:—General expenditure: Salaries, etc., £1327 7s. 2d. Suspense Accounts, £324 7s. 9d. Total, £446 13s. 11d. Accounts amounting to £79 10s. 9d. were also passed for payment.

JANDAKOT ROAD.—Moved by Mr. Davy, seconded by Mr. Robson—"That the Executive be represented on a deputation to wait on the Controller of the S.S.I. with regard to the construction of roads in the Jandakot area."—Carried. Messrs. Bolton and Cornell were appointed as representatives of the League.

CO-OPERATIVE TRADING CO.—Subject to confirmation by the State Conference it was moved by Mr. Davy, seconded by Mr. Robson—"That the President should be elected as a Director on the Board of the R.S.I. Co-operative Trading Co., Ltd., as representing the Executive and sub-branches of the League."—Carried.

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Our Country Order Department is the best. Anzac Tweed is now available to the public.

J. R. BUTLER, D.C.M., Managing Director.
**Varia**

We invite readers to contribute pars for publication in "The Listening Post." It doesn’t matter how they’re scribbled—we’ll knock them into shape.

**"The Count":** Seems to be something wrong somewhere with the constitution of the Naval and Military Club. Membership is strictly confined to ex-officers and civilians—anyone who has served the Empire without being commissioned is strictly taboo. Of course, the inference is that civilian members, had they served in the army or navy, would have been officers. Yet the actual facts are that civilians, who may even have been slackers, are apparently welcome, while N.C.O.’s and privates, some of whom may have declined commissions, are barred.

**"Camelot":** Some time ago there was a controversy in Defence circles as to whether or not the Australian Light Horse should be armed with swords. The greatest cavalry triumph known in history is undoubtedly General Chauvel’s march upon Damascus. Within a fortnight after General Allenby started his offensive practically the whole of the Turkish and German forces in Palestine and Syria were destroyed. It was an achievement without parallel, and I think that the success was largely due to the fact that we were armed with swords. For months prior to this stunt members of the Australian Mounted Division, taught to draw, parry and point, etc., until we became that fed up that we longed for the "dinkum stuff" to test the efficacy of the new weapon. When the fun commenced, instead of dismounting and attacking with the rifles on foot we were able to draw swords and gallop down on the astonished enemy and force them to surrender. The clash of swords, the rush of horses, and the yell of Aussie voices was enough to unnerve the contemptuous foe, who invariably dropped his weapons and faced us with fear on his countenance, and hands pointing heavenwards. The sword has come to stay. Australia’s mounted men of the future should be termed the Australian Light Cavalrymen.

**"Violet’s":** The remarks of "The Count" are amusing but are true. These lumps of stone constantly bring back to bereaved folk all the sad memories of the past. Why make those already suffering suffer more? I say that the funds collected should be used to benefit those in need, and do something really sensible and practicable.

**"A.R.":** Is the R.S.L. executive aware that there is no departmental provision for the medical treatment of deceased soldiers’ children? Surely this matter deserves attention. In the past the War Patriotic Fund has done the necessary, but if this isn’t a Government duty, ask me another.

**"W.A.R.":** Despite the stagnation on the goldfields, Kalgoorlie is getting subscription renewals at the rate of 30 a month. There are 40 applicants for group settlement ready to shift their goods and chattels on the word from the Department. A further number are applying for mixed farms under the Soldier Settlement Scheme. Pending the Arbitration Court award for definite rate of pay, things on the goldfields are anything but bright. A strike or a lockout at the present time would be disastrous, and a recovery from such a blow couldn’t be expected for years, if at all.

**"R.F.C.":** Among the settlers at Kenedenup are some forty returned soldiers. Being dotted all over the district, they wrote to R.O., asking how to do the trick. In reply they were referred to the rule in the constitution which states that application to form a sub-branch should be made by ten financial.

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**R.S.L.-ites.** There aren’t 40 members of the League in the district. Isn’t there something wrong somewhere?

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**J.W.H.**: About "C3" grovel there’s too much soft soap in the "L.P." I reckon his complaint is from being "C3" in fact. To my mind the "L.P." speaks straight to the point, and "soft soap" is the very last accusation that could be made against our official organ.
ADRIATIC ADVENTURES.

(By "Wings")

Rarely mentioned in the war communiques, the Adriatic Sea, nevertheless, provided abundant scope for adventure. The early days of Austria's mighty battleships, fearful of venturing out into the open, destroyers, submarines, and patrol craft, were busy to death, and naval activities came to grips over the whole.

I pen a few accounts of events which are indelibly impressed upon my memory, and which to those participating therein provided many reasons why they should thank Providence for their fortunate escapes.

On one occasion when two of our seaplanes were patrolling in company their engines broke down, and they had to land in the Adriatic Sea, to a fast Austrian single-seater machine came sailing along at a speed of 120 miles an hour, and poured a hail of bullets into one of our machines until it landed on the water. The other seaplane, seeing the plight of its stricken comrade, landed alongside. Under a perfect stream of bullets the pilot and observer of the helpless machine swam towards the Austrians, and managed to land across to their rescuer, first having to discard most of their clothing, losing all of their private valuables and also the wireless and other instruments. Breathless and exhausted they clambered aboard, and with her four occupants the rescuing machine made a mighty effort to rise, and failed. As luck would have it, the enemy just at this time gave up the chase and steered for home. Our seaplane made another effort to clear the surface and this time succeeded. Slowly, but surely, she rose up and up, and with her packed human freight, they were later landed at Brindisi. The tail had been almost shot away, and a bullet had pierced clean through a steel strut, and it was marvellous how she held together. The two aviators were none the worse for their trying experiences.

Here is the tale of a false alarm. One early morn when the moon was shining bright, and all of our fellows had "airraid" nerves, a distant drone of airship engines was heard. Anti-aircraft guns were brought to bear, and mechanics hurriedly wheeled out chase machines. Presently an airship could be plainly discerned, its bright lights gleaming up plainly, and immediately every gun within range belched forth high explosive and shrapnel. The airship, however, seemed to bear a charmed life, and when dawn came the Austrian machine was still in the sky. It was made apparent that the Frenchman was out of his course and had no idea as to his whereabouts, and that such a hornet's nest as the Otranto aircraft base was beneath him. He had no nationality signal except his flag, which, of course, in the moonlight could not be seen. Fortunately for him that our guns that morning were off their usual deadly form. In the absence of definite signals, all aircraft were treated as hostile, and submarines likewise.

On another occasion a seaplane started from the base early in the afternoon, and the sea, being fairly choppy, the machine in attempting to land rather a bumpy passage—so bumpy, in fact, that the engines supporting the starboard float snapped clean, and the float was hanging in mid-air by two wires. The watchers on shore noted the occurrence. The occupants of the seaplane knew nothing, the float, as a rule, being in such a position that it could not be seen unless the occupant stuck his head over to slide off the machine. Despite frantic warnings signals from the base to the crippled machine, it flew on, the messages not being received. Wholly unaware of their danger, the pilot and observer of the machine started, and commenced the descent. By a miracle the machine, although landing badly, remained afloat, but with a considerable lean to starboard. Then, and only then, did the occupants know that something was amiss, and when they realised what had actually happened were no doubt grateful for the fact that they were still whole and unhurt. The machine was seaweed with a heavy flying, coat, helmet, and goggles. The observer, gentle reader, was myself. Truly, "ignorance is bliss."

The last account is more than one adventure. It is a series of them. I refer to the destruction of Durazzo, a town on the coast of Albania, which was resolved that it should be destroyed, as I heard a mechanism say. When the Italian dreadnoughts lined up outside the harbour and commenced to pour 12in. shells into the town, the enemy replied with badly-aimed shots, most of which fell hopelessly short. Later some fifty British, French, and Italian aircraft arrived over the ill-fated town, and hurled down tons of explosives. My own machine was one of the fifty, and being short of petrol, I turned round to the pilot, Lieut. Lewington, and signalled for home. When some miles from Durazzo, I noticed a host of machines in line ahead of us. With a sickly grin, I turned round once more to Lewington, and pointed. His face palmed. Twenty of them I count—Hurriedly examining my Lewis gun, I prepared to count the twenty to cond. By this time the host was very near, and oh! I heaved a great sigh of relief. They were Italian flying boats! The occupants waved to us as they passed. The machines bore a marked similarity to those of the enemy, although they had conspicuous nationality markings on the wings, how they were flying level with us, the markings on one of the machines having been entirely removed. The shortage of petrol becoming acute, I examined the tank and found a bullet hole in it. A shot from an aircraft at Durazzo had done it. As there was no possible chance of returning to Otranto, we decided to make for Valona, a town in Albania under Italian occupation. The aviators there were obvious refugees of the battle, and were allowed to land at Durazzo.

"S49": Like most Aussie units, my troop boasted a raw recruit. Our recruit was more raw than most, and he answered to the name of "Sugarly." We were camped on the Mount of Olives, and were saddling up prior to marching on Jericho. The harassed troop sergeant was swearing at everything in general and the war in particular. Sugary came up and plaintively pleaded that he had lost his surcingle. "Lost your surcingle, have you?" roared the sergeant. "Well go and find it!" "Where shall I look, sergeant?" asked the bewildered Sugary. "Look here, my lad," said the N.C.O., "you just go and get a surcingle. I don't care how you get one. You can pinch it if you like, but GET ONE FROM SOMEWHERE!" A few minutes later the sergeant was completing his own saddling up, when he let out a roar that could have been heard from Dan to Beersheba. Sugary had obeyed instructions, and pinched a surcingle, but he had taken the sergeant's!
M. Sargent: A march past, a church parade, to be followed by a re-union in the evening, is the programme mapped out by the Pingelly men for the fitting celebration of Anzac Day. The various clergymen in the district have agreed to help at the church parade, while the town bands will also assist. Notices to-day will be given in the paper.

Our military canteens, battalion and otherwise, seldom did lay claim to "beneficence," in spite of the A.I.F. canteen's fund surplus. Still they generally carried quite a fair stock, with enterprises conducted under the guise of religion. "Nuff said.

"Paleface": The papers have been recently warning the public against trafficking in war pensions. Everyone thought it was going on, but nobody seemed to worry. I suppose they argued that it served a man right if he "sold" his pension to one of the gentlemen who for a chance to fondle pension certificates and yellow honored certificates. The news which grind exceedingly slow, the powers that have a mind to grind these money-lending sharks exceedingly small. But why they are so slow about it is a corker. They have it before their eyes every day of the week. Still, if I were in the place of any of the many who sold their pensions, I'd have the wind up for fear these speculators would not pay up. I'd pay my own money-lending uncle.

Yet another bright scheme emanating from Perth Sub-Branch is the organisation of returned sisters in the State. Although the original intention of the R.S.L. founders was to embrace (figuratively, of course) returned nurses, not much has been done to attract them under the paternal wing of the R.S.L. Now Perth aims to do the necessary. Any returned sister who sends her particulars of service to the Perth Secretary will be placed on the honorary list, and a token of brotherly affection will be sent her in the form of an R.S.L. brooch-badge.

"H.H.W.": You ask every digger to push the "L.P." along. Well, here are my suggestions:—Have a couple of columns for diggers on the land: a column for situations vacant and wanted; and a column "Wanted to Know."

Well, the suggestion to devote special space to digger agriculturists is good, and we intend including "H.H.W." to contribute thereto. The "Situations Vacant and Wanted" won't work. This is a monthly journal, not a daily, and, anyhow, the R.S.L. employment Bureau fixes that job. We have always welcomed pars from diggers in search of information, but don't think a special "Wanted to Know" column necessary. Next, please!

"7755" makes a suggestion which has the Editor's hearty approval. We shall be glad to open a fund as suggested, and that account donated. The publishing of the columns of "The Listening Post":—

All your readers will appreciate your Anzac issue. There is one little Anzac—heart—going. I would like to hear more about the "L.P."). I refer to that stalwart friend of the digger, Miss Ethel Campbell, of Durban, South Africa. The big work done by this little lady is greatly acknowledged by thousands of diggers. Miss Campbell visited every troopship which called at Durban on the way to and from the great scrap. I propose that we invite Miss Campbell to visit Australia, and that you start a shilling fund to defray expenses. Thousands of diggers will gladly part up with a few bob to see this big-hearted little lady and for whom she worked so hard. If the result of this fund isn't up to expectations, then the diggers, in addition to being forgotten, must also be forgiving.

"Dig.": The "Sunday Times" had its leg well and truly pulled when it published that yarn about the "super-rider of the war." The moral effect of this hero's raids was so unnerving to Fritz that a "price of 10,000 marks" was placed on the lieutenant's head (by the way, that would be worth about a dollar to-day)!

This marvellous raiding party consisted of 17 men, and it attacked a front of 100 yards, killing every one of the 45 men who occupied it. Not a single raider was hurt. Although the lieutenant's work for three years in the line solely consisted of leading raiding parties into no-man's land, not a single casualty was suffered by his men during the whole of the time. Wonder if these raids were dinkum, or whether they were merely raids on a certain kind of no-man's land.

"Violets": By the way your correspondent "Camelio" is always itching to start an argument, I reckon he must be a lawyer. His par ("L.P.") Jan.) stating that the 10th Light Horse weren't first in Damascus, wasn't worth while. Nobody doubts that detached and semi-detached bodies of troops wandered into the town before the 10th L.H. But what the official despatch declared, and what people still believe, despite a thousand "Camelio's" is that the 10th Tom Tiddler's Mislay. Tired, Touring Tenth—was the first regiment (as a complete unit) to enter Damascus. Of course the 10th didn't get to the gorce until 1200—they wouldn't have been of much value even then but for the general movement of the enemy into the gorce. Obviously, this was, for the enemy, his quickest and best method of retreat, but he came a thud. "Camelio" also forgets that the Chafn of Mecca's men maintain they entered Damascus in small parties two days before the 10th lobbed, and also that they were the cause of the spectacular night flare through the explosion at the clump and wireless station. These remarks are substantiated in a narrative written by Brig.-Gen. Wilson, who commanded 3rd L.H. Shall be glad to loan this pamphlet if interested.

Glorious Anzac.

As briefly announced in our last issue, a special Anzac number of the "Listening Post" will be published during April.

Great efforts are being made to make the Anzac issue a worthy memento of this great and solemn day, when grim-faced and resolute men from the Antipodes wrote the name of Australia on the records of fame.

The preparations for our Anzac Issue are worthy of great and careful effort, and we are determined to do our best to produce an issue that will be deemed by our readers worthy of preservation for many years.

In thanking those hundreds of our friends who have so generously supported us in the past with articles, pars, and suggestions, we have to announce that the sum of two guineas will be paid for the best Anzac contribution. The matter submitted must be original, and it may be an article or a paragraph, humorous or serious.

The subject must refer to the Gallipoli campaign. All MSS. intended for this competition must be clearly marked to this effect. The Editor reserves the right to publish unsuccessful articles and pars.

A further two guineas will be awarded for the best sketch, to be used as a frontispiece to the Anzac Issue. Sketches should be in ink, size a little larger than a page of the "Listening Post," and, if possible, should be sent rolled (not folded). These competitions are open to diggers only, and matter in connection therewith should be addressed to the Editor, 70 King Street, Perth, not later than April 3rd. It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final.

Readers requiring extra copies of the Anzac Issue are advised to order same at once. Diggers in the metropolitan area may arrange with their nearest newspaper agent. Country readers should send their orders to this office. The cost of the Anzac Issue is 3d. (posted 3d.) and stamps or postal note should be sent to cover the number required. The Anzac Issue will make an admirable memento to send to friends.

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We are the printers of this paper. Let us quote on your printing requirements.

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Personalities

Evidently Capt. Bill Lynas, D.S.O., M.C., etc., didn't get enough excitement in the late scrap. Lately he had a bit of a motor smash and has spent his blighty in St. George's Hospital, Perth. Luckily he is now right once more.

Lieut. J. G. F. Senior, M.C. (ex 16th) has lately been enjoying a spell in Perth. Is engaged on effective work on Lake Mansfield Station, via Sandstone. Another popular ex-officer taking a needed rest is Lieut. Bob Read (ex 51st), who shortly assumes the management of Marda Downs Station, Carnarvon.

H. Colebatch is the new President at Northam, while the ever popular Ven. Archdeacon Moore is President Vice. The other office-bearers are A. S. Chidlow, Keeper of the Cashbox, and C. C. Carew, Hon. Scribe. The executive Committee consists of Messrs. Thackrah, Potter, Ivinney, Doyle and Mitchell.

W.A.R.: Kalgoorlie has been busy catering for the social wants of its members and the hall has invariably been crammed chock-a-block at the fortnightly concerts. Dances are now being organised, and as the floor is the finest on the fields it is in great demand by jazzers and "shimmiers." Mr. J. Stahl is O.C. dances.

Ever to the fore in maintaining the splendid spirit of comradeship born during the war, Perth Branch has a committee to visit and cheer the inmates of diggers' hospitals and institutions. The committee consists of E. Hancock, A. Rogers, T. Lennon, and H. Macpherson. This is yet another fine example of the work of the Branch, worthy of commendation and emulation.

A. G. Braham will represent W.A. at the forthcoming R.S.L. Conference over East. Braham, who, according to one digger, is "the most dignified bloke on the State Executive" has been Hon. Solicitor for years, and is one of the Executive veterans. A practical example of unostentatious but effective labour, Braham should fitly represent W.A. among the othersides.

On the occasion of his marriage, a presentation was made to G. N. Brocks, by the employees of Rosenstamm's, on 17-2-22. Mr. B. Rosenstamm made the presentation, and he expressed the pride of the firm in Mr. Brocks' war record. Embarking as a humble private in the original 28th, Mr. Brocks saw service on Gallipoli and in France, and he returned with the rank of R.S.M. Good luck to him.

W.A.R.: After three months in the Kalgoorlie presidential chair, W. K. Gittson has resigned. The cause of the trouble was an amount of money (£20) held in trust for the branch, and the arguments over this cash made the President decide on resignation. This dispute is doing a deal of harm to the Kalgoorlie outpost, but it is still hoped that the dispute will be amicably settled.

An interesting and welcome visitor to the State is Miss M. M. Johnston, an Irish girl from Westmeath, who, during the War was one of a special select guides to conduct unsophisticated diggers around wicked and gay Paris. Doubtless, many diggers will recall this cheerful lady, and they may have the opportunity of renewing her acquaintance. Miss Johnston is touring Australia, gathering information, and during her stay in Westralia she will visit all the big centres. It's to be hoped that Miss Johnston's stay in the West will be pleasant, and that she will enjoy a more cordial reception than that accorded to one recent and well-known war worker.

A popular Perth man in Hedley Ward, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stanley-Low, entered the holy bonds of matrimony on February 18th, the bride being Miss Lena Yelverton, of West Perth. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's, South Perth, Padre Caton officiating. Mr. Walford served in the war with the 57th (Essex, Vic.), and gained the lieutenant's pips.

J. R. Butler, State Secretary has been continuing his triumphal tour through the country districts. At Collie Cardiff, Jim reckons he has discovered a new Rotarian, and gained a branch record, for the branch is in a sound position, with only three unfavourable members on the books. These trips of the State Secretary are doing an enormous amount of good to the League. The pity is that he cannot go further afield—to the Nor'-West, for example, where hundreds of returned men never hear of R.S.L. activities. Obviously the time and expense involved make such a project impossible.

"Inquirer" makes a few pertinent enquiries: I wish to congratulate you on publishing a fearless and outspoken journal like "The Listening Post.

"Inquirer." The public can now hope to see light thrown on some hitherto dark spots in the R.S. world. As a contributor to the East Perth and Mt. Lawley-North Perth Fallen Soldiers' Memorial Funds, I would be glad to learn who are the trustees of these funds, the amount subscribed to each to date, and the name of the bank in which the money is deposited; also the intentions of those in charge of each fund. Doubtless, you, as Editor of the League's official organ, can obtain this information and pass it on to the public through your columns. I am sure that by doing so, you will be earning the thanks of scores of contributors, who are wondering what has happened to the two funds mentioned.

D. M. Benson, Secretary Mt. Lawley-North Perth Sub-Branch, throws light on one of "the dark spots"—

As our President, H. Colvin, is out of town, I have endeavoured to obtain the necessary information, desired no doubt by others in addition to your correspondent.

Trustees—J. MacCallum Smith, M.L.A., Dan Dwyer, Esq., and Neville Heenan, Esq.

Bank—Commonwealth.

Amount to credit of fund—Approximately £380.

The intention of those responsible is not at present ascertainable, but, following Mr. Colvin's return, early steps are to be taken to gather all interested persons together to decide how the money should be fittingly spent, and whether further steps should be taken to augment the fund.

When this meeting is publicly called, I trust that your correspondent, as a contributor, will attend and assist the committee in carrying out the wishes of those generous-minded people who subscribed to the appeal.

J. R. Butler, State Secretary, reports failure in the limelight apparatus: You are no doubt aware that the League had considerable trouble with the East Perth Branch, and instituted a prosecution against the then Secretary, but, unfortunately, nothing could be done, and I cannot say what became of the Memorial funds.

Advertise in "The Listening Post." Good results follow.

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

Bura Bura.—A neat example of the art of wangling occurred at Nauru in the early days of the war, when a detachment of the A.N.M. & E. Force was garrisoning the island. Three or four full privates found themselves possessed of a thirst so lively that water could not kill it. One of the party achieved a brain-wave. Outside the barracks the Routine Orders were posted daily, and of course bore the signature of the O.C. The owner of the brain-wave cut off the part bearing the O.C.'s signature, went into the orderly room, and typed an order reading:—please deliver to bearer two cases of Beer.” Then he pasted the signature neatly on to the order, and made it look dinkum.

There was a store on the Island, and goods were delivered to the military upon the O.C.'s order. The false order would have been turned down with a bump, if they had taken it to the regular storekeeper. But an innocent hand had just arrived for counterwork, and the wangers waited until the coast was clear, and then went boldly and presented the order. The flegling behind the counter handed over the two cases of beer, and the party then gleefully proceeded to complete the job. They had just opened a few bottles when the O.C. happened to come along. They invited him to have a refresher, and as he had had a long walk in the heat, and thinking it was just their daily allowance they were consuming, he gratefully accepted.

Next day, when the facts became known, there was the usual devil to pay. But the wangers considered four days' C.B. was not a very heavy price to pay for two cases full of genuine bliss.

“AUSIE.”

In his early days, Sir Joynton Smith was once travelling representative of a firm of importers, whose manager prided himself on American ‘hustle,’ and assertiveness. Reporting to this magnate one week, Sir J. found himself taken to task for not showing better sales. “Tut, tut, J.!” bellowed the Napoleon of finance. “You need a lesson in salesmanship and hustle. Here—you take my office-chair.” The instructor left the room. In a few minutes, a masterful “rat-tat” sounded on the door. J. grinned, sat silent, and ignored the knock. “Rat, tat, TAT!” from Napoleon. No response from J., hard at work with his head down. In burst a rather nonplussed Napoleon at top speed, gabbling, “Th' Yellow Aigle Foun't a P'n Corpor'n o' N'Yark! ruppress'nd by Elliott J. Wilbur!” opening a sample-case and slapping it under the “customer’s” nose. “What the devil is the meaning of this outrage?” suddenly roared J., rising. “P-p-pardon?” stuttered Napoleon, now at a complete loss. “You have the unparalleled effrontery to penetrate my private office,” bellowed the “customer”—“My own office!—a place where the financial magnets of this city dare not enter except upon appointment—you, a miserable petti-fogging peddler of penny-ha'penny pens! You need a lesson in manners.” And seizing Napoleon by his coat-collar, J. shot him through the door, and descended the stairs chuckling.

It was a joyous exit from a false-alarm job.

“Mr. Ocky” One of the generous Englishmen who used to throw their homes open to Aussies in Blighty bled a spirit of hospitality with a strange delight in frightening the wits out of his guests. I was among his victims at the fine old mansion in Essex. One of the best rooms was “haunted.” but the old chap generally prevailed upon a sceptical guest to spend a night in it. Being a brave soldier he dare not refuse. All night long could be heard the unmistakable sound of somebody walking about the room in ill-fitting slippers, and if ever a man believed in Conan Doyle it was then. In the morning the host eagerly questioned the guest and compared his experiences with those of earlier occupants, including himself, for he confessed to having had a night of terror in the room. He told me several workmen had failed to find the hiding place of the spook, and when the war was over he intended to pull the walls down—“Bulletin.”

W.M.: A certain major was driving in a Gharrí from Mosar to Ismalia when he passed a young English officer sporting two pips. As the day was hot and dusty, he invited the pedestrian to have a lift, but received the reply, “No thanks—it's not often I get the chance of a walk.” A few days later the major's unit was being inspected by the Prince of Wales, and judge of the major's astonishment to find that the man who had turned down his offer of a lift was no less than Teddy Woodbine himself.

“Jay” Here's a good one told by Smith's. About the most delapidated car seen in Sydney's streets is an ancient Ford, used by some of the Repat inspecting officers. Recently its occupants grew wrathful at the crowd that gathered around the car whenever it stopped. Eventually they discovered the reason. A digger had glued a paper on the back, on which was written, in the jargon of the Repat's own medical officer, “General debility; not due to war service.”

W.M.: It happened outside an Aussie G.H.Q. On a form lounged a typical digger—sleeves rolled up, tunic undone, etc., etc. Up rode a fussy Tommy officer, who dismounted, glanced at the digger, and said, “Here, my man, hold my horse.” The Aussie roused himself and asked, “Is he a wild horse?” “Wild horse? certainly not.” “Does he bite?” was the next query. “Of course not.” “Then,” said the digger in surprise, “why can't you hold the blanky thing yourself?"

“49” We were returning from a reconnaissance stunt to Esani, a few miles south of Beersheba. After riding about for some hours the major suddenly found he was well and truly bushed, and that we had been going round in circles. After another couple of hours' aimless wanderings the column was halted, and the major sang out: “Does anyone know where we are?” He got his answer pat: “On active service abroad, you blanky old fool.”

“Jay” R. P. Franklin, headmaster of Melbourne Grammar School, is known as "Lofty," on account of his length. Another tall gent is Professor Wallace of Melbourne University. They joined the A.I.F. together, and were usually right marksmen. Once the unit was on parade, and the Sar-major wanted some big men for a heavy job. "What's your trade?" asked Frankin. "Headmaster, Melbourne Grammar School," he was told. The Sar-major glared, and put the same question to Wallace. "Professor of English Literature at the University of Melbourne," came the reply in cultured accents. The N.C.O. got disgusted. "Aren't there any USEFUL men?" he roared. "Fall out the carpenters."
Use Veale's Horseshoe Self-Raising Flour

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Made only from Pure Ingredients and best Roller Flour

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BUTTERLAC for all nervous complaints, insomnia, and dyspepsia.
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BUTTERLAC contains no drugs or chemicals.

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OUR REPATRIATION SYSTEM.

Is It All It's Cracked Up To Be?

"P.R.G.: I think it was Senator Millen who once said that the Austra-
lian national system was the finest and most generous in the world. The
others must be pretty crony. In proof thereof I beg leave to state my own
experiences.

After my first enlistment in the A.I.F. I was discharged P.U. (permanently
unfit). I didn't have enough sense to apply for a pension, but to cut matters short,
after six months I managed to squeeze into khaki again. Honestly, I didn't
do a bit of training prior to my embarkation. Anyhow, I got enough
the second time to give me another five months' hospital in W.A., but I still
believe my trouble was due to the old complaint more than anything else. I
certainly have my legs and back, but they aren't what they used to be, and
never will. However, the Pension Board says that if I enlisted a second time I
must have been O.K. and as I admit that my present disability is due to the
first knocking about, I haven't much of a chance. Since that time I've had to
cure myself. The job has cost me every penny I possess, for the Repat. didn't
seem able to do much. Still, I'm sati-

fied, for except for those weaknesses which are supposed to be permanent I'm
as well as can be expected. Now to the newly-boomed Repat. training. While in
hospital I was impressed with the promises of vocational training, and I
decided to take up a course of study in architecture. Thinking I might make

The Oracle Discourses on
Education.

In our last issue, "Violets" proposed that only four subjects should be taught
in elementary schools. "Paleface" is inspired to burst into rhyme:

The schools of to-day, the "Violets" say,
Swat subjects too many by far;
Twill interest stay, attention will pay,
And the pupils' success 'twill bar.

Four subjects, he said, will quit stock
The head until they're said.
The words "dunce" and blockhead
When book bore is road till one hour is sped.

They'll balk arithmetic, too;
One hour at the pen, some time on the key.

Or sketching the teacher's shoe.
Gad! Think what a bore of how kids
galore Would sigh for a squirt at a map;
How youngsters would yearn of past
kings to learn.

Or wish a la Francois to yap.
Why! Modern-day youth would, soon
stand aloof.

If the classics of old were denied 'em,
And troubles forsooth would soon raise
the roof.

With themes, four only, supplied 'em.
Monotonous day would soon drive away
The effort of concentration,
For in work as in play there is only one
lay:
It's just simply "Variation."

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ALL FUNDS INVESTED
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All classes of business transacted at lowest
current rates.

Forrest Chambers, St. George's Terr., Perth
C. H. CURLEWIS, Manager

"Jay": It was at a smoke night in
honour of returned A.I.F.-ites. A
Swede dairyman, who had also seen
service, had got well under the weather.
It was 4 a.m. when the entertaiment
concluded, and as the cows
had to be milked, and the milk delivered
aboard the train at 7.39, the
Swede was asked how he was going to
do the trick. This was his reply: "Ven
de Yermans vos pushed back over de
Rhine, day had to conform to circum-
stances. Doce plante cows of mine
got to do de same."