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To the glorious men of our nation

Who cheerfully and spontaneously responded to the call of Empire, and in the performance of imperishable deeds, perished, dying that Australia might live, this

Anzac issue is reverently dedicated
The various leaders of the Great Powers have been conferring together in order that the intricate problems of peace may be satisfactorily solved. At the Genoa Conference, the British Prime Minister, with his customary sagacity, makes all the correct sentiments which speak for justice and ultimate profit to all concerned. It is certain that success will be wanting unless each nation is prepared to scrap certain of its natural prejudices. The experiences, the great sacrifices it is necessary that posterity shall benefit from the full measure, and to this end the concerted efforts of the Powers are now being shaped. As Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out, Germany will be urged to precipitate ruin if her hand is forced too severely, and although she may deserve no consideration, it is to the Allies that she should be treated so leniently as to enable her to make repARATION.

The resumption of trade with the German people is but a step towards this end, and if the business is conducted with the protective measures of the Anti-Dumping Act, and a sufficient tariff to protect local industry, it can only prove of ultimate benefit to ourselves.

In almost every matter of importance we have in evidence the system of cooperation, and it is surprising to note how often dissatisfaction at Federation in this Commonwealth, is expressed. No matter where one turns, the demonstration of unity being strength is to be found. It is, of course, only natural that a partial union of a combine will seem to be imposed upon, even though it may not actually be so; yet, notwithstanding the disabilities of the arrangement, the body in question will become powerful more quickly whilst able to utilise the strength of the whole combination in its progress.

In the same measure the progress of the Commonwealth is dependent on the co-operation of the States, and, as demonstrated in the matter of immigration, it is of vital importance that the States should join with the Commonwealth, and she in turn with Britain.

Never was Australia so greatly in need of taking urgent action as she now is in regard to peopling her vast and vacant territories. Lord Northcliffe may not be unanimous in his popularity in Australia, and certainly did not have a great length of time to study the conditions here, yet, however, his sentiments were not utterly wrong to be so regarded as they were. We must have, the most suitable of nations, we can assimilate to form a worthy White Australia.

In this matter W.A. stands foremost, and is the only State to have submitted a feasible proposition for the General Government's consideration, consequently our immigration scheme is acquiring magnitude and will result in the rapid settlement of vast stretches of fertile land, now lying idle and temporarily the less lucky and more crowded countries.

In conclusion, I hope to have been able to point out the necessity of the way in which we must deal with the problems of the world, and I trust that our efforts will be rewarded with the success that is due to the great sacrifices which have been made.}

THE LISTENING POST.

RETURNED SOLDIER RAILWAY-MEN

Colonel H. Pope has a heart to heart talk with "Railways" ("Listening Post," March), and with digger railway officers generally:

Many individuals put their grievances in regard to services in the Railways; may I put my position in the matter, and since the difficulty of my job in finding the equality, even as between my old comrades, whose interests are always near my heart, and the general public (of whom those old comrades form a large proportion) whom I serve.

In the Railway service I have made it my aim—and I have at all times recognised it as the wish of the Government also—that no man who went to the War from the Railway service should, on his return thereon, be in a position to say that if he had not gone to the War he would in the remotest degree have been better off. I do not believe there is any single instance where this can be said by any member, except possibly, in a few cases of physical incapacity due to War service, where a man is prevented by that incapacity from rising as high as he might have expected to rise except for such incapacity. In all these cases such work has been found for the partially incapacitated as they could undertake, and such remuneration is made as the economic value of the work is worth. To go further would be to usurp the function of the Commonwealth Government, and to set a precedent which would be unjust to the taxpayers—including the body of returned soldier taxpayers—of the State of Western Australia, for which I have neither justification nor precedent. I am thankful that such cases are very few.

When I myself and others of the Service joined the A.I.F. we did so under certain fixed conditions. Those conditions have been faithfully and fully met in every case. When we joined the A.I.F. certain disabilities and contingencies were applicable to our service in the Railway Department. Those disabilities and contingencies applied to our service in the Railway Department on our return—e.g., when we went we were liable to retrenchment in the event of falling business. We were liable to penalty in case of misconduct. On return it was the same—war service may have led to a very sympathetic view in these contingencies, but it could not eliminate us all from natural causes for all time, and give us claim to perpetual employment for all time and in all circumstances, nor did we leave the Department and join the A.I.F. under any such condition or promise.

Reverting to my own duty to the State, I have in all cases where the individual concerned is one of our returned soldiers and of the general public, to most carefully weigh the claim on each side. Whether I have succeeded in dealing justly from this point of view with all cases, is not for me to say. I have done my best.

Again, in dealing with industrial matters in which returned soldiers are interested. Where any number of returned soldiers are members of a union, I have accepted their view of matters as expressed by the mouthpiece of their union as being their own view. Sometimes in the R.S.L. they have come to me with a different view altogether. In industrial matters I consider myself bound to accept a returned soldier's view as being expressed by his industrial mouthpiece, and I put the case most strongly to returned soldiers:

(a) That it would not be to their general advantage as workers for me to endeavour to destroy their unionism for the advantage of the few.

(b) That returned soldiers should, if interested in any particular industrial question, seek its adjustment by obtaining influence on the owners or executives of their unions rather than by asking the R.S.L. to abuse me.

(c) What other course could I adopt that would be to the greatest advantage of my old comrades, and which would not be short-sighted, foolish, and the cause of endless bitterness and strife between themselves and those many who could not, and the few who would not, join us in the struggle in which we ourselves are glad and proud to have had the privilege of taking a share.

What I have said about the Railways applies, of course, equally to the Government Tramways and the Government Electricity Supply Services, which are also under my control.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

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

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

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

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.
Quality costs us more, but holds our trade

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Built to your own measurements: fit and style guaranteed: hand-finished, for

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WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
J.C.C.—Narrogin arrangements for the fitting celebration of Anzac Day:—11 a.m. children's service, to be addressed by prominent citizens; 1.30 p.m., all diggers to parade for united service at the laying of the foundation stone of the Fallen Soldiers' Memorial, then march to the cemeteries, pay their respects to the graves. In the evening the annual reunion will be held in the Town Hall.

The impressions of Miss M. M. Johnston, a war-time official guide to diggers on Paris leave, and now enjoying the hospitality of W. M. Hughes, in sight-seeing the Commonwealth:

I have just completed a year's tour of Australia, and little anticipated that I would have so enjoyable, varied, educational, and interesting a trip. My wanderings have taken me over all the States, and I have travelled 4,000 miles by train, motor, and horseback. My object has been to get off the beaten track, not merely to view Australia through railway carriage windows. About 100 families throughout the Commonwealth have given me hospitality, ranging from the humblest to the swellest, hence I have been enabled to closely study Australia and her people. I am of firm conviction that the Australian country folk are far more happy and contented than the town dwellers. The latter are continually on the search for new sensations and excitement, and such an existence cannot be compared to the free healthful life enjoyed by the country people.

The spirit of healthy rivalry between the various communities is a splendid sign. Every State, city, district, and county has claimed to have the finest crop, the best wool, sheep or cattle, to be the most progressive or beautiful in Australia. All these claims of the people have impressed me as indicating their love of Australia and their hope for its future. Digging certainly didn't do over it when they sang the praises of this fair Dominion. I have found it to be a land of hope and glory, of possibilities and opportunities for all those willing to take the rough with the smooth. The slouch hats of the diggers were the finest advertisement Australia ever had. It is a positive fact that prior to the Australian capture of Horseerry Road, many folk regarded Australians as a coloured race speaking a foreign tongue. Several times while engaged on Anzac in Paris I had been approached by people of various nationalities from Americans up, and asked to which race these men in the diggers' hats belonged.

I am sorely disappointed not to have visited any of Australia's trashy or nut factories, about which the boys often told me. Also, I haven't yet seen any emu feathers growing on the kangaroo, although I have many a time on horseback chased a 'roo through the bush.

Of all my impressions of Australia, one point stands out most prominently. The cheerfulness of the people is infectious, their hospitality wonderful. It would have been impossible to receive a more cordial welcome at the homes I visited. Of course, I must place Queensland first for its hospitality, for the reception there was wonderful, but the West was an easy second.

Please, Mr. 'Listening Post,' will you thank all the boys for me? I am very, very grateful. Some day, perhaps, I shall see them all again. Au revoir.
Legislative Council Election

METROPOLITAN PROVINCE

Cr. JAS. M.

MACFARLANE

announces that he will definitely contest the election for the Metropolitan Province seat in the Legislative Council. His long and successful business career, and his service on the City Council, he feels, has schooled him for higher public life. He will be glad to hear from all friends willing to assist in his candidature, or assist with vehicles, canvassing, etc., at 43 MURRAY ST. Tel. 3777.

Mrs. Macfarlane will also be glad to hear from any lady friends at 1076 Hay St. west. Tel. 4623.

Rolls may be inspected and all information obtained at W. (Bill) WOODHAM’S OFFICE, No 10 KNAPP’S CHAMBERS, BARRACK ST.

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of Australia.

Perth Sub-Branch

Grand Sunday Night Concert

(by special permission of Hon. the Colonial Secretary).

Sunday, April 23rd, at 8.30 p.m.
in aid of SOLDIERS’ COTS IN THE CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL.

Splendid programme under the direction of Son Jacobsen, Esq. Prices 3/-, 2/-, 1/-

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VARIA.—Continued from Page 7.

"J. J. W.": Allow me to raise general interest in the so-called "Avenue of Honour" in King’s Park. Recently I watched my way to the Karrakatta Cemetery Board to arrange for the purchase of an oak tree and name plate. I was astounded to learn that (a) the 1000 similar applications await finalisation; (b) that the watering of the trees would entail further expense to the Park Board of about £5,000; (c) that for the past 18 months Lovekin, M. C. has been in motion in Parliament covering the expenditure; (d) that another 12 months, or years (I forget which) is expected to elapse before anything will be done in the matter. That’s only one very small comment on this colossal example of incompetence—it is damnable. Outside Ballarat there is a magnificent avenue of trees, with plates. Although 20 miles in length, the avenue was completed in about six months. There is also a fine memorial arch at the entrance. Please stir up Lovekin and Kingsmill and whisper to them that there’s an election coming soon.

"H. S.": A seaman pal of mine, writing showing the value of the R.S.L. to the trampers. At every British port of call of the officials of kindred ex-service associations is kindness itself to R.S.L. men. At Cape Town my comrade found kind friends among the ‘Comrades of the Great War’ and visited many of whom keep open house for him.

In our last issue a bar appeared suggesting that Miss Cambell, of Durban, South Africa, should be invited to visit Australia. Our correspondent held that a shambling fund should be started in the ‘Listening Post’ to defray the expenses of the trip. That Miss Campbell deserves such an honour cannot be gainsaid. No woman in any part of the Empire placed herself so staunch and sterling a friend of the diggers. Every boat that called at Durban or from Australia received a visit from Ethel Campbell, and she never failed to join the empty party of the Australian soldiers, proved her to be a woman in a thousand. Taking all these facts into consideration and knowing the number of men who have expressed themselves as being grateful, we anticipated a ready and generous response to the appeal. Not a little to our disgust, we must announce that up to date, the number of shillings received in ONE. Just imagine it—one model bob.—and this paper must be read over by twelve thousand diggers! We shall give the sum at another month’s spin. If there’s nothing further doing, the editor must turn the bob. He’ll take the sub-editor gently by the hand, lead him to the nearest pub, and drown his sorrow in drink. Asking to be turned for penny-uns. This will a great ideal, be ceremoniously cast into the abyss of oblivion.

"C. H. C.": To raise money for the Yarloop Fallen Soldiers’ Memorial, a Battalion Queen Competition was held, and over £600 was the satisfactory result. The winner, who represented the 1st

**THE LISTENING POST.**

Battalion, polled 40,541 votes, while second place was secured by the 42nd Battalion candidate with 36,819 votes. The Yarloop Memorial will be one of the finest in the State, and it is believed to be P. Porcelli’s masterpiece. Lieut.-Col. Mack will unveil the memorial on Anzac Day.

**Kelmecott R.S.L.** will hold a special Anzac service on April 25th at the obelisk. To this all returned men are cordially invited in order to pay their respects to dear comrades. Presentation of Victory Medals will also be held by Lieut. D. J. Scott, M.C. At 7.45 a concert will be held in the hall, the proceeds of which will be used to lighten the lot of comrades in the Woorelooe Sanatorium. As the concert will be good, and the object thereof better, a good crowd should roll up. Patrons are advised that big winter series of dances will shortly commence.

H. S. Day, acting-secretary, Maylands: This sub-branch held a raffle recently to aid its Distressed Soldiers’ Fund. The result appeared in the “Listening Post” of January 20, and it was also published on two occasions in the morning paper. Despite this publicity, we are being literally bombarded with enquiries from country supporters and secretaries, asking for the result. We are therefore inserting our result once again, and commend it to the attention of all interested. If you find the Listening Post as interesting as we do personally, it’s a wonder to me how they could have missed the advert. Here’s best wishes to the success of the “L.P.”

**D.M.B.**: Mount Lawley-North Perth R.S.L. has again made arrangements for a party to visit the schools, and tell the young idea about Anzac Day and what it means.


**Cameo**: I agree with “File” (“L.P.” March) when he states that the average digger is not concerned with the finance of the war-time work of the Y.M.C.A. I am one of my mates in the Egypt war zone, feel grateful to many officers of the Y.M.C.A. for kindness shown. My complaint is that this inspection on war work on behalf of returned soldiers has been a negligible factor, and it is in marked contrast to the work performed by the Salvation Army, who in Canada alone spent half a million dollars in the purchase of hostels for the use of returned soldiers.

W.S.—Meekatharra sub-branch comes in for some comment by your correspondent “E.B.” (L. P. March). It is quite true that the sub-branch has fallen off somewhat in membership, but this is due to a number of former members having left the district, and also to the fact that various members reside, not in Meekatharra, but in scattered parts of the district for some two hundred miles roundabout. However, let me assure E.B. that local members have done, and are still doing, their best to cope with the adverse circumstances, and are trying to make a separate sub-branch, in the town, in the hope that it will expand into a midget sub-branch in the Meekatharra of the future.

When Governor Sir Francis Newdegate went home on the Oriente he took with him, on behalf of the Perth sub-branch, four blocks of ice which contained a large number of flowers, to make the wreath, which he consented to place on the Harefield Memorial, where so many of our mates lie at rest. The flowers and gum leaves were specially selected and donated by the Roselea Nursery Co., of Hay-street. They were frozen in the ice at the Government Freezing Works, Wellington-street. The steward of the current liner has taken charge of them for the trip.

"O.T."—I see that Indian newspapers have been lashing themselves into a fury over Gandhi’s imprisonment, maintaining that he is being ill-treated. As Gandhi himself denies this, the affair appears to bear another phase of the agitation. One paper devoted a passionate article demanding to know whether Gandhi has his own bed. We were aaccustomed of not giving preference to returned soldiers in our block making. Naturally, a grave concern is that we didn’t allow to stand, and we lost no time in replying, and sent a letter to the editor of the “Sunday Times.” We are still waiting for that paper to publish the reply, and trust this hint will suffice. In the meantime here is a copy of our letter:

"Our attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your issue 26/3/22, in which complaint is made by the Art Photo Engravers that the blocks used in the ‘Listening Post’ (the official organ of the R.S.L.) were made by a non-returned soldier firm.

In reply, we would point out that the plea for preference to returned soldiers hinges on the significant phrase: ‘all other considerations being equal.’

Suffice it for us to add that for some time after its inception the Art Photo Engraving Co. (the firm responsible for the production of the ‘Listening Post’) as one digger firm to another, handed all their work to the Art Photo Engravers."

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADV. IN THE LISTENING POST."
Leo. R. Carngham
R.D.S.

Dentist
(Late A.I.F.)

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842 Hay Street - - - - - Perth
When I first slided into the job of editing this digger paper, I realised that the biggest part of my work was to protect the interests of returned soldier agriculturalists, many of whom have been left with the biggest battle to fight, and they will richly earn every iota of success that comes to them. Hard work, both mental and manual, must be their portion. Every encouragement and help must therefore be given these splendid men, who are such assets to the State.

One of the first matters brought to my notice was the injustice of demanding, from soldier settlers, interest on loans being given to them. The properties show a farthing profit. For the first five years it is well nigh impossible for these men to pay interest, and even if they are to foot the bill such drawings from their meagre store of cash must entail hardship. I therefore proposed that for the first five years the interest should be added to the capital. It should be noted that there has been no suggestion that the interest should not be levied, but that it should merely be capitalised until the settlers are drawing from their properties profits from which to pay.

That such a proposal is fair and reasonable is tacitly admitted by both State and Federal Premiers. In the arrangements made for the settling of newcomers on the land, provision is made for the capitalisation of interest charges for the first five years. Yet a similar concession is denied to our own Australian soldier settlers!

Last month a rumour floated around that the Government had acknowledged the fairness of the request, and that a Bill was to be introduced giving effect to the proposal. I promptly made it my business to "get the strong" of it, but nobody knew anything about it.

Now I believe it is time for a State-wide agitation to force the matter before the attention of Parliament and Cabinet. I ASK EVERY SUB-BRANCH THROUGHOUT THE STATE TO TAKE UP THE MATTER AND SEND A COPY OF THEIR RESOLUTION TO THEIR LOCAL MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. If concerted and determined action is taken, success must accrue.

Knowing personally so many members of Parliament, I appeal to them, for the sake of soldier settlers, whose success will reflect to the prosperity of the State, to push the matter before Parliament. Particularly do I appeal to digger members to do this job for their comrades. It's up to them!

There are many non-returning soldier M.L.A.'s who would gladly take the lead. But it's the job of the old-timers, particularly of digger members representing rural communities—men like Col. Denton. I ask them what they're going to do about it.

In a week or two Billy Hughes himself will visit Western Australia. It's a glorious chance to interest him in the matter. If Billy can be persuaded to get the Federal authorities to stand half the responsibility it should be easy to get the State to bear the other half.

Anyway, something must be done immediately.

That every sub-branch move; let them state the matter; let the State Executive have a yarn with Billy—Hughes and success should be within reach.

THE APPEAL OF THE ANZAC
(By An Ex-Digger and Padre.)

The front line trench was the Australian soldier's Getsemane of discipline. There, is slush and mud, and he found waiting for him the cup of sacrifice. Australia asked him to drink it to its brim. There's been no squabbling between Self and Australia! But when the command "Over the top!" rang down the line, he sprang to his feet and, standing erect in the glory of his Anzac strength, he uttered these words, made immortal by his sacrifice, "Not myself, but Australia!" Having said this he leaped over the top, and, under a canopy of fire, he carried the cross of self-sacrifice to his Calvary in "No Man's Land." There he laid down his broken and battered body, saying, in effect: "Well, well, it's all over; but in Australia they'll be proud of this." He died to keep Australia free.

But we would have you remember that what is buried out there at the foot of Lone Pine, or in Shrapnel Valley, or Pozieres, or Polygon Wood, or somewhere beneath the blazing trail of a Palestine desert, is only the Earthly Tabernacle, only the Empty Shell of your boy. His unconquerable soul is "standing at attention," while all and ever the Great White Captain of all Souls.

Later on you will meet him again in a grandiose on the threshold of that dawn which begins beyond the tomb. Till then let us do our utmost to build that Australia for which he, together with his comrades, died. An Australia swept out clear of all sin and vice. This is the Australian boys died for, and this is the only Australia which will be worthy of such a tremendous sacrifice.

Dear Reader, what shall it be? Yourself or Australia? Remember 60,000 Australian soldiers are looking upon you as you face this all-important question, and they are waiting for a reply.

What is your decision? If you spring to your feet and send back the grand reply, "Not Self, but God and Australia," as they did who died that we might live,

"For us He died,
For you and me,
For us they died,
For you and me,
That love so great be justified,
And that Thy Name be magnified, Grant, Lord, that we
Full worthy be Of these—our loved—our Crucified!"

D. PICTON JONES

O.S.W.—Some of the jokes published in the "Listening Post" are pretty ancient. Have digested the pars of Edward M., 6965, D.H., Groper, 3640, Sap., and Ah Wee (probably a member of the Chinese Labor Corps). I reckon that their contributions saw the light years ago. Some must be eligible for the 1914 star. "349!" has gone a little better, and eulogised his yarn, but still it smells of the salvage dump. If you must publish such, here's one I haven't seen in print, although it may be second-hand to some:

The noted Gutsa King, Col. Ryan, was examining a malingerer, and asked: How are you feeling this morning? Very weak, sir,' was the reply. "Hum," said Ryan, "So, I believe, is your battalion. You're for the next boat to France."

RAILWAY HOTEL.

The record for the longest period as holder of a hotel licence is held by Mr. McCarthy, of the Railway Hotel, Barrack-street, the house of the silver tankards. Mrs. McCarthy still reigns as hostess, and son Percy acts as adjutant. Together they share great popularity. This is the only house in Perth where a barmaid has never been employed.

MESSRS. ARUNDEL AND GO.

This well known firm of Murray-street saddlers is now managed by our old friend Mr. E. Arundel, who was the youngest son of the old Mr. Arundel. He was a great pet of Sergeant-Major Manley, and earned great notoriety by insisting in laying the Last Post at a commanding officer's wedding. On the big scrap coming along, he at once enlisted in the 10th Light Horse, and served right through the war. Arundel is a very good looking chap, and this nearly led to his being kidnapped by an Egyptian lady, who saw him bathing at Port Said. He was once the caption of a gang with a Gloucestershire yeomanry man when the latter said, "You are worse than a Jew." "Don't you call me a Gypsy," said Arundel. "You're worse than that," said the other. "What is your name?" asked the Gypsy. "You're a Y Hymmer." We would recommend all diggers who need anything in the saddlery line to drop in on Arundel. They will get the best go in the world, bear a good word for him, and may be asked out to have a drop of soda water—but don't mention that Egyptian lady.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist
The Lessons of Anzac

As a special supplement to this Anzac Issue, "The Listening Post" invited a message from various prominent citizens of the Commonwealth. The inspiring contributions kindly sent in reply, and published below, will be read with interest, and we trust with profit, by our readers:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RT. HON. LORD FORSTER, P.C., G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

Seven years to-day, Australia's gallant sons won immortal glory for themselves and imperishable fame for Australia.

Let us never forget what we owe to them. Together let us face the difficulties of the present and the future in the spirit of loyal comradeship and courage, which carried them through to victory.

Anzac Day, 1922.

HON. WALTER MASSY GREENE, FEDERAL MINISTER FOR DEFENCE.

There are days in the history of all nations that are epoch-making—moments so fraught with vital issues, so surcharged with memories that in the recollections of a nation they cannot and must not die. Such an one is Anzac Day.

It is a day of remembrance for Australia for ever.

Scarcely had the war trumpet sounded when the measured tread of armed men was heard from every part of Britain's vast domain marching to her aid. But it was Anzac Day that in clarion tones told a wondrous world that the silken ties that bound Briton's sons to her in times of peace were under the fierce test of war changed to massive bands of tempered steel that girt the earth.

It was Anzac Day that proved Australia's sons to be the bravest of the brave.

It was Anzac Day—its memories, its example, its heroism—that buoyed up in unfaltering bravery the legions of Australia's sons that followed after throughout four fateful years.

It was Anzac Day that set the seal upon Australia's sons' determination to guard their liberties with their lives. And as it comes round year by year it is on Anzac Day that we bow our heads in gratitude to God that men were found brave enough to face that living hell until victory was won and our liberties secured. Once more we call to mind in sad yet grateful remembrance the men who were faithful unto death. Once more our hearts go out in loving sympathy to those whose dear ones lie far removed from their native shore, but whose memory shall live so long as literature endures to record the deeds of brave men. Truly has their epitaph been written, "Their name liveth for evermore." It is thus that Australia remembers Anzac Day and treasures the recollections of these and all other memories the day holds.

SENATOR E. D. MILLEN, MINISTER FOR REPATRIATION.

"In the spirit of high endeavour the Australian Soldiers made Anzac Day. With reverence, pride, and gratitude the people of Australia should hallow it."
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. J. TALBOT-HOBBS, K.C.M.G., V.D. (SENIOR MILITARY OFFICER IN W.A.)

How frequently the opinion is expressed that the sacrifices made by our Comrades at Gallipoli on the 25th of April, 1915, and during the terrible months of continuous fighting and hardship that followed were in vain, and had little real influence on the result of the War.

Such a conclusion, if true, would leave little consolation to the relatives of the fallen, and those who were maimed, blinded, and otherwise injured incurably in health and mind in the struggle.

Marshal Otto Liman von Sanders (the German Military Adviser to the Turkish Armies in Gallipoli and Palestine) in his report on the campaign of Gallipoli, 1915, 1916, states that the eight and a half months fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula cost the 5th Turkish Army 218,000 casualties, including 69,000 dead.

Surely these terrible losses, entailing the flower of the Turkish Army, helped beyond measure to win Allenby's victories later in the Palestine region, saved thousands of British and Australian lives, in that theatre of War at least, and were an important factor in hastening the end.

But, above all, Gallipoli proved beyond all expectation the worth of the Australian as a soldier, second to none as a fighter, unsurpassed in endurance, courage and determination to succeed whatever the risk, privation or sacrifice might be. In Gallipoli the example and standard was set at afterwards our men tried and succeeded in living up to in the trenches and battlefields of France and Belgium. There, also, most of the men who afterwards became our leaders were found.

Our comrades who fought and fell at Gallipoli, endowed our country with the most glorious and imperishable traditions, by their incomparable heroism. Their valor amazed the world then, and will amaze it more when time has enabled men to fully learn and appreciate all that was done in those glorious but terrible days.

The sacrifices cheerfully made for the honor of Australia by her Citizen Soldiers on that memorable day were indeed great and grievous; but they certainly were not in vain. Australia became a Nation.

HON. H. P. COLEBATCH, ACTING PREMIER OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

You have asked me to send through you a message to all who have Anzac Day at heart. I can only express a hope that every Australian may seek to live up to Anzac Day; and that its traditions of courage in high endeavour, endurance in the face of overwhelming odds, and sacrifice of self for the common weal, may be stamped on every Australian heart.

CHAPLAIN-GEN. ARCHBISHOP RILEY, D.D.

Some poet, I do not know his name, expresses better than I can what I feel about Anzac Day. The heroes fought—many died—but there is still a fight to wage, as the last two lines tell—

All that we had we gave,
All that was ours to give,
Freely surrendered all,
That you in Peace might live.

In Trench, in Field, and many Seas we lie—
We, who, in dying, shall not ever die,
If only you, in honour of the slain,
Shall surely see we did not die in vain.

CHAPLAIN MAJOR FREEDMAN, B.A., RABBI OF PERTH HEbrew COMMUNITY.

It is a solemn thought that Australia has resolved to silence the noise and stress of her wonted activity for one day, in memory of her sons who, by their immortal heroism, won for her, in one day—Anzac Day—the dignity of nationhood. It is a thought equally solemn that should the Empire be again fighting for its life, Australia's manhood can still win for the Commonwealth deathless honour in one day. Perhaps grander still is the reflection that though no danger at all threaten from without, Australia has countless sons and daughters who are determined, merely by their sane, sound, and wholesome citizenship, to bring to her, fame, pride, and glory.

MR. H. E. BOLTON, STATE PRESIDENT OF THE R.S.L., WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Comrades,—

Another anniversary of the glorious landing at Gallipoli has come round, and once more we have the opportunity of paying tribute to our departed comrades who laid down their lives for the Empire. Let us stick together as comrades of the Great War, and thus be able to retain "Our Day," in which we can devote a few thoughts of reverence to our mates who will never return. Those of us who are left, have much to do to make the lot of their beloved ones, whom they left to mourn their loss, brighter and happier, and to ease the burden of our comrades who have returned shattered in health. Blind or limbless, only unity in our ranks can do this. May we stand together, shoulder to shoulder, never see a comrade wronged, lend a helping hand to any who need it, and keep our glorious record evergreen and clean. Stick together, Boys, and we can do it.

The Prime Minister, the Leader of the State Opposition, the Leader of the State Country Party, the Federal R.S.L. President, and Archbishop Clune were also invited to contribute a message, but their replies were not to hand on our going to press.
“Dig”: I am an admirer of “Z.Z.” whose parts are always full of meat, but despite the array of facts displayed in his “no trading with Germany” article (“L.P.” March) I will make a point of the border tracking this time. The whole world is now trading with Germany, yet “Z.Z.” wants us to bolt and bar our doors to enemy goods. Well, it’s impossible! We won’t allow entry for Fritz’s cheap rubbish, our importing friends will find some means of it entering Australia in any case. It’s well known that German goods have been entering the Commonwealth for months, despite the fact that the law doesn’t permit it. And how does “Z.Z.” expect Fritz to pay the indemnity unless we trade with him? Finally, if it’s Fritz’s province to supply the world with certain commodities, it’s Australia’s to provide primary products, and if we concentrate on supplying wheat, wool, and minerals we’ll get manufactured articles in return.

“Violets”: One would think that the P.M.G. people would give ground a bit and register a paper run for the diggers who have made such sacrifices for Australia and the Empire. Shows that gratitude is dying, and that it’s very necessary for us to stick together. Anyhow, here’s my three-and-a-break subscription, and I hope that every digger will have one and not be shortsighted. The “Listening Post” is a jolly good thincheonere worth.

“Paleface”: It will be of interest to the residents of the Son-Western districts to learn that investigations recently conducted show that the bark of the karri is of a decidedly valuable nature. Hitherto, to it has been customary to regard this bark as waste; but we are now informed that its tanning properties are rated at 90 per cent. The quality of timber milled is approximately 100,000 loads per annum, which means that something like 7,000 tons of bark is wasted yearly. A tanning extract worth £25 per ton can be obtained from this bark and the tonnage available from one year’s supply would be 1,460 tons. Thus we have £36,500 going to direct waste each year. For it from me to criticise the powers that reign supreme in this, our State, but if something is not done soon in this matter it calls for outside capitalists to profit by the lethargy displayed. One can readily imagine how easy it would be to arrange for the bark to be conveyed to some convenient centre for treatment, also how fuel and water abound in those karri districts. Could anything prove more inviting to financiers in search of such a snap?

“Violets”: “Paleface’s” shallow schoolboy ramblings on child education (“L.P.” March) are rather the first person I know who doesn’t use his brains and try to find an author’s object, merely contenting himself with quoting a passage here and there to suit himself. Let him sit himself down and tell me (1) what subject or combination of subjects cannot be embraced by my four headings? The great benefit is that there would be no going over the same ground twice, but then “Paleface” may be a Knight of the Red Tape, and so he won’t approve of such efficient methods. (2) What part of my article advised continuous study for the period suggested? “As a man thinketh” is a true saying, and as suggestions request the power of thought, I leave “Paleface” to suggest to his children that they are idiots! To show whether “Mr. Paleface” uses his own nature-given powers of observation, let him sit down and write a detailed description of the design and construction of the shoes that have been on his feet every day! His inability to do the job justice may make him wake up.

“Camelo:”: I do not consider it behoves us to revere the memories of our mates, who made the supreme sacrifices in silence, and I would like to read from time to time in your pages individual tributes to those who will never return by those that have. My tribute is to the memory of a gallant soldier whom most Lighthorsemen and Camelotians know—Major Oliver Hogue—who contributed freely to literature of the war under the pen name of “Trooper Bluegun”. His books: “Love Letters of an Anzac”, “True Bluegun” and “The Camelotians” are interesting and well written. Oliver Hogue was a well-connected Sydney journalist who found his way to a recruiting officer soon after hostilities commenced. He fought his way through Gallipoli, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and when the war was practically over, and the 1914 men were given the choice between going to Australia or Blighty, Oliver elected to visit the old country. While there he fell a victim to the pneumonic influenza monster and when this true soldier and gentleman passed into the hands of the Angel of Mercy in Australia lost one of her most brilliant sons and I lost—a friend.

E.H.—Visiting Perth a week or so back was Mr. Gentry, assistant purser of the H.M.S. Naiad. In the war days, Mr. Gentry was a naval reserve officer on H. M. S. Superb, and for seven months served on one of the mystery “Q” ships. One fine day Mr. Gentry promises to sit down and write his experiences for the benefit of “Listening Post” readers.

Dan Fitzgerald, of the Commonwealth Hotel, didn’t sleep a wink for ten days after he heard that half a million gallons of whisky had been wasted in Dublin. With it had last her purse,” he dolefully declared. “Next they’ll be bashing all the wowsers in English stout made in Dublin!”

Make Trenchot Your Chemist

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THE FLOWER OF A NATION

Gallipoli! What memories are conjured up in the mere utterance of the word. To most it was nothing but a ghastly nightmare, a scene upon which the mind may refuse to dwell. A series of tragic military blunders, made worse by political ineptitude at home, its glory is yet ineffaceable, its sons are immortal.

A prominent historian has described the campaign as the most brilliant failure in history—a failure inasmuch as the primary objective was not attained. A brilliant failure because an amazed world read of such deathless deeds of heroism performed by these men of the Antipodes, relieving this dark page in our history of much of its blackness. Australia had indeed entered the arena as a nation.

The men who lie buried there died to teach a world that was drifting into gross materialism that high ideals are worth the greatest of all sacrifices. They have glorified all time our country with their name and fame. When the alarm of war was sounded they came streaming from farm and station, from shearing shed and forest, from factory and warehouse and joined hands in an enterprise before which the stoutest heart might quail. They were at once the envy and admiration of mankind and the terror of their foes.

Yet what an awful price they paid! Down, deep down those ravines of Gallipoli, the bones of the dead lay whitening. There on those narrow ledges the sons of Britain had climbed and gripped, with hearts aflame with eagerness to meet the foe, and on those almost inaccessible ledges they stood, there they battled and thence were hurled headlong to the dizzy depths below, that their blood might mingle with the sands over which the sea waves sob and throb when the tide is at its full.

There are 50,000 heroes sleeping in those silent-rugged graves—men of our flesh and blood. What are we going to do to honour their memory? That is the question we should all ask and answer. "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his country." Let us remember that and all strive to do our best to keep our country worthy of the magnificent sacrifice made by her sons. An Empire with Anzac in its history can never die, but will stand for all time as a monument to the undying heroism of men who made possible the prosperity and safety of Australia.—J.G.P.
To the Digger

An Appeal to Sentiment

For the sake of 60,000 of God's noblest sons whose immortal souls are with their Maker, and whose bodies lie resting on the steep hills of Gallipoli, the sands of Egypt and Palestine, and the fair fields of France—

For the sake of the widows and orphans, and of the widowed mothers, who, as the result of their gift on the altar of sacrifice, are left to fight life's battle alone—

For the sake of the many who, in protecting civilisation with their bodies, fell by the wayside, and who have returned to this land of their birth or adoption maimed and afflicted in body and mind—

For the sake of the glorious comradeship that was cemented during periods of hardship and stress into a something divinely beautiful that will last for ever—

We appeal to you to cast all petty prejudices to the winds, and join with your mates in becoming a financial and working member of the nearest sub-branch of that great organisation, The Returned Sailors' and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia.

E.S.W.

VARIA.—Continued from Page 9.

A big Anzac Memorial Service is to be held on "The Day" at the Picture Gardens, Leederville, or, if the weather is unpropitious, in the local Town Hall. All branches of the service will be represented, including the Sisters, and the President and Secretary of the Sisters' Sub Section (Sisters Lovell and Palmer, both of the Children's Hospital) have agreed to attend.

In front of the picture gardens, model dugouts and portions of front line trenches will be erected, thus illustrating the realities of war and the sacrifices made by Australian soldiers.

A choral service will commence at 3 p.m. The music will be rendered by the Salvation Army Band and by a combined choir under the baton of Mr. Carlin.

At 4.15 the G.O.C., General Sir Talbot Hobbs, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.D., will present the victory medals and Gallipoli stars. Returned soldiers resident in Leederville and West Leederville wishing to have their medals presented at this ceremony should communicate with the local branch secretary, or, better still, with Military H.Q. so that their names can be added to Leederville list. Those already in possession of the medals who desire to take part in the presentation should hand the medals to the secretary at the Town Hall on the morning of Anzac Day.

There isn't very much that diggers can do to pay their respects to fallen comrades, but one thing they CAN do is to attend the memorial service. Diggers in Leederville and West Leederville are urged to make a special point of swelling the crowd at the splendid and solemn service arranged by the energetic officials of their local R.S.L.

We have been literally swamped with contributions for the Anzac issue, and we are compelled to hold over a huge batch of interesting reading matter. Readers will observe our efforts to economise in space—the number of pages has been increased, the type is now smaller, and we've cut off our big fancy headlines. Despite all this, we are pressed for room. Will readers please accept our best thanks for contributions. Those yet unpublished will receive attention next month.

Our two-guinea prize for the best Anzac contribution goes to Mr. J. G. Paterson, of 43 Ruby-street, North Perth, for his essay "The Flower of a Nation.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

Captain Potter, who is popular with all returned men in the Fremantle district, has a good record of military service. He fought in South Africa, and was twice wounded—at Bethulie and Spion Kop. Joined up early in the big war, and did good work at Gallipoli. Was twice mentioned in despatches, and twice promoted on the field. Came home with a shattered hand, and during his convalescence did a lot of voluntary recruiting work. Is a good platform speaker, takes an active interest in public affairs, and at the request of many comrades has agreed to contest the West Province seat at the coming election.

Stan Gordon, ex-32nd Battalion, and one of the experts who prints the "Listening Post," became quietly married on April 15th. Stan was printing the paper all the morning, and he slipped away to be married, the ceremony being held at St. Paul's, Charles-street. Mrs. Stan was Miss Maud Janet Abbott. The editor and staff of the "Listening Post" join in wishing the young couple every happiness and prosperity.

Jim Waddell has resigned his job as secretary of the South Fremantle branch R.S.L. He is an explosive type of fellow holding opinions and has put in solid work for the good cause. Jim's health has been failing him lately. Harry May, a solid conscientious chap, has filled the vacancy.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist
Legislative Council
METROPOLITAN-SUBURBAN ELECTORATE

“One of the boys, one of us.”

The Hon. Lt.-Col. Athelstan Saw
O.B.E. (military), late A.A.M.C.
(Assist All My Comrades),
is again contesting the above seat.
He believes in everything possible
for the Returned Soldier; has
battled before, will battle again.
See he gets the chance to battle.

Vote SAW No. 1

Authorised by A. SAW, Perth.

Legislative Council
EAST PROVINCE

Headquarters Orders

The Hon. Vernon Hamersley
J.P., M.L.C.,
who has backed the boys every time, and will
again. An old warrior is again contesting the
East Province Seat, and asks all Diggers to get
over the top and support him on polling day.

He believes in “Returned Men first and foremost every time,”

so

Vote Hamersley

Authorised by VERNON HAMMERSLEY, Toodyay.
Generalitys

"Violets": I reckon there are many Government Departments run at a loss that could be offered to private contractors by tender. The result would be a gain to the Government and a better service to the public.

"Paleface": For sale—Second-hand baby's perambulator, good condition, etc.—("L.P." March)

Now I've heard tell of prams large and shady, and I've heard of babies rare; but I've not met a second-hand baby with a go-cart or pram to spare!

"Jay": In a "West Australian" report of a speech by Rabbi Freedman, the Rabbi is made to express his heartfelt thanks for the gift, which had shriddled up up and up traced the growth of the community, and gave some reminiscences of old Perth, and his early difficulties. Is this Hebrew, or merely "West Australian?"

"Violets": A. H. Panten, who by singing in his R.S.L. badge showed he doesn't want to mix with diggers, has been spotting against the sickle capitalists. Come to think of it, I must be a capitalist myself, for I invest the few bob that other men contribute to the bookmakers. If Panten and Co. can show the difference between my investing in a block of land, and the transaction of one of themselves in backing horses, I'll be glad to hear it. In the event of fair success, both, I suppose, become capitalists.

"Paleface": "Jay" (L.P. March) suggests catching fish by the dropping of a live bomb into the waters of W.A. My dear "Jay," you are liable to a brief term as "Stalinist" from mere suggestion of so gross a contravention of our legal institutions. When I was quite a small boy the knowledge among the fraternity of fishermen knew no bounds so far as this process of fishing was concerned; yet all the genuine and constant fishermen realised how wanton this drastic and wasteful procedure was. The old method was a canister of black powder or a plug of gelignite, and when the concussion had stunned the fish they were gathered at leisure from the surface where they lay afflaged. Of course it was usual for scouts to be posted, not in the vicinity necessarily, but to mark the Inspector's movements.

"Dix": "Violet's" grows shows Western ignorance of the beauty spots of the State. Why can't we learn? I know in this respect is the Government Statistician, Bennett, who, in the "Pocket Year Book," proclaims that Western officials need to read a real treatise of natural beauty, beyond the ruggedness of its hills and the grandeur of its forests. Bennett is a highly salaried Civil Servant who evidently hasn't both-
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Is the house of good things.

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Best brands sold.

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BRISBANE STREET
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is the place where everything is fresh, and the coolest drinks are kept.

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BASEMENT,
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Annual Anzac Memorial Service
3 p.m., ANZAC DAY
Picture Gardens or Town Hall,
Cambridge St., Leederville
Collection in aid of Returned Soldiers' Amelioration Fund.
Conducted by the Local Clergy and Leederville Sub-Branch R.S.L.
C. W. R. BERCHIIY, Hon. Sec.

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THE VICTORIA HOTEL,
(SUBIAGO)
The Victoria Hotel, Hay-street, Subiaco, is run and staffed by returned soldiers, and the boss is one himself, and he is always glad to meet any of the boys and talk over old times. The Hotel is close to the Subiaco Oval and handy for all thirsty fans to drop in and have a drop of the best.

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Be faultlessly Tailored
by
LOFFMANN & CO.,
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Customers' Own Materials Made Up.

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Humoristics

"Ubique."—It was the first egg issue on the Peninsula, and after the more liberal issue of "pay those," was some luxury, believe me. The issue so far as my small party was concerned worked out at 11 eggs per man, good and bad (eggs, I mean). In order to prevent any argument we packed off and tossed for the halves. My partner was the babbler, particularly fond even for a babbler, of his "darby-kelli." I won. It was agreed that the eggs be fried and in the cooking one was broken over the side of the pan. "Cripes," said the sergeant, "You're stiff. Bab that's your egg."...

"Gron."—It happened at the 3rd London General Hospital inquiry counter. A mod­est maiden of 40, or thereabouts, cripp­ling up to the counter and blun­dlingly confessed that she wanted to see an Australian sergeant. "What's his name?" was the not unnatural query. "Jack," gurgled the maid, "Jack who?" "Well, I really don't know. You see, I met him the other day and a friend of his told me that his wound has broken down and that he's in bed again." "But you must realise that there are 2,500 patients in this hospital and about half of them are Australian. If you can give me anything to go on, I'll try to find him for you," Eve pondered. "He's a tall, dark and handsome man,"—in a burst of confidence—"his father owns a place called Tasman­ia."...

"Homo."—He was an inveterate "hot," never buying a meal if he could possibly afford it. The eave in charge of the Y.M., but know, him of old, said "You won't give me a feed, then?" lamented the "hot." "By cripes, you call yourself a Christian? Why, if you were filled with gunpowder and needed a spark of Christianity to explode you—you'd be a dud!"...

D.M.B.—In the midst of serious discussion, there are sometimes moments of repose. A full meeting at Mt. Lawley R.S.L. roared the other night when the dis­cussions turned upon holidays. Good Fri­day was mentioned. "Long 'un," usually urbane and courteous, uncoiled himself from a front seat, and turning to "Toffie M.M." the "bloke," Jewish tailor, of Hay­street, hissed out: "You shut up about Good Friday! You committed murder on that day!"

General Stewart was one of the whitest men in the A.I.F. At Weymouth he met his motor driver in company with a partic­ularly pretty girl, and later gathered that the young couple were anxious to be mar­ried. The General fixed it, and sent the young couple off in his own motor. On the young hubby arriving back in camp, the M.T. warrant officer wanted to know where he was off to because he hadn't told, instructed the young chap to pack his trucks and report back to Tidworth. When General Stewart wanted his car again, he found a new driver, and demand­ed to know the why and wherefore. The W.O. explained. General Stewart went off pop. "What the devil has it got to do with you where my car goes?" he de­manded of the W.O. "Who runs this camp—you or I? You can pack your own trunk and go to the devil." The young hubby is now driving a wholesale chemist's lorry in Perth, and the young wife is recognised as one of the prettiest matrons in this city. The eldest kid is named Stewart. The moral of this little yarn is that it's possible even for warrant officers to slip sometimes.

A digger was train travelling between Fremantle and Perth. At Claremont, a lady friend boarded the train, and the digger engaged her in conversation until she alighted at Subiaco. After she had left, a "lady" in the carriage sniffed and asked the digger if he was aware that the woman who engaged him was a widow. The digger replied the digger. "I know it. I also know that the lady is a qualified nurse, that she went to London at her husband's expense, and became matron at one of the biggest hospitals in the North England! I know her because I was one of those who nursed her back to health. Furthermore, I know that she holds a French, a Belgian, and a Serbian decoration, and that she was decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace. As to her Chinese husband, his name was prominent on every charity list during the war. And now, please tell me what you and your husband did in the Great War?"

The lady alighted at the next station.

Incidentally I might mention that this story is an absolute fact.

A sweet young lady burst in on Manager Johns, of the Roselea Nursery, and asked for a bouquet for the like of the buds she was sent to Princess Mary. "And I want it frozen in ice, please," she added. "Certainly, miss," said the obliging manager. "Do you want to send it to England?"

"Oh, dear no," was the reply. "My sister has just got a brand new divorce, and I thought it would be symbolic of frozen love!!"

A certain young officer was a whale for overstaying leave, and on one occasion before proceeding on leave was cautioned by the colonel to be back to time. When the leave expired, the C.O. received a wire: "Have obtained objective. Madly allow time to dig in." The colonel had been young himself once. He gave the sub. seven days extension.

Inquisitive Old Lady: "What was the worst sight that you saw at the war?"

Billzze: "The look on the face of my country's 1914-1918."

Barham: At the jar of rum at Billocourt.

Make Troughton Your Chemist

Keep Moving and See North!

If you are making a move by sea or land, by road or rail, just telephone to, or write or call on R. P. North, (corner of Wellington and Barrack streets). Elliott or Joe Brennan will be most oblig­ing. The soda fountain is one of the finest in Perth, and one of their specialties (Syrup D' amour, or something like) that is particularly palatable.

A Frenchman aeronautical engineer, M. Louis. Berguet is building a giant machine entirely of metal. It will be driven by 24 engines of a total horse power of 10,000, and it will weigh about 15 tons, and will be able to fly from Paris to New York in 24 consecutive hours of flight.

Bank Manager (over the phone): "I have rung you up—Mr. Cohen to remind you that your account is £400 over­drawn."

Cohen: "Tell me how my account stood three months ago?"

Bank Manager: "£500 in credit."

Cohen: "Well, did I ring you up?"

Make Troughton Your Chemist

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

AUSTRALIA and THE GREAT WAR

Up to the end of the Great War, Australia had enlisted no fewer than 409,615 men, fully equipped for service: N.S.W., 160,699; Vic., 110,661; Q'land, 56,785; S.A., 34,390; W.A., 31,923; Tas., 15,138.

The Australian war record was: 36 V.C.; 370 D.S.O. (14 Bars), 1,258 M.C. (48 Bars), 920 D.C.M. (10 Bars), 5,206 M.M. (167 Bars and a Double Bar), 248 foreign decorations.

The total cost of the war to the Com­monwealth Government, to the end of March, 1919, was nearly £320,000,000, of which amount upwards of £244,000,000 was charged against revenue. It is computed that, when the work of re­paration has been completed, and de­ferred pay and pensions provided for, the war disbursements of the Common­wealth will aggregate some £450,000,000, or £90 per head of the population.

Make Troughton Your Chemist

THE LISTENING POST.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE.
SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN AUSTRALIA

For some time past the question of erecting headstones over the graves of members of the naval and military forces who died in Australia during World War I, and arrangements have been made for the Commonwealth Government to undertake this work on behalf of the Imperial War Graves Commission, which is responsible for the care of war graves throughout the Empire. Headstones will be erected on the graves of those who died from wounds received, accident occurring, or disease contracted while on active service, whether discharged or not at date of death, and on whose graves no private memorial has already been erected other than kerbs or iron railings.

Similar action will be taken in the case of soldiers who enlisted for active service abroad but who did not embark for overseas, or who did not embark owing to medical reasons and died after discharge from illness contracted while serving.

The headstones will be of the uniform type, approved by the Imperial War Graves Commission, and will be inscribed with the A.I.F. Badge, number, rank, name and units of the deceased soldier, also any decorations which may have been won and the date of death. The cross or other religious emblem will also be inscribed as desired.

At the base of each headstone there will be a limited space on which may be engraved an inscription of personal, feeling or religious sentiment which the next-of-kin may desire, but such inscriptions will be at the expense of the next-of-kin. It is important that the next-of-kin should note that the limit of this space is 66 units, that is to say, the space between allows for an inscription which, including letters and spaces between letters shall not exceed 66 units, e.g.—the following inscription would represent 19 units 'His Duty Nobly Done,' i.e., 16 letters and 3 spaces between the words.

Action is being taken to collect the necessary information preparatory to work being commenced, but great difficulty is being experienced in locating the next-of-kin in many cases, particularly those of soldiers who died during the early stages of the war. It is pointed out that in every case the owner of a grave must give written permission before any authority can approve of the erection of a headstone, and unless this is forthcoming it will not be possible to carry out the proposed treatment of graves.

Consequently, the next-of-kin of any deceased soldier referred to above who have not been communicated with by the military authorities and who desire that a headstone be erected, should lose no time in making written application to the Base Commandant at the capital city of the State in which the deceased soldier's grave is situated.

THE LISTENING POST.

TO AUSTRALIA

With the wounded and the 1914 men on leave returning home, autumn, 1918.

The following lines are from the pen of Sir Robert Bridges, British Poet Laureate.

Sir Robert wrote few poems during the war, and the following is one of the few.

Against the heathen in Turkey
In Flanders, Artois and Picardie;
But above all triumphs that else ye have won
This is the gladdest deed ye have done,
To have sealed with blood, in a desperate day,
The love-bond that binds us for ever and aye.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Chaucer Prologue to Canterbury Tales, lines 66 and 86.

More Personalities

Three young rips who enlisted in the A.M.C. were Jones, Carngham and Cockram. All were very fond of Sar-Major Halvorson, and the liking was heartily reciprocated. After the three had been presented with 7 days C.B. for a crime they hadn't committed, the Sar-Major's tent mysteriously collapsed three nights in succession. On each occasion the three were found peaceably asleep. I wonder if any of the four remember the incident. One of the recent recruits to Perth sub-branch is the pursuer of the Naldera. It was he who saw Princess Mary's bunch of flowers safely home. The flowers arrived in splendid condition, and they were greatly admired. Lord Northcliffe was a passenger from Bombay, and he expressed his astonishment at the achievement.

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As the Naldera carried a large number of leading Anglo-Indians, who were to attend the Royal Coronation, they were expected to be of great deal of interest, and proved a big advertisement for the State.

Joe Brennan, the bespectacled person who counts out pills and acts as medicine mixologist at Troupes, could, if he felt inclined, tell quite a lot of tales about school. The yarn about the quinine win at Blackboy Camp is worth hearing.

We want to add our pan of praise to that of many others. To Arthur Rogers, the Soldiers' Institute barber, for his splendid work among soldier patients at Perth Public Hospital. After his full day's toil at the salon, Arthur hills his time of relaxation in the hospital, without fee or reward. We hope he won't unduly swell when we remark that he and Charlie Jackson, of Murray-street, are the two handson sometonsal artists in this city.

Soldiers and other settlers often have city business to do, but even find time or cash to pay Perth a visit. The job will be done for them by sending an S.O.S. signal to Mr. Reid, of South British Chambers, Barrack-street. For a good term Mr. Reid has in his book, and was one of the officers in charge of the Soldiers' Settlement Scheme. A digger himself, with a digger's desire to help, he can put some work through.

One of the most popular padres was Rev. George Jenkins, now in charge of the Suburban Methodists Church. He was very long at Weymouth, where in addition to his ordinary padre's work, he had a very good job in interviewing those ladies who had lost their boys. He could tell many a tale of regretted lad. Every Sunday evening he held a service on the Esplanade, which was very largely attended, not only by visitors, but by the boys, so enough is said as to his popularity.

He is perhaps one of the best sketchers in the State, but it is a pity that he hides his light in this respect under a bushel. Should he care to go back to Brazil, the army would welcome him as their pastor. Mr. Jenkins is a Cousin Jack, and is not afraid to own up to it.

REA'S SAUSAGES.

There is a chap called Rea, who hangs out his sign in Barrack-street. He is noted for many things, particularly for his great faith in this bit of the earth. Rea has been Mavor of Perth, has been one of the foremost of our prospectors, and lots of other things. While he was the Mavor of Perth he did untold work for the boys, both at home and at the front. Now Rea has earned undying fame by producing the most delicious brand of sausages. There is only one trouble—one can't get enough of them. There is no need to go and buy a lot of Yankee imported "table luxury" sausage when you can get Rea's home-made variety and, and, and, and... We know where, when, and how his good sausages are made, but don't know anything about the Chicago turn-outs, or the Melbourne mystery joints.

Make Troupes Your Chemist

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

THE THIRD LIGHT

"Twas half an hour after sunset at "Halifax Couris." Johnnie, seated on his well-rammed pack, was silly gazing around. In the half-dark, the flashes of the "nine-five" firing at five-minute intervals way down towards Poperinge, were beginning to show stronger against the grey of the evening sky. Way off to the left, the last balloon was slowly descending, swaying curiously to the wind—a giant, fantastic shape, grey too, in the half-light.

All around the great square, groups of men were talking, men of all classes and ranks. Diggers from the land of the Cross, Tommies from the Old Country, men from all the outposts of the British Empire, mingled with Poles from the South, Portuguese from further South, and dark, small men from the hills of India. Hundreds of bivouacs covered the square, long shadowy rows of grey huts. Just across the road a "shell-shocked" tank, bespattered with mud, and with her offside gun cocked at an impossible angle, was vainly endeavouring to crawl away down the road, and only succeeding in revolving in one great circle, chugging and grunting in a painful way.

"The Third Light! Not for mine, dig. Hero, Billy."

Johnnie's wandering thoughts returned in swift rebound, and for one almost imperceptible instant he felt a faint depressing chill—that passed and was almost heard. He turned his head.

A little group of his "coobers" were standing with bent heads over a flickering match, waiting their turn for a light. Matches were scarce at "Halifax Camp."

Even as he turned, he saw little "Billy," McGee bend his head to the match; saw him straighten again with the glowing cigarette in his mouth, and, as the next man bent forward, saw the smile in "Billy's" eyes as he relaxed his cigarette and drew out, whilst the smoke slowly rolled from his nostrils.

"You blokes get the 'wind up' over nothing!"—and he stooped over his pack as the voice of the sergeant sang out from the top "bivvy" in a Company.

"Fall in! A Company."

And Johnnie rose and shouldered his pack, for they were going in again tonight.

Grey dawn was back on Ypres, and Johnny was waiting for "Zero." It came with a sudden increasing roar and they were "off," to the accompaniment of a hell-anten "barrage." Johnnie looked around as he got to his feet. Right and left his coobers were beginning to move forward, moving this line, with the ends disappearing into the grey. Ahead was the first line—similar in length and thinness, but more shadowy by reason of the distance. Ahead again, and the men took to marching. As the sun rose over the horizon, the white clouds weeding, while shell after shell was falling into the mud. Over the ridge hung a pall of smoke and earth—a thick, swishing, moving curtain of grey.

They were going forward now, but oh! how slow. Down the first slope and halfway up the next, and they had gone a mile. The barrage stopped, played on the objective—they were perilously close now.

Johnny looked around him. A group of "moppers-up" were coming out of what had been an outpost a few minutes before. He caught sight of "Billy" McGee.

"Got 'ny suvencere yets, Billy?" he yelled.

Bill looked across, and grinned as he caught the words. He exhibited an automatic. Johnny saw his face break into a smile which brought the light into his eyes as he totered, watched him topple into a shell-hole and lie still, and knew that another of his friends had solved the Great Secret.

The barrage was moving on once more. There was no time to linger. But as Johnny stepped onwards again, he looked deep into that thick swirling curtain of death and steel saw that little group of men bent over the flame of a match, in the gloom at Halifax Camp, caught the smile in "Billy's" eyes as he stepped back and drew out, whilst the soldier met the "wind-up" over nothing.

And when the picture faded again, and only the grey curtain remained, Johnny laughed in a mirthless way as he unslung his rifle.

JAS. POLLARD.

Impressions of the Village

Written at Bullecourt, 6/5/17

(In a note to the Editor, the author ex plains that these lines are an unpublished extract from his field service pocket-book. They are submitted without alteration as far as these circumstances permitted."

Wrecked by these heathens ere they part—

Dr. GIBBONS.

"Brains don't always win over brute strength," said Dackie, as he put more coal on the brazier. "After my last Blighty leave, I broke adrift for a few days in London. On the third day an Emma-pip asked me for my pass. I decided to give the cow a run for his money and bolted. He followed. After we had run about a mile I began to crack up, but the Jack was still going strong and gaining on me. And this is where I decided to use my nut. I dashed into an open doorway. Then brute strength got in its dirty work. I found myself gathered in by two heavy-weight civics police. I had run into a Police Station. Stanmore.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE.
The Listening Post Post

THE LISTENING POST.

April 25th, 1922.

About the “Listening Post”
AN EXPLANATION

When the “Listening Post” was first established, it was intended to run the paper on the proceeds of advertisements. Under arrangements with the R.S.L. executive, subscription to the League entitled subscribers to the “Listening Post”.

Now according to the Postal Department’s regulations, no publication can be registered as a newspaper until after three months of publication, and we have therefore been posting the paper under “printed matter” rates. Obviously, these rates are very heavy, running into many pounds per issue, but we had to be content to pay under these rates for three issues.

After our February publication we applied for the registration, which would cut down our postal costs to only a few pounds per issue. In reply, we were informed by the P.M.G. Department that we could not be recognised as a dinkum newspaper, as our NETT SALES did not reach 75 per cent. of our circulation. Lengthy negotiation did not alter matters in the slightest. We replied that we were prepared to continue paying “printed matter” rates, the result would be a heavy loss every month. Bowed down, it meant that EITHER WE WOULD HAVE TO CHARGE FOR EVERY COPY SOLD, OR CLOSE DOWN. We left it to our readers to decide which it should be, and whether in our short existence we had justified ourselves.

The result of our appeal has been splendid. From all over W.A., and in some cases from other parts of Australia, subscriptions have rolled in. Before long we expect to have one of the biggest circulations of any W.A. publication.

Some questions have been asked about a certain £25 voted to the “Listening Post” by the R.S.L. executive. We would like to say that payment of such a sum would not solve our difficulties of registration. The arrangement has therefore been cancelled, and of course we haven’t received the £25 or any other sum from the League. We think the “Listening Post” can stand on its merits, and that it can be made a self-supporting adjunct of the R.S.L.

To those subscribers who promptly sent subscriptions we offer our best thanks. To those branch secretaries who loyally supported us by actively canvassing for subs, we are under a deep debt of gratitude. And while we are about it, we want to thank Mr. G. J. Foley, M.H.R. for Kalgoorlie, who so energetically took up our case with the P.M.G. authorities in Melbourne.

And now we trust that those who haven’t yet sent their subs. will do so right away. Everyone tells us the “Listening Post” is worth the money—and despite editorial modesty, we honestly agree with them.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

When dealing with our advertisers, please say “I saw your ad in the Listening Post.”

Our Supply of Phosphates

It will interest most returned men to learn, especially those situated in districts where newspapers seldom penetrate, of the agreement existing between the Australian, British, and New Zealand Governments.

The War, the mandates, and the Nauru Agreement, may be deemed to have resulted in an asset of no mean nature to Australia. Nauru, the richest island in the Pacific, contains approximately 200,000,000 tons of phosphates, each ton of which will make two tons of super-phosphates.

Under this agreement Australia holds a 42 per cent. share of the proceeds and has first claim on any output exceeding that proportion which may not be required by the others in the agreement.

Since October, 1920, 554,000 tons of phosphate rock have been obtained, and of this 65 per cent. has fallen to Australia, representing a gain of approximately £6,000,000 and a quarter million pounds in 118 months.

Considering how agriculture is dependent on fertilisers, it will be readily conceived that this acquisition is not only a bargain from a financial point of view, but is also a guarantee that the farmer will have the fountain head of his supply near Australia’s gates for centuries to come.

The position in this regard is so healthy that there is every probability of a reduction in price in phosphates in the very near future, and it is gratifying to note that while the price in Australia is £6 per ton, in other countries it ranges from £8 to £11.

Monopoly.

Anzac Stunts

“Uhuu.”—Tuesday, 27th April, 1915.—How many living members of the original 16th Battalion will ever forget that date, which so far as casualties were concerned, was a far worse day for that much-battled Battalion than the day of the Landing. It was the first occasion on which Jacko attempted to drive the invaders into the sea. The results of his efforts are well known, but an incident connected with the date, not so generally known, and which may have had no little bearing on the result of his efforts, is worth recalling. At this early date very few of the guns from the artillery division had landed, and whole batteries were still aboard ship. With, no doubt, a foreknowledge of what was coming, head-quarters decided that some other purpose could be served by these units. Accordingly during the morning six transports weighed anchor and formed a circling movement—dragging submarines—at least that was the rumour, but the circling gradually brought the transports behind the shores of a channel was picked up, and in company with a cruiser and three destroyers, a course was laid for the Greek coast. Early morning found the transports with their convoy near Eros, on the Turkish coast, opposite the Bulair lines. Here at day-break the landing force was detailed and rowed into the ships’ boats by the three destroyers, to within half-a-mile of the shore; and then parallel, and for about an hour. The place seemed absolutely deserted, and although the cruiser fired numerous shells no response was forthcoming. Back to the transports again and another circuit. The course out of the Gulf of Sari, and back the next morning (Thursday) to a point opposite the Bulair lines, the neck of the peninsula and reputed to be the most strongly fortified place in the whole of Gallipoli. Here the previous morning’s stunt was repeated, but with a little variation, supplied by Jacko. We were within about half-a-mile of the shore, which, before night, was a beautiful grassy slope of a very easy grade and absolutely devoid of any trees or scrub, when the cruiser let go a broadside. The response was a magnificent effort by Jacko to raise the head level of the Gulf with spread shells and shells of varying calibre. We imished out of range fronts, and stayed there, whilst the cruiser, steaming at full steam, let go for further sides. All we considered was that we had embarked aboard the transports, when news was received by wireless that our two stunts had relieved the Anzac front of 15,000 Turks, whilst we were doing a Turkish trot to Bulair.

Advice to Those About to Marry

We would offer a bit of the best advice to not only those who are contemplating the matrimonial stakes, but also to those who have already made a start. It is this: Always buy your girl the best you can get, and keep it up after you get her. Also make a practice on all occasions to get your goods at the best price. Be sure you get your goods from the big firms, as a few rough and ready wholesale firms may ruin the best article. This is true in all lines and most of all in jewellery, particularly in Australia. It is better to buy a much roughish stuff than a ready sale. New if you want to buy an engagement or wedding ring, or a present of any kind, just call on the firm of Caris Bros., and have a look round. You will be able to secure the best of everything at prices to suit your pockets. Mention that you are a digger and you will receive special consideration.

Eye Specialist Fist

If you fancy that your eye sight is not as good as it was it’s time to get busy. As you get older so your sight changes, and you must get the very best advice on the whole thing. Then, too, you must be sure that the lenses you secure are of the best. Your sight means all to you, and many a man has cursed this he went to a quack. Don’t be like these—get right in. Have you chatted with Mr. Fist, in Baird’s Arcade (close by the street-right entrance) you will get a dinkum deal. If you want an appointment, ring up A3333. This is the address of the Associated Opticians’ Co., of which Mr. Fist is the head.

Advertise in “The Listening Post.”
Personalities

Send your finished copy of the “Listening Post” to a digger friend. He’ll be grateful, and we’ll probably get a new subscriber. Help the paper that some day may help you.

“Camelot”: Cecil “Cocoa” Northover, who was a popular member of the 15th Battalion, has assumed the management of the Fremantle branch of the progressive firm of Burridge and Warren. The principals of this firm, being good diggers themselves employ practically all returned men.

On March 26th Albert H. Mercer (ex-44th Battalion) entered into holy matrimony with Elizabeth A. James, late of South Wales. The ceremony was quietly observed at the 3rd-street Wesley Church, Padre Gilbert McLaren officiating. The bride was given away by Mr. H. Williams, of Collie. Miss Miriam Mercer was bridesmaid, while Mr. F. R. Mercer was best man. All ex-members of the old 44th Battalion will join with this paper in wishing the newly-wedded pair happiness and prosperity.

“Z.Z.”: E. W. Corboy, M.L.A., ex-member of the House of Representatives, and now M.L.A. for Yilgarn, has gone to enjoy the salubrious breezes at Haven'songs with reading good talkers and general good fellow. Ted Corboy did much good work on the Gratuity Bond Commission, although he took himself and his job more seriously than is his usual wont. At all other times he has merily walked through life in carefree fashion, and even his stepping into the Federal seat of the late Lord Forrest did not overawe this youthful embryo politician.

“Some 11th Boys”: Lieut. Caleb Simpson (ex 11th Batt.) is a big, cheerful bloke who always found something to laugh at in everything that came along. He is now the proud Pa of bonny twins—a pigeon pair, too. Wonder if this great event still makes him find the cheerful side of things, or whether the responsibility now thrust upon him has made him serious. We devoutly trust that Simmo’s infectious laugh doesn’t wake the babies. If it does, his popular wife will have to do what the combined efforts of Frits and the Brass Hats couldn’t do—the wise up him. Anyway, here’s luck to Big Simmo and family from the old boys.

For the last 25 years, Rabbi D. I. Freedman has ministered to the spiritual needs of the Perth Jewish community and this fact was duly and right royally celebrated by the said community on 20/3/22. As a padre at the front, the genial and rotund Rabbi did great work, and he never denied denunciation before lending a hand to anyone requiring help. For years he has been a vice-president of the State R.S.L. and he has continued his good work in ovine work. Every man with a grouch finds a sympathetic ear in Padre Freedman. With due regard of congratulations, the “Listening Post” pays tribute to one of the stalwarts of the returned soldier movement in Western Australia.

A happy thought of the diggers to send a case of Westralian flowers to decorate the tables at Princess Mary's wedding breakfast. Lady Connolly presented the flowers, and in reply the Princess said: “I am deeply touched by the kindly thought which has prompted the Returned Soldiers' League to send flowers from Western Australia this case of flowers packed in ice. Will you convey to the donors my warmest thanks and assure them that I regard their gift as a pleasing token of their affection and good wishes for my future happiness. The flowers, which had been thawed only an hour before they were presented, were in excellent condition.

Albert Ranford was the proud groom at a pretty and choral wedding ceremony on March 11, when Miss Violet. Drew was joined with him in holy matrimony. West Leederville Congregational Church was the scene of the ceremony, and the Rev. P. J. H. Jones was the minister. Miss Therew entered the church on the arm of her father. Mr. F. Thew, to the strains of the wedding march, played by Miss Doris Dowie. After the ceremony Miss Elsie Guts sang “Love’s Coronation.” Mr. Harold Ranford was best man, Mr. Arthur Williamson groomsmen, and Misses Selma Ranford and Nita Thew bridesmaids. The honeymoon was spent at Armadale. All friends will wish the young couple the best of luck.

“Z.Z.”: Dour Scot, ex-digger, and M.L.A. for Collie, A. A. Wilson was a proud man on March 29th. As chairman of the Gratuity Board, Arthur Wilson's help to diggers can be counted in actual £.d.—in the amount refunded by the land philanthropists who “cashed” the bonds. The hardest nut the Board had to crack was one Louis Abrahams, and the reports of the Wilson v. Abrahams bout made the best reading in the newsheets. On March 29th Wilson triumphantly broke aloft the scalpel of Abrahams in other words, Abrahams diggered to the tune of £361, and admitted that certain of his statements were “not correct.” Which is another feather in the tam-o'-shanter of Scottie Wilson.

An interesting personality lately in Westralia is Miss M. M. Johnston, who has been touring the country branches of the R.S.L. Miss Johnston will be remembered as an official guide to the tourists in Paris. Possessed of a delightful Irish brogue, and an engaging manner, Miss Johnston has made herself very popular, and the knowledge she has gained of Australia may be useful if, as is rumored, she is appointed to the Com- munity Immigration Staff. Miss Johnston's experiences will be found in another column.

“D.M.B.”: Dan Dwyer has brought the M. Lawley-North Perth memorial fund from Western Australia this case of flowers packed in ice. Will you convey to the donors your warmest thanks and assure them that I regard their gift as a pleasing token of their affection and good wishes for my future happiness. The flowers, which had been thawed only an hour before they were presented, were in excellent condition.

“D.M.B.”: Harold Colvin, League's auditor, and partner in the accountancy firm of J. F. Burkett and Co., has resigned his presidency of the M. Lawley R.S.L. through business reasons. Despite his direct and somewhat abrupt manner, Harold Colvin is a dinkum friend to those needing his professional services and advice, for his is a rare instance of a man who helps first and worries over such trifles as fees later. Up to now there's only one starter for the vacant presidential possies—the genial A. N. MacDonald, our old prohibitionist friend—or is it anti-prohibitionist he is?

“J.C.C.”: On 29/3/22 Narrogin R.S.L.ites gave a send-off to J. H. Williams, who has left to live in Albany. "Billy," as he was familiarly called, was a hard worker for the digger, and whilst we are sorry to lose him we hope Albany branch will be the better for his help. A pipe and tobacco packet went with the good wishes expressed by Narrogin comrades.

“Camelot”: Sir Phillip Gibbs' fearless criticisms of brass hat officialdom during the war in his remarkable book, “The Hope of Europe,” appeals to the average Australian. In it he pays a pretty compliment to one of our General Sir Talbot Hobbs, whom he brackets with General Monash as being in pleasing marked contrast to the stodgy hide-bound generals of the regular army type.

“Camelot”: In the passing West of Mine Inspector Crabb, the battling prospector has lost an able adviser and a personal friend. Mr. Crabb had a kindly disposition, and he was in the heyday of his useful career when he fell a victim to the after-effects of the dreaded pneumonic influenza.

E.H.—Preference to returned soldiers is not in the range of the proprietors of a visiting circus. Although there were a number of capable returned men available, when an advance agent was needed, the job was given to a non-returred man who was lately the organiser of a soldiers' memorial carnival. It might be well if country diggers noted this.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
ATTENTION! EYES RIGHT!!

If you are not satisfied with your spectacles, or if you are, when you want a change, see

Mr. W. J. FIST

THE OPTOMETRIST

Consulting Optician

20-22 Bairds' Arcade

ABOVE ALL, be sure to have your sight tested properly. Remember, many cases of sight are caused by body troubles, and as the only reader of body troubles connected with sight, you may have the best of attention.

Repairs Specialty. Returned first post.

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Associated Opticians, 20-22 Bairds’ Arcade

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NO MAN EVER YET HAD ENOUGH

UNION BEER

TO DRINK, FOR THERE ISN'T A HEADACHE IN A BARRELFUL OF IT.

It is the beer to work on, to get an appetite on, and the beer which makes a man feel friendly to his neighbour.

Stick to UNION BEER

E. ARUNDELL & CO.

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THE GOVERNOR AT KATANNING

"F.A.R.": When Sir Francis Newdegate was in the Katanning district, the opportunity was taken to usher him into the precincts of the local R.S.L. The members paraded in force, and, with the decorations and pictures loaned by Andy Graham and Bob Braund, the club room didn’t look too bad.

Katanning President (Capt. F. M. House) looked a proud man in the chair, and he was supported by Vice-Presidents W. J. Cobb, Jimmy Old, and Andy Graham. The skipper welcomed the distinguished visitors, who included Sir Francis Newdegate, Capt. Fortescue, A. Thomson, M.L.A., and George McLeod (Chairman, Katanning Roads Board). After the loyal toasts, W. J. Cobb proposed the health of His Excellency, and he expressed the pleasure of all returned soldiers in having Sir Francis in their midst. He regretted that, owing to the destruction of the club rooms by fire, better accommodation was not available, but they were greatly indebted to Mr. McLeod for their meeting-room.

He understood that Sir Francis was going to stay in England, and he offered His Excellency the best of good wishes from Katanning Sub-branch, and from all R.S.L.-ites.

In response, Sir Francis said he had appreciated the honour conferred upon him by the R.S.L. He had been keenly interested in a large photograph of the 11th taken in Egypt, and he enjoined the fighting qualities of the A.I.F. He thanked them for their welcome, and for their message, which he would pass on to a similar institution in England, of which he was President.

Jimmy Old had the job of proposing the health of Dr. F. M. House, which he did in his usual style, and in a way that pleased everyone. In reply, the President thanked members for their support, and expressed the honour he counted it to be their O.C.

As time was getting on, and His Excellency had another engagement to fill, only one other toast was honoured. F. A. Rogers proposed the health of the visitors, and he said that members were pleased to meet such distinguished visitors at their club rooms. He paid a special tribute to Mr. McLeod for his loyal support and generous help at all times. Capt. Fortescue and Mr. Thomson replied by thanking members for their courtesy, while Mr. McLeod’s speech was brief and to the point: “Thank you.”

Those responsible for the arrangements were Secretary, R. Kenny, Harry Smith, Spencer Gilbert, and W. Leonard. The whole affair was a huge success, and it reflected great credit upon all workers.

SIR FRANCIS NEWDEGATE

A FAREWELL GATHERING.

The W.A. Branch of the R.S.L. farewell to His Excellency, Sir Francis Newdegate, K.C.M.G., on his last day’s trip to England. Mr. H. E. Bolton (State President) was in charge, and he handed to His Excellency a letter expressing appreciation of Sir Francis’ work.

Mr. Bolton said that His Excellency came to Western Australia with the best recommendations to the returned soldiers on account of the fact that he was given a send-off by the League in Tasmania when he departed from that State, and thus bore a hallmark. They also appreciated that he was more returned soldiers’ badge. He would like to ask His Excellency to tell his friends in England that the soldiers of Western Australia were worth knowing. They had taken their share in the conflict overseas, and in times of peace they were taking their share in the building up of a great nation. The destiny of Australia was in the hands of those who went to fight for the Empire, and he had no hesitation in saying that it was in good hands.

Mr. L. D. McCarthy, V.C., said that he would quote the old saying that no governor could have done more for the community in general and the returned soldiers in particular than His Excellency had done. In all his public speeches he had pointed out that the government recently had been referred to the diggers as the aristocracy of the country. (Applause.) He had mingled with all classes, and anything that he had said was “a jolly fine old fellow.” He would advise him, however, to be careful of Horseferry-road.

He would say no more; he would not go into details, but he would just ask him to be worthy of the favor the members of the Mt. Llewellyn Sub-branch of the League, and of returned men throughout the State, he hoped that His Excellency would have a pleasant trip and a safe return.

The Governor was accorded a great reception, and it was said, “as a body of men who could not be beaten in any part of the world; you have the old pioneering blood in your veins, and you have never been daunted. Amongst those in whose hands the legislation of this country is entrusted you have got friends who are alive to your interests, and who wish to do the best they can for you. What the Premier could do with two million settlers in this country. (Applause.) You possess magnificent, but as yet undeveloped, resources, and there is a happy augury of wealth. It makes men carry out a job once they have tackled it. You have a right to have a say in the legislative halls of your State, and I am pleased that you have so many people who are interested in affairs of State. You have made good in war, and you have made good in peace; you will continue to do so if you stick together. That is the thing—to stick together. This is an employer of Boans’ Ltd., who had lost a leg in the war, and I may say that I have found the big employers of labour in the city are anxious and willing to engage maimed men who have served their country. But during my visit to Boans I saw something which was infinitely less satisfactory. I saw large quantities of bacon and ham, which, it was told, were imported from the Eastern States. You should be able to produce plenty of bacon and ham here in Western Australia—and that is only another argument for my plea for an increased population. You should make Western Australia, as I believe you will make it, second to none in the world. I am a servant of the Colonial Office, but as far as I know at present I shall be back in Western Australia in November. I came to Western Australia as a new comrade, but I shall be an old one when I return.”

( Applause.)

THE LOST VILLAGE

The heavy cannonade made the earth tremble and rock, and although it was daylight, the air was darkened with pungent and evil-smelling gases. Chaotic movements of the men, who were no longer responsible for their actions, continued for some time, and then ceased, while they were still conscious, owing to the increasing number of wounds and the rapidly increasing number of deaths. Suddenly, the village became a labyrinth. The intensity of the crisis was augmented by reason of the fact that many civilians had not yet vacated the scene.

In the battered remnants of a cottage crouched a fragile woman with her infant child held close, and rushing towards her was a huge grey-clad man with reviv­ ing bayonet and the lust of madness in his face.

I was rooted to the spot, spellbound and horrified—quite unable to do aught but tremble violently and perspire all too freely—when suddenly, as if the earth had been shaken by some violent internal combustion, a mighty explosion took place, and I then awoke to realise that I was in my bed and that a heavy thunderstorm and a late dinner had been responsible for my dream.

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