Soldiers' Institute :: Perth

The Returned Soldiers' Club

Best Dining Room in Perth, Billiard Room (four tables), Barber's Shop, Tobacco Store, Reading Room

PATRONISE YOUR CLUB

Support the League

By so doing, you will protect your own interests

Wear the new miniature badge, and prove yourself an active and financial member

JOIN THE LEAGUE

and help the widows and orphans of the comrades who "went west"

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
**Royal Hotel, William St.**

**Bottle Department**

**AMENDED RETAIL PRICE LIST**

as fixed by the Price Fixing Committee, reviewed and agreed to by the United Licensed Victuallers’ Association of the Commonwealth (W.A. Branch), and the W.A. Brewers’ Association, and to remain from MARCH FIRST, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Two as the list of MINIMUM PRICES to be charged in the Metropolitan Area of the State until countermanded.

In every instance packing at the rate of 1½ per dozen on freight on country orders to be charged to the purchaser over the following nett minimum prices:

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All Scotch Brands.

| Reptd. quarts | | |
| Reptd. pints | | |
| Per gal. (six bottles, at rate of 11s. 6d.) | | |

**AUSTRALIAN WHISKYS.**

| Captain Cook, qts. | | |
| Captain Cook, pts. | | |
| Brind’s, qts. | | |
| Brind’s, pts. | | |

**MIXED GALLON CASE WHISKY.**

| Mixed gals. bottled Scotch or Irish Whisky, per gal. | | |

**BULK WHISKYS.**

| Scotch Bulk Whisky (own bottling)— | | |
| Per gallon | | |
| Rep. qts. | | |
| Rep. pts. | | |
| Imp. qts. | | |
| Imp. pts. | | |
| Polllies | | |

| Australian Bulk Whisky (own bottling), labelled as Australian (Brind’s): | | |
| Per gal. | | |
| Rep. qts. | | |
| Rep. pts. | | |
| Imp. qts. | | |
| Imp. pts. | | |
| Polllies | | |

Blended Australian and Scotch (own bottling), distinctly labelled as blended Scotch and Australian:

| Gallon | | |
| Rep. qts. | | |
| Rep. pts. | | |
| Imp. qts. | | |
| Imp. pts. | | |
| Polllies | | |

**BRANDIES.**

| Prunier ***, rep. qts. | | |
| Prunier ***, rep. pts. | | |
| Prunier *, rep. qts. | | |

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**IMPORTED RUM (CASED).**

| Lemon Hart, rep. qts. | | |
| Lemon Hart, per gal. | | |
| Australian (own bottling), gal. | | |
| Australian (own bottling), rep. qts. | | |
| Australian (own bottling), rep. pts. | | |
| Australian (own bottling), polllies | | |
| Blended (Australian and West Indian), gal. | | |
| Blended (Australian and West Indian), rep. qts. | | |
| Blended (Australian and West Indian), rep. pts. | | |
| Blended (Australian and West Indian), polllies | | |

**GIN (CASED).**

| Square Gins | | |
| Gilbey’s Dry, Old Tom, Plymouth, rep. qts. | | |
| Gilbey’s Dry, Old Tom, Plymouth, rep. pts. | | |
| Australian—Captain Cook, Dry, rep. qts. | | |
| Brind’s, Dry, rep. qts. | | |
| Brind’s, Dry, rep. pts. | | |
| Australian Bulk (own bottling), qts. | | |
| Australian Bulk (own bottling), rep. qts. | | |
| Australian Bulk (own bottling), polllies | | |

**BOTTLED ALE (W.A.).**

| NOT MIXED ALE AND STOUT. | | |
| BOTTLED STOUT (W.A.). | | |
| NOT MIXED STOUT AND ALE. | | |

| Swan, Emu, Union, and Redcastle, doz. | | |
| Union, Imperial, doz. | | |

**GOODS DELIVERED TO RAIL.**

W. H. JONES.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY “I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST.”
R.S.D. AERATED WATER FACTORY
(Late A.I.F.)
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-CLASS AERATED WATERS
MARQUIS and WELLINGTON STREETS, WEST PERTH
WE DELIVER TO ANY ADDRESS
COUNTRY ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
HOP BEER UNEQUALLED.
SPECIAL DRY GINGER ALE.

Our Ineeda Tonic gives you an appetite
All Drinks Unsurpassable. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
All waters filtered through Germ Proof Filters.

PHONE A 3911.

"YARLOOP'S GREATEST DAY"
Unveiling Porcelli's Masterpiece.
An Impressive Anzac Ceremony.
(By C. H. Collett.)

What has been described as the greatest
day Yarloop has ever seen occurred on
April 25th—Anzac Day, 1922. On that day
the unveiling took place of the Memorial
erected by the residents of Yarloop
and district to the memory of the glorious
dead and the heroic living. Signor P.
Porcelli was the sculptor, and the
monument is freely described as Porcelli's masterpiece.

At 11 a.m. a combined memorial service
was held, when Capt. Chaplain Moorhouse
officiated, assisted by the Wesleyan
Methodist minister. The service terminated
with the Dead March in "Saul,"
played on the organ by Miss Johns, and
the sounding of the "Last Post."

About 30 guests sat down to the luncheon at Mr. Niels' Hotel, including
Left-Col. Manning, D.S.O., O.B.E., the
Hon. W. J. George (Minister for Works),
Hon. J. Fanning, M.L.C., Hon. Edwin
Rose, M.L.C., and Chaplain-Capt. Moorhouse.

At 1.30 the Coastal Pipe Band, under
Pipe-Major Lindsay marched to the hall,
and the buglers sounded the assembly.
A memorial guard marched to its post—a
guard composed of a naval seaman gunner,
an artilleryman, a Light Horse man,
an infantryman. About 40 returned
soldiers, under Lieut. C. Prout and Lieut.
Wiseman, fell in, in two ranks. The
right marker was that grand old Mutiny
veteran, Driver Roberts' Cunningham,
R.F.A., aged 98, and a member of Yarloop
R.S.L.

On the arrival of Lieut-Col. Manning
the parade was inspected, and in a short
address he commented on the satisfactory
number present.

The Chairman (Mr. A. Geddes) gave a
short history of the Memorial. In an
address, Col. Manning expressed his pleasure
at being invited to take part. He
then unveiled the Memorial, and on the
falling of the flag which enfranchised the
monument, the children sang "Rule, Brit-
tania!" There was revealed to the pub-
lic the sun shining on the bronze plates
and marble ornamental lions of the
Memorial, which stands as a tribute to the
56 killed and 190 returned soldiers from
Yarloop and district.

The presentation of medals by Col.
Manning was then made to 40 men.
Speeches were delivered by Hon. W. J.
Sherwin, Hon. J. Fanning, Hon. E. Rose,
Rev. Fyath-Doddy, and others.

All flags were then lowered to half-
mast, the pipers played the lament, and
the guard rested on reversed arms. Many
beautiful wreaths were placed on the
monument by the sorrowing parents, re-
latives, and sweethearts of the men who
sacrificed their all in the cause of liberty.

The "Last Post" was beautifully render-
ed by Buglers J. Farnell and W. Collett,
the one sounding at the monument and the
other hidden in the distance answering as
an echo. Many eyes were wet during the
sad strains of the "Last Post."

Some 500 bag of lollies and fruit were
distributed to the children in remembrance
of the great day.

In the evening a patriotic concert was
held, when the pipers rendered great as-
sistance, especially Mr. T. Prior and Miss
Prior, of Fremantle. After the concert
a dance was held.

The Secretary of the Yarloop Memorial
Committee has still a number of souvenirs
left, which are available at 1s. each, post
free. The souvenir includes a list of the
names of the heroic dead and living sol-
diers, and a photograph of the Yarloop
Memorial. The monument stands at 23
feet high, with a marble lion at each cor-
nor of the base. It is well worth a visit
to Yarloop to see.

I was once accosted by a drunken digger
in Waterloo-road one day, and he asked
me: "Could you tell me (hic) Could you
tell me (hic)? Could you tell me which is
the opposite side of the road?" I said
"Yes, over there, of course." He said,
"That's funny. That's funny. When I
was over there some damn fool told me
it was over here."

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
DO NOT FORGET
The Australian Hotel
Murray Street, Perth
is the place to quench your thirst.
BEST BRANDS ONLY SOLD
It’s the place to “dig-in,” so get there
GUILFOYLE LTD., Proprietors

Tyres
All your motoring pleasures are dependent upon your
See that you fit
FISK
and ensure comfort and economy
ABSOLUTELY NEW STOCKS. GUARANTEED 4000 MILES.
Greatly Reduced Price List on application
W. F. S. BARDON & CO.
(W. F. S. Bardon)
(SOLE AGENTS) (H. V. Jones)
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JOHNS & BEVAN’S
Britannia Coffee Palace
Corner William & Francis Sts.,
Perth, w.a.
Phone A 3961
You are recommended to Stay Right Here

KEEP MOVING
ANYTHING! ANYWHERE!! ANYTIME!!!
R. P. NORTH & COY.,
Licensed Custom House Agent, Baggage, Shipping
and Forwarding Agent
PERTH and FREMANTLE
Head Office and Free Stores:
Corner of Wellington and King Streets  Tel. A 3962
23 Phillimore Street, Fremantle  Tel. B 667
Baggage, Furniture, Goods Removed, Stored, Forwarded

GENERAL ORDERS
All platoons and battalions parade daily under officer for the day at
Perth City Markets or 193 Murray Street
(“FISH OH!” “FISH ISSUE!” “FISH OH!”
Every fish is a fresh one, guaranteed.
When you like! Where you like! How you like!
The Returned Soldier’s Fish Supply
Phone No. A2063  Don’t forget 2063
The only returned soldier white man selling Fresh Fish in this city.

FALL IN!
ATTENTION!
DRESS UP!
FORM FOURS!
QUICK MARCH!
BERT. ALVER’S Great Furniture Emporium
Cr. of HAY and PIER STREETS, PERTH
There you can get all you want from the scullery to the garret.
Specialists in Bedroom Suites and “THE LASCELLES BED;”
Call and see us if you need a Cradle or Baby’s Chair.
Branch: 224 Murray Street.
Telephone A 2083.

The “ODDFELLOWS”
SOUTH TERRACE, FREMANTLE
Is the house of good things.
Jack Visser is the proprietor, so ‘nuff said.
Best brands sold.
Telephone B 502

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

"Tis all a cheque-board of nights and days," Where Destiny with men for Pieces plays....
—Omar Khayyam.

Just behind Messines Ridge, and not far from that detectable resort known as Spy Farm, there lies—or did at the time of which this story treats—a dilapidated line of trenches known as "Nugent’s Supports." The story is dated August, 1917, "Nugent’s Supports" was a name that, when first used, denoted nothing more than, with the front line well beyond the ridge; Messines was nothing but a heap of rubble and bricks.

Now this area was hardly a particularly healthy spot, neither for a body of men nor the individual. At that time there were many excellent gun positions around the place—in the scattered clumps of trees and shrubs, in the old redoubts and sunken roads—and our artillery loved these places, for the range was just suitable to those nerve-shattering monsters, the 9.2’s. Consequently, those who were unfortunate enough to be occupying "Nugent’s Supports" as reserves, were placed in a very hazardous position, to the west. For the range was, of course, equally suitable—if not more so—to those 9.2’s on the other side. And with your own guns belching out a deafening roar, your ears, at ten minute intervals night and day, and high explosive shells from the "other side," hurting down in a haphazard way that was alarming, one was apt to ask if one was safe in the long run.

Behold then, Johnnie and his pals, after three days enforced stay, in that region brought up from "below." For three days they had endured all this, punctuated with daily stunts at salvaging operations, and nightly ones of fatigue.

For three days Johnnie had been engaged in demolishing, and re-rolling, a particularly complicated forest of ancient and very rusty barbed wire; had dug up and stacked hundreds—it seemed thousands—of corkscrew pickets, and gathered together a great heap of dug shells and scrap iron, of a variety infinite. And on three successive nights he had been one of a party to make a journey from the railhead, which was the rear to the firing line; to the outposts, and further still, on to No Man’s Land; sometimes with a bundle of fresh wire—a pickhandle—carried over his shoulder, along roads and trenches which were mostly mud and floating duckboards, and shell-holes—in fact, mostly shell holes, of all sizes and descriptions—very much camouflaged with green, stagnant, and very wet water, as Johnnie had discovered on several occasions.

On this fourth day Johnnie was indeed weary of the game. When one takes his place in L.I.10.0, it is not a day’s work to keep the crawling line of dim and shadow figures, one and all armed with a bundle of visionary bristling barbed wire, which generally perched over the leader’s shoulders in direct line with onto across the large unwieldy riveting frame, which, when one went too close was seemingly all corners; when one fell in with this party more than once and trudged off in the direction of No Man’s Land, the play lost all charm. These little jobs were generally done on nights when there was neither moon nor stars, and when it rained. And so one would fall into and crawl out of shell holes in a manner that soon became an uncanny habit; and often in so doing—one would stumble on to that bobbing coil of wire in front and receive the corresponding indictment in sepulchral tones from the owner of the tool.

No wonder, then, that Johnnie and every one else in the battalion were well and truly fed up with the game, and one and all were longing to depart, to either the left of the front line, or out again, somewhere within the area around.

This fourth day was Sunday, about 9 a.m., and Johnnie, who had been one of half his company on fatigue last night, and who had crawled into his blankets at about 6 a.m., was still there.

The other half of that company had slept through the night, and been about early to go and renovate a near-by cemetery. The renovation of that cemetery does not concern us for the present. No details can picture it.

Imagine then, something of Johnnie’s feelings lying there believing—oh, simple soul!—that he would be allowed to enjoy the cozy comfort of his blankets, until dinner time, when the gentle voice of Corporal McCulloch floated along the trench to his ears:

"A Company! Church parade down by the old cookhouse. Hop along!"—and a murmuring chorus of protest arose from the denizens of the dugouts.

The corporal made his way gently along the trench, coaxing one and all from their couches, and Johnnie crawled out with a sulphurous exclamation.

Last night’s fatigue party had gone to bed in full dress—that is, excepting their footwear—and in something less than five minutes most of them were wending their way slowly along the trench, in the direction of the old cookhouse.

Corporal McCulloch was in charge of the parade, and he and Johnnie went along in company. These two had been "diggers" together in the early days and were old pals.

The corporal had been one of those who had accompanied the fatigue party last night, and Johnnie knew that he had probably had no sleep at all. For there had been an accident just as the party got home again. Danny O’Moore had got into the way of a lump of shrapnel, and gone down with a hole in his chest. Stretcher-bearers were all away and Corporal McCulloch was the only one to bed. had attended to the man himself.

These two, then, traversed the trench some distance behind the last of the party going to church. Just as they were rounding the last corner, with the corpse lying therein, a shower of mud and stone descended upon them. Just a couple of small shells, directed at a monotonous way down on the sky-line—just two out of the millions that were being wasted those days—and Corporal McCulloch escaped because they fell around the next corner.

He laughed: "We’ll need to keep off the top to-day, eh, Johnnie?" Johnnie agreed, and they crossed the little open stretch which intervened between the end of this piece of trench and the old cookhouse.

This cookhouse was the one solid dugout in the line, a great concrete mud-house which had once been used to shelter a "field cook." Its drawback was that it opened in the direction of Germany and was not very safe to anyone inhabiting it. But at the back, a score of men could gather round, and be sheltered from those shells coming from Fritz.

Johnnie found his pals settled most of them on the ground, as was the habit with a group of "diggers" when they’d nothing else to do; and awaiting the coming of the chaplain. Johnnie looked around for that worthy, and away down the road his glance fell upon a gentleman in uniform, coming along on a bicycle.

In a few minutes he was amongst them, and was told off his mount with a cheery "Good morning, boys!"

Amid the chorus of replies to his salutation, he unstrapped a small bag from the bicycle and produced therefrom a number of small hymn books. These he handed round amongst the party, who were in the open facing the cook-house, and bared his head. The men cried to him to come amongst them in shelter, but it was: "No, no, boys," and he remained where he was.

And there to the accompaniment of the rumbling barrage in the north, the service was held. Here was no gawd and staid preacher, nor choir, nor pulpit, but an ordinary everyman, reading a handful of dirty, mud-besprinkled "diggers" in their praises to the All Supreme.

The service was short and simple. Half-an-hour brought the benediction. Then the chaplain gathered his books together again, strapped them to his bicycle, bid the men "Cheerio," and mounting his bicycle, was away. That was his third service that Sunday.

Corporal McCulloch dismissed the parade, but Johnnie stood awhile, watching the cyclist slowly travelling along the road until he passed out of sight beyond the furthest, thorny bushes, and then turned and set off in the direction of his dugout. Looking forward he noted Corporal McCulloch nearing the trench, and even as he looked there came a boom and a shattering explosion, and a shell whizzed over the most of corporal’s feelings.

And as Johnnie saw the man flung backward, and hurried towards him, with the impression of the recent service still upon him, he experienced a sickening revulsion of feeling, which brought a heavy and heartless weariness from the very depths of his soul: "WHY, OH GOD, WHY?"

Later, when all that remained to be done had been carried out Johnnie sought the companionship of his dugout again, with the one dominating question hammerings for light in the darkness of his brain: "Why—Why—Why?"

JAS. POLLARD.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to thank the numerous friends who sent congratulations on our Anzac issue.

Alex. Sargarnio (Kununurpa): Have re-directed your letter to where it was obviously intended—the Claremont Nut Factory. Mrs. A. Bristowe (Albany): Our deepest condolence. Clipping returned. Arthur Longe (Kalgoorlie): Make application to Officer-in-Charge, Soldiers' Settlement Scheme, Lands Department, Perth. Jas. Pollard (Calingiri): Thanks, but don't want to restrict a worth while contribution. Your pen sketches of trench life are favorably commented on by readers. Anzac issue sent you. "Spotty": If your verses were as perfect as your sentiment, you'd be a budding poet laureate.

THE R.S.L.

Look what it's doing,
Saving from ruin
Many who're needy,
Helping them speedy,
Making life cheery
For old and weary,
Daily providing
Comfort abiding;
Poverty heeding,
Hungry men feeding,
Kind hearts enlisting,
Widows assisting,
Mournful hearts soothing,
Rough places smoothing,
Turning deep sadness
Into great gladness
Aiding the digger in great destitution.
Won't you spend half a note and belong to this union?


H. G. Keeper (Perth): Let's see the result of this month's article. Many thanks. E. W. Morris (Claremont): Good stuff. A. R. Nelson (Bunbury): Presume you refer to official history written by C. E. W. Bean. First volume has already been issued. See review in January issue of "L.P." C. W. R. Beechey (W. Leederville): Jolly good contribution. Frank Le Craz (Bannuah): Many thanks for splendid help. If all friends were as energetic as you, we'd be set. G. V. Cross (Kelmiecott): Many thanks for report and for subscriptions. P. G. Reigert (Yarloop): Thanks, the reason for omission of imprint on souvenirs was the terrific rush of the Imp. Print Co. C. H. Collett (Yarloop): Report splendid. J. C. Clunas (Narrogin): Many thanks, also interested the Clarence in Capitalisation of Interest stunt. Understand that we've won the day! F. T. Knapp (Boyup): Regret report crowded out of last issue. Kindest regards.

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

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

NOTES FROM ALBANY.

Our contributor, "Paleface," has been enjoying the salubrious breezes of the southern resort, and he sends the following contribution.

Inserted in the "Albany Advertiser":—
Burgoyne-road, nearly 1 acre. A Gift.—
Apply...... Agent.

An Albany agent whose drift
Is selling to purchasers swift,
Says, "No payment's required,
It is only desired
To sell acre lots as a gift!"

For a number of years an Albany
"Mews" has been conducted by a man named "Mews"—Amusing!

Anzac Day.—The absence of flags in
Perth on Government buildings was
Echoed by Albany to a great degree. From the
Parade was certainly a credit to the
Harbour-side residents, and will doubtless
Scribes to keep green the memories of many folk.

In the Town Hall an exhibition was held
Of war trophies (lent by returned men for
the occasion), which displayed the cause
Of monetary gain for the local sub-branch,
as a small admission charge was made.

A movement is afoot to form an R.S.L.
Mineral branch, and it is intended that a
series of entertainments shall be given.
If one may count-chicks in advance, it is
Safe to assert that this movement will
prove successful. This method of
Augmenting a sub-branch's funds may be
worth emulating elsewhere.

"PALEFACE."

AN EXCUSE.

Is it because my constant thought
Would have its constance known?
Or is it because of customs wrought?
Or is this way love's own?
Why can I not resist the mood
And share my thoughts to prose?
Is it because my forebears woe'd,
In rhyme, the maid's they chose?
Mayhap no reasonings of ours
Can claim to play the part.
Which stirs the Muse's in their bowers;
Or turn the "Northern harp"!
It augurs little how it came.
This mood to my life's strain.
Love, like all arts, which share the name,
Entwined with bondage chain.
Thus reason's part can claim no share
In prompting thoughts in rhyme;
Methinks this part of Cupid's flair.
I'm nothing else to climb!

-L. GIBBONS.

Diggers on the Goldfields in search of a
good square meal could not do better than
"say a visit to the dining-room at the Sol
diers' Institute, where Fred Austin, late
of the 16th Bats., acts as manager and
bally fulfills the task of satisfying the
wants of hungry diggers from the mines
and district.
Retured Soldier Railwaymen

Col. Pope's remarks on the subject of preference to soldiers, last issue, have inspired a few back-answers:

"Dig!": Railway Commissioner Pope's long statement ("L.P." April), booted down only meant one thing, and that was to give preference to unionists, but not preference to diggers. Now that we have it so plainly, we know what to do. Col. Pope is merely the servant of a Government (albeit of a highly paid servant) and he has been appointed to do a certain job. The Government that appointed him has definitely announced its policy to be preference to returned soldiers. If Pope isn't strong enough to carry out that policy, then he has no right to hang on to his job. Admitted that the Railway Commissioner hasn't an enviable task, if he's incapable of carrying on the Government's policy of preference to soldiers, he should get out. That's all there is to it.

"Railways": When a gentleman in Col. Pope's position goes to the trouble of laying his case before the members of the League, as he has done ("L.P." April issue), one must come to the conclusion that his position is not a very safe one. That his sympathy in the past has been on the side of soldier employees no one would attempt to controvert. The trouble is the Railway. The great majority of soldier railway employees feel that the heads of branches have no sympathy towards them whatever, and that the principle of preference is not being even considered by those in the higher positions. We do not know if heads of branches, etc., have received any instructions on this point, but, if so, it is apparent that they ignore them. We do not claim "perpetual employment," and all that sort of stuff, but we certainly do claim that when appointments and promotions are being made, the fact of being a returned soldier will be at least considered. The feeling is that if it were possible to obtain a vote from the people on this subject, they would be for us en masse.

"Railway Board": I have read Railway's groan the Classification Board ("L.P." March), and Col. H. Pope's article ("L.P." April), and would like to make a few remarks.

Re preference to returned soldiers in Government service or any other service, I think the promise or agreement or whatever it is may as well be torn up for all the use it is to diggers. The clause "other things being equal," knocks everything else flat. A head or sub-head in recommending a non-returned soldier for a job or promotion, has only to say that all things are not, in his opinion, equal, and it seems to me that his nominee is automatically successful. Anyhow, the appointment of a returned soldier is prejudicial to his interests. The natural view taken by the Departments seems to be that if he had not been a returned soldier he would not have been appointed, and what natural ability and application he has seems to be lost sight of.

The Commissioner recommends returned soldiers to speak and try to obtain influence by the simple rule that "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," because whenever the interests of returned soldiers seem to be antagonistic to the declared policy of the executive of his union, the returned soldier will be out-voted every time.

When, on one occasion, the union and the executive of the R.S.L. were in accord (namely, when they asked for the cancellation of the appointment of Mr. Backshall, formerly secretary of the Loco. Engine Drivers' Firemen and Cleaners' Union, because they considered it violated the policy of preference on the one hand, and was an injury to members of the union (on the other) he ignored them.

In regard to returned soldiers who have passed a qualifying exam. for clerical work, the causes of their unemployment are harder to find, but I think the policy of the Government in continuing to take clerical cadets into the service during the years 1915 to 1919 is wrong.

A far-seeing Government should have anticipated this trouble, and from the number of local enlistments should have approximately calculated the number of disabled men likely to return to the State.

Opportunity was given diggers to qualify for clerical positions on their return, but at the same time the number of clerical cadets called for in the different Government Departments should have been reduced during the last six or seven years so that these diggers could have been easily absorbed. Another thing is that when the vocational trainee clause in the Repatriation Act was put into operation in the Railway Department, I do not think the Government was aware that (as a proportion was agreed to by the several unions) was placed in the Midland Workshops. I do not think the full proportion are there yet. If this had been done at the beginning, when the railway staff were on the increase, no opposition, in my opinion, would have been met with, but now that reductions are taking place in the railway service an increase in the number of trainees would very likely raise opposition. Anyway, I consider the positions of trainees should be advertised in the same way that vacancies for apprenticeship are advertised when they occur.

In conclusion, even now I do not consider the position past remedy. The Government will pledge itself to engage no more clerical cadets or temporary hands until all qualified disabled returned soldiers are placed in clerical positions in the several Government departments. After all, it's the youth of Australia, and not the war-disabled middle-aged, that should go on the land, blazes the track, and do the pioneer work.

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
Chas. RHODES
F.R.H.S.

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THE LISTENING POST.

Here is a report from Sydney, published a fortnight after the frothy speeches and promises made on Anzac Day. "There are no less than 200 returned men in Sydney WITHOUT EVEN A PLACE OF SHELTER. Employers will be asked to make a special effort to overcome the unemployment problem." Comment fails us!

Although not official, we have reason for expecting capitalisation of the first five years' interest on soldier settlers' advances to soon be an assured fact. We understand that Acting Premier Colebatch is carefully considering the matter, and that a bill will be introduced when Parliament meets. Mr. E. B. Johnston, M.L.A., is also actively pursuing the matter, having been interested by Mr. J. Clark Clunas, our Narrogin correspondent. For the present we are content to allow the matter to stand in abeyance, and in the meantime we advise those diggers on whom the interest is falling heavily, to write to the Smart Service Department. The Officers of the S.S.S. are convinced that a soldier cannot possibly pay the interest, it won't be enforced, no matter whether a bill is passed or not. Of course, every case must be treated on its merits.

"Violeta": What put me dead against the R.C.A. was an incident I once saw at a hut. A chan who appeared to be suffering from the morning after the night before (and probably the week before) asked for a buckeye cup of tea. He was stony broke, and perhaps not too "green," but he certainly needed that cup of tea. He didn't get it. He drifted to the Salvation Army hut, and was given, not only a cup of tea, but a square meal. After that little episode the Y. Emmas didn't interest me.

"P.G.R.": I've enjoyed Col. Oldman's book on the 10th L. Horse, but am somewhat disappointed at no account of the regiment in the Gippy riots, the strike at Moascar, and many other numerous and humorous little episodes. Perhaps the Colonel wouldn't mind writing a sketch or two for the "Listening Post"? They would make capital reading.

"F.L.C.": Mount Marshall Sub-branch is now recognised as a power and a valuable asset to the district, and the pleasure with which the public viewed our formation was a clear indication that local residents wanted some lead from the diggers. Our membership numbers 29, and we don't intend to rest until every digger in the district is safely gathered into the fold.

We recently tried our hand at cricket, and have played three games. Although beaten twice, we are determined to make a name for ourselves, and have accordingly challenged our victors to a tug of war. We have a good chance, if only on account of our special training in "digging in."

The Field-Marshal of Ticket Writers is A. C. BOWER
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"RAYS OF ARGUMENT AND SAUSAGE."

Mac, of Elder's, was selling pigs at Midland when a devil of a squealing set up and there was a rush of pigs. Said one chap, "What's up?" "Why," said the other. "They are all racing to get first honours in the sale ring." "What's that?" "To be bought by Rea and end in the Westminster Abbey of Pigs—one of Rea's Sausages."

UNDER YOUR OWN VINE AND FIG TREE.

It is the wish of every man to have a bit bigger plot than the six feet by four a disfigured country allows you or sells you if your sorrows relatively have the cash. Now, if you want good advice as to what, where and when to secure a good vine or citrus proposition, you can't do better than call on Mr. Chas. Rhodes, F.R.H.S. 27 Barrack Street, where he will give you the best of advice. He is the "Expert Expert" on all Vineyards, Wines, Vine, Sultanas, Lemons, Currants and all good things. A call costs you nothing and may save you a lot.

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MAKE TROUCHANT YOUR CHEMIST

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN 'THE LISTENING POST.'"
THE HEART OF MA'MSELLE

My traveling companion was a Frenchman. We had gone through several topics before striking an elegant subject viz., "Mademoiselle." "Many people," complained Mons., "imagine the heart of Mademoiselle to be the easiest of feminine hearts to be conquered." It may have been a just complaint, but the experience of a 'cobber' machine-gunner, for which I claim authenticity, would rather serve to emphasize the fact that such was the case.

Every machine-gunner who passed through the M.G.C. Base must know the "Cafe des Allies," which stands just about on the half-way mark between Dannes and Camiers. Knowing the cafe, and being possessed of a reasonable thirst, you must also have made the acquaintance of Mlle. Raymond, on which lady hangs my story.

One evening, "Gunner" and a pal strolled casually into the cafe, and as they sat down at a dark table, an appalling aroma of pommes de terre frit followed Mlle. in from the kitchen.

Now Gunner's weakness—after Blighty leave—was "pommes de terre frit," so calling Mlle. he ordered some.

"They are not for sale, Mons," replied Raymond, "It is some that I cook for my myself."

"Oh, but, if you love me, surely you'll go halves," cajoled Gunner.

Raymond smiled, gave a negative shake of her head, and tripped away. Ten minutes later she was back to place before Gunner a plate full of nicely browned, chipped apples of the earth. Again she flitted away, served up a few more bierges Anglais, then, in passing Gunner's table, dropped on it at his elbow a postcard on which was written:

S'f vous voulais je sera votre fiancée. Je vous aime à la folie. Did I forget to mention that she had never seen Gunner before?

-F. A. LAW.

MUD AND A MILLS

We were going into Zonnebeke, and the narrow duckboard track led over a sea of sticky, slimy mud, famous in the Ypres sector. Most of us had been in before, and although we did not actually have the wind up, we were at least prepared for eventualities.

Bill and his cobber, after discussing the law of averages at all angles, came to the conclusion that the chances of the platou coming out even half strength were as remote as the rut line.

"What've y' got in that sand bag, Alick? Mills bombs?" said Bill. "Yes," said Alick, "Why?" "Well," drawled Bill. "I thought I seen a pin on the duckboard just then. There aint a hole in that bag, is there?"

I didn't wait for Alick to investigate. I dived into the good old Flanders mud and buried my face in it. What fools there were in the world! Why hadn't he examined each bomb before he placed it in the bag? Which side of the duckboard had Alick been on? Surely he'd been to Heaven the five seconds were up! I lifted my head for fresh air, and my right eye encountered the bag. I gazed at it fascinated, but it was mere Alick expelling the far from his lungs through the Flanders mud. Then Bill, sitting on the duckboards, broke the spell. "Come on, yous blokes," he said. "We've got to move. Gunner whatever wants 'e wind up for, I jest said I thought I seen a pin. Bloke's allowed ther think, ain't he?"

Walking along the track we silently scraped the mud from our clothes. Bill was hurled yards in front. Yes, a bloke is allowed to think. We thought about Gunner.

-NOSIVAD.

"E.S.W.:" People flocked in their thousands to the various memorial services on the occasion of Anzac Day. The right feeling and support of the community is beginning to sink in, and the day was rightly celebrated as Australia's day of mourning. There were many incongruities, however, Alick expelling the far from his lungs through the Flanders mud. Then Bill, sitting on the duckboards, broke the spell. "Come on, yous blokes," he said. "We've got to move. Gunner whatever wants 'e wind up for, I jest said I thought I seen a pin. Bloke's allowed ther think, ain't he?"

Walking along the track we silently scraped the mud from our clothes. Bill was hurled yards in front. Yes, a bloke is allowed to think. We thought about Gunner.

MUD AND A MILLS

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

**"Violets."—** Excuse inquisitiveness, but I'd like to ask if the flowers sent in ice to Princess Mary retained their natural color. A chap who from some South African lilies in ice tells me that the darkly charred colour velvets ladie's perhaps the blooms sent to the Princess were only of the hardy types.

**"Camelot's" opinions on the Zionist aspirations in Palestine ("Listening Post, April"):** are all wrong. Nobody, much less the Jews themselves, expect that Palestine will hold the whole of the seven million Jews scattered over the globe. The Zionist idea is to settle Holy Land as a legally secured home for the Jewish people, and to make the Jews a real nation, with national headquarters, instead of merely a religious sect. Nobody expects all the Jews to live in Palestine, any more than they would expect all the Frenchmen to live in France.

**"Spotty."—** Anyone in search of a startling get-up might do worse than adopt the costume worn by a courageous lady at the races recently. She sported a scarf hat with feather to match, a royal blue blouse with white skirt and brown boots. Her little dog proudly defended itself in a tartan sash. No wonder the favorite ran stiff.

**"Violets."—** Here are some remarkable facts for Westerners to chew over: Wattle bark, the native of this glorious bit of earth, is being cultivated in Africa and sold to our tanneries for local use. According to a saddler friend of mine, Australian leather is sold in England at one-half the price we in Australia have to pay. The same applies to Australian jams and tinned foods. What has happened anyhow? Are the Australian public expected to stand the loss on exported goods, or is the exporter making a huge profit out of the goods which he concedes to sell locally?

**"Y For."—** Some time ago an L.P. paraded attention to the inflated price charged by chemists. The Vic. Association of Pharmacists has lately issued a list of its minimum retail prices to be charged. Here are a few items, with a comparison with wholesale rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Wholesale</th>
<th>Retail (per)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fancy soap</td>
<td>6d</td>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toothbrushes</td>
<td>7d</td>
<td>2/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menthol</td>
<td>3d</td>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camphor</td>
<td>1/-</td>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Others</td>
<td>1/-</td>
<td>1/-</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**"Z.Z."—** "Dig's" remarks re trading with Germany ("L.P., April") are noted. Allow me to point out that I didn't advocate bolting and barring our doors to German goods for all time. I merely proposed that when trading at present, the rates of exchange give Fritz such advantage, we should insist that the German industries, however, we shall see. If after August, Fritz's revival doesn't flood our markets and, so far as prices go, knock the stuffing out of the Aussie product, I'll go E.

**"Violets."—** Produce, Produce, Produce, is nowadays, a very popular slogan. Here's the experience of a man who produced pumpkins, and sent 3 bags of them to Perth. The lot realised £1 odd, but after payment of taxes, the producer's cut only came to 1/-/4, which works out at roughly 1/-/1d. lb. It would be interesting to know what the public had to pay. This isn't an isolated case; the amount realised was well over the average. Is it worth while producing for such results?

**"Camelot":** We, the 1st Company, Imperial Camel Corps, were camped between the Aden and Koweit line near the district jail at Assuit, on the Nile. That fanatical enemy, the Semites, were now formidable. The whole string of oasis reaching from Tripoli to Egypt. The corps arrived near the Turkish lines, and German gold, and biassed up with the ridiculous hope of capturing Egypt. Their hopes were disappointed, but driven back by the Western Frontier Force, is now ancient but little known history. We

"The Listening Post." May 19, 1922

**Make Trouchet Your Chemist**

*WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR A DVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."*
I WANT TO BE AN AUSSIE

You come and see us through!
A murmur of approval, and
The little bantam game
Was soon surrounded by the boys.
And when the order came
To move again, that little kid
Marched with us—just the same
As he had been an Aussie real
And to the manner born!
The light of battle in his eyes,
But happy was the morn!
It did us good to look on him.
The cheery little kid!
We caught his kangaroo punch—
At least, I know I did!

I’m squatted on my bit of Aun.
In hopes of “making good.”
I’m “set” to force the Ripley grow.
Where grass-trees only stood.
Just a ringer in my corner peg,
Beneath a lordly gum,
Sit me down to rest a while,
And as the skeeters hum.
I let my mind, when I think
And doubt the times to come.
I wonder what the future holds
In store for me and me.
Oh! what with shakes of head—and head,
Who’d not an Aussie be? the thought
Perchance goes fitting by;
But, sometimes it will bring to mind
An incident that I
Cannot forget, and never shall
Recall without a sigh.

Twas on the road to—never mind.
Twas during Fritz’s push
To reach the coast. They’d brought us down
To try and stem the rush.
Our lads were waiting on the bank,
While, down the crowded track
In order, in came—
The Tommy, streaming back
In haste, “according to the plan”—
A rum and a wreck
Of what had been an Army once,
That courage did not lack.
A rabble almost; yet the sons
Of sturdy Britons, they
With whom old England, more than once,
In battle, held at bay.
We watched ‘em as they hurried by,
Some bantetered them a bit;
But most were sorry, for ’twas plain
That they were badly hit.

When, sneaking from the ruck there came
A little ginger-red,
Head scarcey of a bugger boy,
Knock-kneed and under bay.
He went straight to our Captain. He
Saluted, and he said
So earnestly and pleadingly—
The plucky little mite:
“1 want to be a zuissi, sir.
And with the Aussies fight;
No matter I’m a Tommy, and
Not quite just up to height.
Please, don’t say No! I only need
A tunie or a hat,
Then I can show them Boschies we’re
Not all of us like—that
I don’t seem to be sir, for they got
My pal, my brother Jack.
Do let me be an Aussie, sir,
To give ‘em sumthing back.”

I guess the skipper was surprised,
And his surprise we shared.
He opened wide his steel-blue eyes,
And on the mirror glare.
We crowded round, of course, and would
Have answered, had we dared.
At last the Skipper found his tongue:
“Ye little—” “Pon my Civvies!
You bit-blow! Well, you ought to know
I can’t permis-sion you!”
The boy’s face fell. Again he urged:
“Oh, do, sir, please, sir, do!”
“Well, if your O.C. don’t object
(He don’t seem likely to)!
Why, d— it lad, I’ll take the risk,

THE LISTENING POST.

ANZAC DAY, 1922

As the years roll on, and the space of time since April 25th, 1915, broadens the significance of Anzac Day becomes more readily recognised. Folk are beginning to realise the debt owing to the glorious dead, and to the heroic returned men, and it is with pride and thankfulness that they are coming to solemnly celebrate Anzac Day. Thus, this year’s ceremonies were more solemn and solemn than those of any previous year.

On the Perth Esplanade, the service was splendid. The military arrangements reflected much credit on those responsible for the parade. Archbishop Riley’s address was most eloquent, and the music of the three military bands was a treat. The naval trainees from Fremantle and the R.A.G.A. made a brave show, and their bearing excited general admiration.

Right throughout the Commonwealth, Anzac Day was solemnly and fittingly celebrated, and in every district where there were a hand full of diggers an effort appears to have been made to mark the great occasion.

That there are still narrow-minded people who cannot grasp the solemnity of Australia’s sacred day is proved by the necessity for Archbishop Riley’s reproof to the diggers’ players at Fremantle. More serious still is the news that certain employers refused to allow digger employees to quit work. There is yet work to be done by the R.S.I. The insulting treatment of the tramway workers who refused the recognition of the R.S.I. badge as proof that the wearmen were diggers should receive attention. After advertising free tram rides to diggers attending the service, the tramway company demanded the production of A.I.F. discharge badges or certificates. Y.M.C.A. officers wear the A.I.F. discharge badge, but they are not entitled to the R.S.I. badge. Further comment is unnecessary.

This privilege of free transport might also be extended to South Africans, interned men, and cadets taking part in the service, and in the future such points as these shouldn’t be lost sight of.

Generally speaking, the commemorations fittingly celebrated Australia’s national day of pride: To quote from an article in our Anzac issue, “A nation with Anzac in its history cannot die,” but it is for returned men themselves to ensure that the memory of Anzacs doesn’t fade, but remains green for evermore.

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.
FLEECING THE DIGGER

A Modern Shylock.

Gets It in the Neck.

More Trafficking in War Pensions.

During the sitting of the Gratuity Bond Commission, when dozens of supposed representative patriotic citizens were proved to have shamelessly robbed unsuspecting diggers, the average man in the street was shocked to think that such things could be.

Despite these disclosures, diggers are still being fleeced; but the press seldom considers such matters worth of space. Recently a money-lender was fined at Perth for trafficking in a digger's war pension; yet no publicity is given the case, except by one daily paper, which inserted a report covering about four lines.

The case in question charged Leon Lebovitch, pawnbroker, of William-street, Perth, with trafficking in a soldier's pension card. The prosecution alleged that a certain returned man, finding himself "up against it," applied to Lebovitch for pecuniary aid. Money had to be obtained by the soldier at any cost, so he signed over 6 receipts for £2 2s. each, on return for a loan of £7 15s. This means that £12 12s. was given for a £7 15s. loan, and the twelve guineas was repayable at £2 2s. a fortnight, the whole amount being repaid in three months. Readers can calculate for themselves the big rate of interest the digger was paying.

Now Lebovitch was doubtless aware that a war pension is not negotiable, and that to traffic in this manner renders the offender liable to a severe penalty. The money-lender, therefore, cunningly protected himself by taking possession of the digger's insurance policy for £200, in case of any miscarriage to the transaction.

Lebovitch was nevertheless found guilty, and he was fined £10, with costs (amounting to over £7), in default 30 days.

It is common knowledge that this fleecing of diggers is of frequent occurrence, but it is often difficult to collect the necessary evidence to secure a conviction. When an occasional case does occur when justice is done and the offender brought to book, it seems strange that the matter should receive so little prominence in the press.

Contrariwise, when a digger gets into trouble there is no effort spared to emphasize the fact that he is a returned soldier!

PATRIOTISM ON THE CHEAP

The Sydney "Bulletin" publishes a horse-sense article, inspired by Anzac Day celebrations:

A sinister feature of most of the Anzac Day oratory was its insistence on the debt Australia owes to the dead. Nearly all the compliant business men and politicians who held forth in public on this theme lost sight of the fact that they were getting together annually to pour verbal butter—cheapest and most useless of offerings—on those soldiers who are past the need of help the community may discharge its debt to the men who have the fortune to be alive.

The word "misfortune" is used advisedly. In every State of the Commonwealth there are thousands who would be happier dead, inasmuch as it is less dreadful for a man to have lost than to have been spared only to experience the pangs of starvation; or, worse, to see his wife and children starving. Chaplin Richmond estimated recently that there are 1,000 workless Diggers in N.S. Wales. According to the Newcastle correspondent of the "Sun," "200 Diggers and 40 Imperial Servicemen are unemployed in the Newcastle district alone, and a number are sleeping on the beaches." Chaplin Cashman, of Charleville (Q.), reckons that "there are 1,600 workless Diggers in Brisbane." And Mr. Clarke, who was consulted to contain over 3,000. In the process of helping to save Australia for the men who are now making fortunes out of it, the dead of the A.I.F. left a total of nearly 9,000 jobs empty.

More of this is going to happen. There are 40,000 men in the Army, but one does not imagine that the same principle of preference to loyalists will be applied everywhere—a loyalist being accepted in those days not as a man who was outraged about the loss of his property, but as one who was ready to risk his life for it. It is not necessary to gaze upon the tragic armies of jobless Diggers in all the big cities to realise that in most concerns wherever, by remaining at home, a man gained a little more than to have been spared. It is not necessary to seek farther the principle of "pull," a little more knowledge, a little more physical or mental vigor, he being preferred to those by whom enlisting threw away a year of service. In addition to those who have sold themselves to another service.

The latest examples of the tendency in operation was the selection of the N.S. Wales Ministry. Nationalism, which claims to be pre-eminent in loyalty, had a chance here to set a pattern for Empire patriotism to that State which, on its Digger unemployment figures, needs the lesson most. The Anti-Labor side in the N.S. Wales Assembly is still with ex-soldiers of ability and character—professional men like Rosenthal and Jaques. And bottled men such as Main, Bruxner and Rutledge. Yet a Ministry in 13, but one (Chaffey) was chosen—the war-time tourist, Henley, being, of course, a jest if not a profanation in the capacity of Digger. And even Chaffey, the man's work as Assistant-Minister for Lands was created for him. Is it astonishing that when Premiers who have gained office on the patriotic ticket adopt such a police mere business men should argue the question of who gets the promotion on the assumption that they are striving to achieve a point in the interests of a returned man, or, that, in consequence, the nominal roll of starring heroes should be constantly swelling?

THE A.N.A. CONFERENCE

The reports of the proceedings at the A.N.A. Conference make interesting and amusing reading. One delegate didn't think of W.A. seceding from the Federal compact, and airily suggested as an alternative that we should increase our population by going out of the Commonwealth. Another delegate alleged that the men would be used as coolies and that the whole country would be turned into a cattle-station. A third said that it was unfair that men should be denied the right of voting while their cattle was being driven through the Western States. A fourth suggested that the whole continent be turned into a Jewish settlement, but unfortunately Jews do not drink alcohol.

"Spot"! So the Gypos have been granted independence and the Sudan is now King of Egypt! Egypt in its palmiest days was not more prosperous than when under British rule. Cromer and Kitchener are the two great men of Egypt, they having lifted the country from obscurity to its present pinnacle of importance.

The Gypos are a treacherous crowd, and are only brave when their majority is about 20 to 1. And the enemy has his back turned. From the highest official to the lowest fellahin they are all wanting in what can be best described as "guts."

They are not fit to rule themselves, and I do not anticipate that the new development will improve matters from the stand point of the Gyppo himself.

Make Touched Your Chemist

Came with me to the fields of France. Where wars have raged full oft; observe with apprehensive glance Dark clouds which sail aloft! Consider, too, the cloak of snow, Dome Nature's camouflage; Let fancy feel the cold wind blow, And hear the dread barrage! Wander along through miry trench, Stoop low in forward post, Wear close your mask thro' gas's stench; Behold the enemy lost! Fancy the crash of bursting shell, The thrill of the lone patrol, The wounded's agonising yell, Like sound of haunt soul.
THE LISTENING POST.

MAY 19, 1922.

GOLDFIELDS Glimpses
(By "Wings.")

What is the true position of the Goldfields? Will they decline and continue declining until mining is finished and the deserted, and the second Coolgardie? That is not probable. Traders are optimistic, and from one or two conversations with leading business men we gather that the volume of business is probably larger than for the same quarter of this year and that for any similar period of last year. On the whole, trade is improving, and will probably continue so.

The miners' award, which is present being revised by the Arbitration Court, will, if anything, be reduced, whereas the mining industry will revive, and more encouragement be given to investors. There is a fair amount of prospecting going on, and any moment a rich field may be discovered. Once mining costs are reduced, the fields will bound ahead once more.

Coolgardie is now a shadow of its former self. The city of yesterday is but a collection of iron shanties with a few larger buildings. Streets upon streets of houses have been removed, and the brick buildings are tumbling into ruins. To gaze upon the decayed mining town, who would connect it with the roaring scene of the nineties except those who were actual witnesses of its former prosperity. The Coolgardie and the Kalgoorlie goldfields are mostly in force on the mines and in connection with construction work on the Trans-Australian railway. The Goldfields sub-branches have every right to be proud of their standing as a community, and for their work in alleviating distress and providing works of mercy among a people of mineral men. May the employers of Perth and Fremantle give heed to the cry of the world's digger, and emulate the loyalty of the Goldfields to the men who gave their all for Australia.

As one gazes at the great mines of the Golden Fields, and hears the roar of the machinery, and sees the tents of the diggers standing night and day, the truth is brought home to one that the mines are the very life blood of the fields, and that for any mining system to take place would mean disaster. On the contrary, further development must be encouraged. Working conditions must be improved, and the ruinous system of offering men who paid the precious metal which made W.A. famous in the way of the unionists will be the ruinous of their work shall be recovered from Mother Earth in quantities sufficient to guarantee the progress of the State.

COMMUNISM

Some Remarkable Disclosures.
A Real Danger to Australia.
(By "Monoped")

It has generally been believed that New South Wales was fairly rife with persons of the Socialist order, and of extremists to whom patriotism is leathemous. Recent disclosures only go to support this general impression, and show that there is a system in vogue to train the juvenile mind to assimilate the poisonous teachings of Communism, by giving tuition in the principles of Christianity and Patriotism as far-reaching fallacies.

This teaching has become so generally prevalent throughout that Stae, that the Minister for Justice has the matter under consideration, with a view to deciding the advisability of introducing legislation to enable the police to stem this evil.

Extracts are cited from the Communists' Sunday School textbooks, which are in the possession of the Mr. Leys (Minister for Justice, N.S.W.) possession. The portion referred to is set out in the form of a catechism, and reads as follows:—

Q. Can a boy Socialist be a Boy Scout? A. No, comrades.

Q. Why cannot a boy Socialist be a Boy Scout? A. Because a Boy Scout has to salute the Union Jack.

Q. Why must not a boy Socialist salute the Union Jack? A. Because the Union Jack is an emblem of oppression and slavery.

Q. Is it true that God has ever been revealed? A. As there is no God, he could not reveal himself.

To the responsible man who volunteered his service for his country with those true sentiments of loyalty which caused him to sacrifice so many things, for which he sought no compensation or reward other than the safety of his beloved Fatherland, this disorderly propaganda must seem utterly abhorrent. The ideals for which we fought and for which so many honest men laid down their lives are endangered by this propaganda and this extremely proletarian poisoning of the rising generation's minds.

In spite of the fact that the publication of this matter has been contradicted by Mr. Davis, of the New South Wales Labor Council, and by Mr. Lees (Minister for Justice, N.S.W.), Mr. Leys' (Minister for Justice, N.S.W.) statement was well warranted and that the most criminal aspect of this Communism is the system of teaching the children of a young and progressive nation to follow the Godless teachings which inspire the unnatural hatred of a just and legitimate Government.

Fortunately, the adherents of this misgotten faction are few, and have yet been compared with the more sane and rational portion of our people, yet, notwithstanding this deficiency, it would appear that the future generations are somewhat jeopardised, as the teachers of Communism will stop to any device which will assist their project. Relentless, and abounding in energy for their cause, they may continue the children of a young and progressive nation to follow the Godless teachings which inspire the unnatural hatred of a just and legitimate Government.

"Canedo:" In my "Who entered Damascus first" argument. "Violets" (L. P. March) pays me the compliment of agreeing with my remarks in toto. Evidently "Violets," belonging to the T.T.T.T. Tenth, which would account for his remark that my far was not worth while. The Sheriff of Mosca's men may have been the scene of the ammunition dump explosion but being an Englishman, the blowing-up of the big wireless station and the general Turkish movement therefrom consider it highly improbable that the Sheriffs of Messa had anything to do with it. Anyhow, the destruction of the wireless station was a blow to the allied forces, including the Messa troops.
HERBERT was a small, illiterate person with a soul. Mainly by force of temperament, environment and heredity, his struggle for a crust and a blanket led him round in circles until he arrived at a position exactly where he started from. He followed his profession of caretaker in a block of buildings in the Terrace, in the same manner, but with a dim idea in his pockety head that there ought to be something better. The war came along, and a sympathetic doctor allotted him to a remount unit. Fate then took a hand and isad he of the size of a big, rotund, disolute Englishman whose accomplishments commenced and ended with a superb grip of the English language. Herbert would sit and listen to the cultured voice explaining the application of the integral calculus in relation to picking winners, and the dim idea so long held back burst forth. If he could learn, to speak like that, fame would then be just a matter of course. Fate played its second card per medium of a horse, and found himself in hospital with a broken leg. A stray visitor stopped at his bed, dropped some cigarettes and a 2s. 6d. note. Built up the journey back to Australia Herbert collected a store of big words, which he used indiscriminately. Owing to a shortage of suitable men at the time, he secured a position as a stable boy in the Repat. What an opportunity this was to exercise his talent! His minutes were a mass of heterogeneous verbiage, written after the model of Sam! Pepsy. Too much so, his chief clerk thought, as he appointed him an application clerk. Deprived of the minute-writing faculties, Herbert tried his conversational powers on the applicants. One day he was asked to prepare a case for the State Board, and a discerning typist severely sub-edited his report. Herbert wasn’t concerned about that, but his remuneration was cut in his composition. It would be read by the secretary to the big men on the board. Here was his chance: he imagined the expressions of approval by the members and the curiosity of the chairman as to the author, and Herbert trembled as he wrote—:

“Metaphorically speaking, this man is illegible but owing to circumstances over which I have no control I recommend beneficial consideration.”

“Your supposition,” he sadly informed the applicant next day, “has been diffused.”

Herbert is now a caretaker in a block of buildings on the Terrace, “NOSIVAD.”

State Executive Meeting

The usual meeting of the State Executive was held on May 9th, Mr. Bolton taking the chair. D. H. Pope and A. H. Priestley were appointed to the house committee with Mr. Shand. The job of wading through the applications for the State Secretaryship was left to a committee composed of N. J. Heenan, C. H. Lamb and W. Smallage. The applications are to be reduced to nine, which are to be submitted to the Executive for a report without showing any preference or priority. The advice of the hon. solicitor is being sought in regard to a complaint by Mr. C., that he was accused of certain words by his name without his authority. A. H. Priestley and A. C. Braham are to assist West Guildford Sub-branch in forming a ladies’ auxiliary.

Kelmscott Sub-branch complained of unit of corps being worn by private citizens force trainees. Executive decided to pass the matter on to the Federal Executive, as this is a Commonwealth matter.

A complaint was received respecting a war gratuity bond. The case has already been investigated by the Parliamentary Select Committee, and anyway, the original holder of the bond has never thought it worth his while to join the R.S.L. Executive rightly decided to take no action in the matter.

The Federal Secretary wrote about employment at Canberra, and it was decided to wire stating that W.A. was prepared to provide its quota of 12 men, and asking for detailed instructions.

A few remarks directed against the “Listening Post” received an adequate reply.

THE CURSE OF DERRINK

Suddently I woke up. Where was I? What was I doing there? I moved my fingers, they felt sand, I felt extremely rotten. Above, the stars were shining. I was cold, very cold. I felt in my pocket, found my matches and struck one.

Heavens, I was sitting in the middle of a log-shanty on a bank of the Derinrk. The match went out; I tried to think, but ah! my head! How cold it was. I struck another match, another and so on till eventually I had a roaring fire going. I sat on the bench in front of the fire to think. But what was this bulky lump in my overcoat pocket? I pulled it out, a bottle of whisky, 8 tins tobacco and 4 bolts. Now, how does one hang it, what’s this in my trousers pocket? I put my hand in three times, and each time, it came out full of sixpences and shillings. I counted £7 odd. Was I dreaming? My head said no, but I simply had to think. How the devil did I get there and where had I been, that’s what beats me. My ankle was stiff, I put my hand down to rub it and felt these hard horse in the middle. “NIP” was the only horse I rode with a spur, so he must be about somewhere. After many sputterings, I managed a whistle and heard a peculiar moer coming handy. I stepped out carefully and sure enough there was NIP and I walked straight (in the main) towards the sound, and soon had hold of the bridle. Thank goodness, I led him back to the light of the fire and noticed a bag tied to the handle. On investigating, I found half a sheep inside. How? — where the devil did I get that meat from and where the whisky, tobacco, and bolts, and the £7 odd.

Somehow I mounted, and let Nip have his head, knowing he would take me home. I looked at my watch by match; it was 4 a.m. I reached home just as the dawn was breaking. The rails and the moon were clear and white. No one was about, so I changed into my working togs, washed, and went down to the river. I knew that could quench my thirst. By dinner time I felt better, but not to myself. I had had NIP now twice, and there were a few others.

Questioned at dinner as to why I had no breakfast, I said I felt a little off colour and did not want any. No one noticed anything, though my head was throbbing like a condemned bell.

A few days later, Kingy rode up and asked if I had seen any horses. We had a cup of tea, and then wandered out to the barn out of earshot. I thought, maybe, Kingy would unknowingly tell me something. Glancing round, he shoved a pound note in my hand. What on earth was this for? I looked at it dizzily and then at him, but said nothing and put it in my pocket, a habit I’ve got. Kingy walked away, and where I left him I heard a shot that night, and did he beat me to the turn-off. I did not remember meeting Mossy, let alone racing him, but I said we rode along steadily, as Mossy was a bit drunk, and was balancing his horse from ears to tail. King then said that my run of luck at sixpenny poker that night at the pub was the best he had seen, and the pound I lent him brought him back to gits when we broke up to town next, and that I must have been nearly drunk, to shunt each man a bottle of whisky for the morning.

That was evidently how I got the way, why my horse had been failing, and telling more whisky by the bottle to a crowd.

A little later, Kingy asked me if I was going to the next meeting, and then rode off home, while I eat in the barn thinking.

Now I had it. I had been to a progress meeting, and after the business had been completed, we all kind of wandered back, and Kingy and I had a few, some, some word, and then some more, and that is as much as I can recall. To this day I haven’t the faintest idea where I got that half crown from, and bolts from, but some day I may learn. Whenever I think of whisky I shudder, and would much prefer a nip of castor oil.

“DON, S.”

In the Perth Town Hall several hundred persons congregated to take part in community singing on Wednesday, the 10th instant. The proceedings were greatly enjoyed by all, and the air was familiar and a few wrong notes caused amusement. In Fremantle this popular midday pastime has been in vogue for some time.

** * * *

The position of the Land Settlement Scheme for returned men in this State leaves much room for improvement, but we are extremely fortunate compared with N.S.W., where there are several thousands of soldier settlers hard up against it and facing ruin. In the Sydney and Newcastle district alone there is even a greater number of industrial workers, etc., on the unemployed list.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY “I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST.”
HOW KHAKI WAS DISCOVERED.

Khaki, the colour which renders our soldiers so difficult to see, was discovered by a happy accident. The British troops in India wore a cotton uniform which, when it was new, was khaki in colour, but after a visit to the laundry was indescribable. A Manchester business man, discussing the defect, remarked casually that a fortune awaited the man who could find a khaki dye that would not fade. A young officer heard the remark, hired a skilful native dyer, and began the search.

Years passed in fruitless experiments, till one day—turning over a heap of rags, relics of their failures, they chanced upon one piece which was still khaki, though the laundry had worked its will. It had received no special treatment, except that it had fallen into a metal dish. That was the secret. The metal of the dish and the chemicals in the dye had combined to produce the fadeless khaki colour which makes our soldier invisible.

Khaki derives its name from an Indian word signifying “the colour of the earth,” and is worn by our Indian troops when at the Front. Though it has been in use for a number of years, its value on the battlefield was first fully realised in the Boer War. Without its troops would have been very conspicuous on the bare brown veldt of South Africa, and an easy mark for the Boers, who are among the best marksmen in the world.

AN AIRMAN’S WONDERFUL ADVENTURE.

Of all the thrilling stories describing our aviators’ coolness and daring none has surpassed the following, which is officially vouched for.

An airman was alone in a single-seater aeroplane, in pursuit of a German machine. While trying to reload his machine-gun he lost control of the steering gear and the aeroplane turned upside-down. The belt round his waist happened to be loose, and the jerk of the turn almost threw him out of the machine, but he saved himself by clutching hold of the rear centre strut, the belt slipping down round his legs.

While he hung thus, head downwards, making desperate efforts to disengage his legs, the aeroplane fell from a height of 8,000 to about 2,500 feet, spinning round and round like a falling leaf.

At last he managed to free his legs and ride the control lever with his feet. He then succeeded in righting the machine, which turned slowly over, completely “looping the loop,” whereupon he slid back into his seat. This constitutes a record in a service where hairbreadth escapes are of daily occurrence.

There have been many duels in the air which have invariably resulted in our favour, several German machines having been brought down either by our aeroplanes or anti-aircraft guns. A few of our machines have also been hit and forced to descend, though this has not been brought about by the enemy’s airmen, but by gun and rifle fire from the ground.

SAILORS’ TALES.

The mess room is found of jokes at the expense of the old Volunteers, and one of the best is that of a major during manoeuvres who found himself the wrong side of a river, and had to dismount. He then called the adjutant, to whom he said:

“Major,” he roared, “don’t you know that bridge is supposed to be blown up?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the major, “and my men are supposed to be swimming!”

“What’s yer religious persuasion?” asked the sergeant.

“Me what?”

“Yer what? Why, what I said. What do you go after on Sundays?”

“Rabbits mostly.”

“Now then, no lip. Are you Church, Chapel, or ‘Oly Roman?”

“Oh!” said the recruit, “put me down Church England. I’ll go with the band.”

At the Front they were telling this anecdote, which originated from Sir Douglas Haig, with much relish. Sir Douglas is known for the keen personal interest that he always takes in his men, and when the time and opportunity allow he is fond of walking round the camps, talking with the men, and trying to discover if there are any complaints.

Recently, during one of these unofficial tours, he heard the angry voice of an irate non-com. issuing from a tent. “Look you here, you lad,” cried the voice, “it’s a good thing for you I’ve only found out how to spell ‘insubordination,’ or I’d report you!”

A Russian girl’s sweetheart, an officer in the navy, was badly wounded during an action in the Baltic. He was brought to a shore hospital, where he lingered for some time. Although he endured great pain, his suffering was lightened by the presence of his sweetheart, who had fastened to her lover’s side with all speed on the first receipt of the sad news.

Before he died, happy in her presence, she swore to him that she would avenge his death, and she returned home fired with a great resolution. Her father was an official of the Russian Admiralty, and to him she confided her plan. He tried to dissuade her, but it was useless. Nothing would shake the girl’s determination to join the ranks of Russia against the hated foe.

Finally the girl had her way; through her father’s influence her desire was granted. She is now serving as a sailor on a Russian battleship lately patrolling the same waters where her lover met his death-wound.

General Sir Arthur Paget tells a good story of a visit paid by an inspector to an Irish prison in the north of Ireland. It had been alleged that the prisoners were underfed, and the inspector decided to question the prisoners themselves, and find out the truth.

In the third cell he entered he found the atmosphere so unbearable-suffy that he could scarcely breathe. Lying on the floor, he noticed that the ventilator was shut. Your cell is very close,” he remarked to the prisoner. “Why don’t you have the ventilator open?”

“I should like to,” replied the prisoner, “but I can’t risk it.”

“Risk it,” repeated the inspector.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, sir,” the prisoner explained, “the last time I had it open a large bee—quite a large one, sir—flew in and carried off my dinner!”

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

The following letter appeared in the "West Australian" from the pen of Major General Sir Talbot Hobbs, who is a true friend of all Diggers. He is ever anxious for their welfare, in war or peace, and is a true soldier—The Australian gentleman. General Hobbs is taking an active part in the movement to assist unemployed soldiers.

OUR PROMISE TO SOLDIERS.

Major-General Sir J. Talbot Hobbs writes:—"As the senior A.I.F. officer in this State, I feel it my bounden duty to assist in the special effort of the president (Mr. H. E. Bolton) and the secretary (Mr. J. R. Butler, D.C.M.), of the R.S.L., in endeavouring to arouse the help and sympathy of my fellow citizens on behalf of many gallant and devoted men who are at present suffering privation, pain, and in many cases great worry as a direct result of their war service.

"During the war, I understand, the majority of the citizens of this State practically pledged themselves to see that the men who served and fought, and the dependent relatives, who are in distress, have at the hands of the Government, and in some instances are carrying on the absolute war—what is want and despair. There are also large numbers of able-bodied men who are genuinely in search of work, and cannot get it, notwithstanding their best efforts to find it; many of whom have many children, and the situation in some cases with these men is becoming acute, almost desperate. The position is not improved by the utterances of our public men and others, who apparently believe that what has taken place during and since the war have spoken in the most enthusiastic terms of the Australian soldier, and all we owe to him.

"The time has now come when action is absolutely necessary instead of fine words. The Australian soldier, with few exceptions, carried out his contract to Australia in the face of the most terrible danger, privations, and at times almost insuperable difficulties. Time will show that he was one of the main causes of the Allied victory. He certainly was the direct means of shortening the war; Gallipoli in 1915, and Villers Bretonneux in April and August, 1918, amply prove this. He saved and made Australia. We are indebted to him for our freedom, and in all probability for all we possess to-day. All that makes life worth living. Surely then, the people of this State, who did so much during the war, will not fail the distressed soldier now, will not forget their solemn promise to the soldiers, living or dead, to take care of them.

"The war is over, but even from a selfish point of view it is to your interest and the interest of your children and Australia to help the soldier to take his place in the community as a good and useful citizen. The men who did their duty in the war are the best of our blood and stock, and if the Government, or the men who they will—like the old Yeoman class of England—become the backbone of the country, and the surest safeguard from danger without—Bolshevism and disorder within. They have already proved their worth where they have been placed on the land, and in the great majority of cases they can be trusted to do as well in the future. "

"The Australian unions and the R.S.L. are pledged to do all in their power to see that the men are not allowed to suffer want. The Australian soldiers and dependents are in many cases becoming the brunt of the suffering.

"The object of this appeal is to endeavour to form in this State an organisation on the lines of similar institutions in the Mother country, to aid where necessary, to see that the men are not allowed to suffer want. The Australian soldiers and dependents of those who died for the Empire, for and because of the necessities of the war, should be taken care of and be assured that there is no want or despair amongst them. This appeal is designed to make the State of Western Australia another 'Backbone of the Empire,' in the same way that the soldiers and dependents of the British Empire have been treated.

"The appeal was made to the members of the Western Australian Legislative Council, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That it is earnestly recommended that a committee be formed immediately, to be known as the Western Australian Appeals Committee, to bear the name of Mr. H. E. Bond, Mr. J. R. Butler, D.C.M., and be called the Western Australian Soldiers and Sailors' Aid Society (L."'Violets"), and that the money so raised be used for the purposes of this society."

"A committee has been formed, and donations are being collected from all parts of the State. The following is the list of donors:—"
More Generalities

"Camelot": I was at Midland Junction a few days ago, and noticed one of our war trophies—a field gun—near the Carnegie Institute. On it is a notice informing the world that it was captured by the 6th Light Horse near Jenin, on October 20th, 1918. Fighting on Palestine front finished about the 2nd October, 1918. If my memory serves me right, the 6th Light Horse captured Jenin at dusk on the 20th or 21st September, 1918. Who is responsible for this glaring inaccuracy?

The Mount Lawley-North Perth Sub-branch is arranging a complimentary social to Senator and Mrs. Pearce next Monday. The stunt will be held in the Lyceum Theatre. Mt. Lawley, and an invitation is extended to all members and their lady friends to be present. A first-class musical programme is being arranged, and the evening should be a most enjoyable and successful one.

"Violets": I think it's up to country comrades to endow a cot in the Children's Hospital. They can form some sort of association in which each member can subscribe even a small sum per month, even if it's only a humble brownie. If country members already have a cot in the kiddies' hospital, how about something for the Parkerville Homes, or helping to extend the wards in the Lady Lawley Cottage by the Sea? The latter institution specialises in the treatment of infantile paralysis and hip complaints, both of which can be successfully treated if begun in time.

"Violets": This is the story of how the Harvey Road Board does its job and, further, how it kids the poor old Government. A P.W.D. inspector had a look at a certain road, and he described it as "the worst in W.A.!!". It was so bad as to be almost impassable, and immediate repair and construction was essential. The hard-up Government offered a hundred pounds providing that the local road board spent an equal amount, and the local council agreed to form a "busby bee" and do some of the work at their own expense. The arrangement was in every way splendid. The Government came to light with the hundred pounds; the farmers had to fork over the $27 per mile, and did a heap of work. Then the road board did a bit of scheming. They calculated that the forming, which would now cost $27 per mile, could, if left until after winter, be done for $5, a chain. The Government's hundred quid arrived 2½ months ago, and it hasn't been expended on road construction yet. Meanwhile the roads are in a deplorable state, yet ratepayers are expected to cheerfully pay rates all the same. As a matter of fact, all ratepayers have paid their rates with the exception of one gentleman, who owes the amount of five days' copy of the News. Lord Lawley therefore served a summons on the criminal.

THE LISTENING POST

P. Byrne, Proprietor

VICTORIA HOTEL
HANNAN ST., KALGOORLIE

"Where did you say the nice Overland Motor Car KMC 71 came from?"

"Why, it is from the SURREY HOTEL MARITANA ST., KALGOORLIE
where everything is good, best Wines & Spirits kept, good accommodation."

E. Paterson, Prop. A. ("Dinks") Paterson, Licensee

HUNT BROS.
The Goldfields Wholesale and Retail Dairy
PRODUCE MERCHANTS
85 Hannan St., Kalgoorlie

Only the best quality goods obtainable in Australia stocked and sold.

"Camelot": On seeing a number of padres in uniform on Anzac Day, it struck me that practically all the heads of the various denominations in this State are entitled to the returned soldier badge. A few at random—Archbishop Reginald C. of E. (C.), Rabbi Freedman (Jewish), E. G. Pethers (Presbyterian), G. McLaren (Methodist), D. Picton Jones (Congregational). Preference to returned soldiers appears to be one of the planks in the constitution of our churches.

The many admirers of Mr. Montague Brearley and lovers of music in general will be sorry to hear that Perth is losing this artist of merit. We are told that Major Brearley, who saw much active service with the 4th Battalion, is proceeding to Europe to resume study with his old tutor (which studies were interrupted by the war), and if one may judge from the present quantity this violinist will "draw a bow" to rival the leading stars of the day when his training is completed.

On Friday, the 6th May, a farewell concert was given at St. George's Hall, but the seating accommodation was so inadequate that a further recital had to be held on Tuesday, the 16th May.

The programmes included La Gitana, Tambourin Chinois, Caprice Viennois, La Chasse, of Kreisler's Cesar Franck's Sonata A. Chausson's Louis XIII, et Pavanne by Couperin-Kreisler, Preghiera by Martini-Kreisler, Siellieme et Rigaudon by Francoeur-Kreisler; Ysolt's Berceuse and Dragon Flies; Variations on Theme of Corelli by Tartini-Kreisler; Schubert's Ave Maria arranged by Wilhelmj and Fugue in A from Tartini's compositions arranged by Kreisler; also the Bach Air for G String (Tuesday). It is hard to imagine a programme which would have morearmed an audience and to assert that there has seldom been such marked appreciation shown in applause as at these recitals.

Our sincere hope is that Mr. Monty Brearley will not remain absent from us for very long, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing his soulful touch in company with the able accompaniment of Mr. H. Vowles.

W. N. Reid, the well-known soldier settlers' agent, of Barrack-street, has been elected to the South Perth Road Board, which has succeeded the local Municipal Council in that district. He will be a useful addition, and is cocksure, head-hardened, and with Scotch wit and caution, not easily led, but once on the track goes through like a Clydesdale stallion.

All diggers, diggersesses, diggerettes, diggerites, spiritualists, and other "ists" and "isms" will be pleased to know that a returned digger is running "The Returned Soldiers' Food Supply" at the City Markets and 193 Murray-street. The fish is guaranteed fresh and mostly friendly when secured, and at a reasonable price. Quick, prompt delivery is warranted, and there is no excuse why fresh fish should not be on every digger's (or others') table daily. The S.O.S. number is A2063.

Mr. J. McFarlane is now the Hon. J. McFarlane, and will sit in the Council of the City and State. One person said the other, "He's buttered his bread all right." "Yes," said the other, "he left his opponents on a Lee shore."

"F.L.C.": It is to be hoped that the Executive will be able to encourage the lad in Maylands and Bayswater to carry on with their sub-branch. There is no doubt that this sub-branch has achieved successes equal to any other sub-branch in the State. Propaganda has been its long suit, as a glance through any of the conference minutes will show, and it has also put in some real hard and practical work. During its existence it has wound up interest in its amelioration funds, and monetary assistance amounting to over $1000 has been distributed to distressed comrades, and their dependants.

It has also rendered assistance in the way of doing odd jobs, where comrades have been unable to do them themselves. Can the League afford to lose this sub-branch? No, we think not! Wake up, Maylands, and think of the words your president used at your last annual meeting. "We have fifteen real good workers, comrades, and I am convinced that so long as any of these men remain in the League, it will always be a branch of the League here."

This is a pledge you must carry out.

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

Some time ago it was suggested by a correspondent that Miss Ethel Campbell, of Durban, South Africa, should be invited to visit Australia, and that a fund should be started to defray the costs of the trip. Miss Campbell did wonderful work for the South African diggers passing through Durban. She personally met every troopship, and sent comforts aboard, she organised functions to give the troops a good time, and, in short, she battled hard to do her bit while history was being made.

Miss Campbell had a wonderful respect for the diggers in general, and a sisterly love for them individually. When certain citizens of Durban had something to say about the behaviour of the boys (they had been cooped up on a troopship for three weeks or so, and some of them committed the terrible crime of celebrating their temporary freedom), Miss Campbell promptly made a spirited defence, and her championship didn't tend to make her any the more popular among the highbrows of Durban. But her stalwart friendship for the troopers who had fought so well endeared her to thousands or diggers, and many a man, recalling his departure from Durban will picture Ethel Campbell semaphoring a message as the shores of South Africa faded from view: 'Good-bye and good luck.'

Here are some verses from the pen of Miss Campbell:

AUSTRALIANS.

(1916).

(Written after hearing a wealthy merchant speak disparagingly of Australians.)

'We are not cotton-spinners all, but some love England and her honour yet.

We stand on the shore of Durban,
And watch the transports go To England from Australasia
Hurrying to and fro,

Bearing the men of a Nation—Who are heroes to the core: Theirs is the land of the bluest, And theirs the land of the yellow—With limbs that trail and falter—Theirs an immortal name!

The deathless name of 'Anzacs,'

That thrills from Pole to Pole,
The remnants of the heroes
On the long and glorious Roll.

And now in their tens of hundreds
Come the men to fill their ranks,
And what can we do to show them
Our love, our pride, our thanks?

We can't do much, I own it,
But give them a passing cheer—While the real elite bear a shocked retreat—Why, they saw one drinking beer!

O God, could we show these misers
The path that the Anzacs went?
Could they rest in their beds at night time?
Or live in their damned content?
Could they talk with a sneer of Australians?

When or when two got drunk?

I'd rather a drunk Australian

Than a wealthy Durban fink!

THE LISTENING POST.

Some time ago it was suggested by a correspondent that Miss Ethel Campbell, of Durban, South Africa, should be invited to visit Australia, and that a fund should be started to defray the costs of the trip. Miss Campbell did wonderful work for the South African diggers passing through Durban. She personally met every troopship, and sent comforts aboard, she organised functions to give the troops a good time, and, in short, she battled hard to do her bit while history was being made.

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THE LISTENING POST.

He's a better man than you are,
You dear teetotal saint!
You do not drink—you will not fight!

What wonderful refinement!

We stand on the shore of Durban,
For we are not all like you,
And the glorious name of "Anzac"
Thrills us thro' and thro'.

But if we can do is to cheer them,
And throw them an orange from the shore,
We're not millionaires, (like some are),
Or perhaps we would try to do more.

This commonmans song

And here's to their honour to-day

Here's to the Sister Dominion

By E.M.C.

(A South African).

Frankly, the result of our appeal has been discouraging. We realise that times are bad, and that there are many calls on the purse of the public. We leave the matter to our readers. If the response this month is satisfactory, this courageous little lady will be invited to visit W.A. if there's nothing doing, the matter will lapse.

From P. G. Riegett (Yarloop): Personally I hadn't made the acquaintance of Miss Campbell, having only served them with the boys (that bad fought so well) that you to thousands of digger.s, and many a man, recalling his departure from Durban will picture Ethel Campbell semaphoring a message as the shores of South Africa faded from view: 'Good-bye and good luck.'

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ANZAC DAY AT KALGOORLIE.

(By W. A. Ross.)

The weather on Anzac morning was perfect in Kalgoorlie, and a monster parade of returned soldiers, sailors, and nurses, and citizen forces from mining, pastoral, and boy scouts, moved off from the Soldiers' Institute at 11 a.m. The parade was under Lieut.-Col. Ricksfield, with Capt. Fairley and Sgt.-Major Ide leading a band. The 16th Batt. Band headed the procession, which formed into a hollow square at the intersection of Hannan and Mari-

tana streets. A crowd of spectators, numbering several thousands, congregated to pay their respects to fallen comrades. That evening Prime Minister Hughes, the Mayors of Kalgoorlie and Boulder, members of the clergy, and representatives of Federal and State Parlia-
ments paid their last respects to the dead, and the community turned out in full numbers to the service, which was held in the Town Hall, which was presided over by the Mayor (Mr. J. J. James) presided.

ANZAC DAY AT NARROGIN.

ANZAC Day was observed at Narrogin in a manner befitting the solemnity of the occasion, practically the whole of the day was given to a ceremony of a memorial service which had been arranged by the Municipal Council. In the morning a service for children was held in the Town Hall, of which Dr. D. W. H. Smit, Mr. E. B. Johnston, M.A., and Wesley Smith, and the Salvation Army Captain. His Worship made a brief introductory address. Sunday hymns and prayers followed, after which Lieut.-Col. and Olden was presented with a beautiful silver trowel with which to lay the foundation stone aforesaid. In acknowledging the honour, Lieut. Colonel Olden spoke at some length, paying a soldierly tribute to the gallantry of his comrades in the recent war.

Following this ceremony there was another hymn and a spirited address by Dr. Mackie. A great number of wreaths was placed on the pedestals of the tablets, whilst the band rendered the Dead March in Saul. On conclusion the Last Post was again sounded by Bugler Featherstone. Further prayer and hymn terminated the service.
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NARROGIN R.S.L. ANNUAL RE-UNION

STRIKING SPEECH BY COL. OLDEN.

The local branch of the Returned Soldiers' League held the annual re-union in the evening, and there were present: The Mayor (Mr. Mackie), the Chairman, Col. Olden, D.S.O., E. B. Johnston, M.L.A., Dr. W. H. Mackie (President, Memorial Committee), Mr. J. Barron, J.P. (Chairman Narrogin Road Board), and welcomed by Mr. J. Causebrook (President of the League, who briefly welcomed the visitors, and the National Anthem was sung. The President subsequently dealt at some length on the position of the League, which he considered was not as strong as it should be throughout the State, although he was pleased to add that the local branch had been able to bracket with the strength materially since the last annual function. He stressed the importance of returned men combining and working in unison, seeking to preserve their status among the people, who, he felt, would readily assist to the end that they might secure proper recognition and justice. His ambition was to see the League working in harmony with the people and in accordance with constitutional authority. (Great applause.)

Mr. E. B. Johnston proposed the toast of "The Army," and in doing so said that he deeply appreciated the honour of again being associated with the annual reunion of the Na. R.S.L.

He felt that in this re-union their thoughts were with those who had gone away from sunny Australia with the men, but who, alas, had not returned, and in their thoughts, perhaps, they were also forming new resolutions which would tend to bring them closer together so that their League would become the country's strongest bulwark of moral and physical power, again which all the forces of tyranny and oppression for all the enemies of constitutional authority, would beat in vain. (Applause.) They looked to the R.S.L. as a bulwark to protect them from disruptive elements and be loyal to itself. The returned soldiers were the strongest moral force in the Commonwealth, and he had no doubt that in a physical sense the returned men were properly prepared, if the occasion demanded, to preserve national rights and liberties in the face of disloyalty. (Cheers.) It was gratifying to be able to bring the toast of the name of Colonel Olden, who was amongst them. It was through sheer force of character and merit that he had attained his present dignity as the leader of the 10th Light Horse Regiment. (Cheers.)

In reply to the toast, Colonel Olden said that he would have preferred, in a toast of this nature, to see the personal element omitted. The Army was too big a factor, for the thing he would like to have it coupled with the individual. However, he could not help feeling a genuine pride in being again associated with those who knew so well the risks he was home town prior to the war. No one understood better than he the class of men with whom he was that evening associated. Looking round, he observed on their faces the same old expression of confidence—that expression which was there in the grim days of adversity, and which would forever remain as an index to the souls of the men who had fought for the liberty of mankind. Cynical as they might be, these men could not suppress the feeling of comradeship which they felt for each other, and although they may have slighted them on some issues, and, it may be, missed the opportunity, if it ever arose again, would see them standing shoulder to shoulder, as in the days that had gone. He knew very well about the uniform and the generalignition about the wearing of the uniform, but he felt that every man should feel it his right to wear it when they met together at public functions of a memorial character. The happiest days of his career were those when he pecked potatoes at Blackboy Hill. The trouble started when he got a commission, and it had never stopped since then. There was only one standard in the army and in civilian life, no matter what the rank, and that was the standard of manhood. Up to that date he had done a great part in the R.S.L. When he arrived back from the war he could not understand why men were wearing the returned badge, but he soon found out the reason. They could not express the opinion that so far as returned soldiers were concerned they should remember that "the Lord helped those who helped themselves." He turned to the opinions that had been expressed, he felt that returned men should be able to secure fitting recognition from within their own ranks, and to get it they wanted unity. They should not allow the broader issues for which they had fought to be side-tracked, nor yet allow their vision of what was their rightful due, to be side-tracked. Let them have difference of small things, but when it came to bigger issues they should stick together. It was only by standing together that they were likely to get the governement, the business or municipal halls of the country. They had a good deal about repatriation. Undoubtedly a lot had been done, in some cases more than they asked for, in many respects those who had benefited most were not soldiers. They had only to look around and see the number of soldiers settled on the land. Any God's number of soldiers were the only class which had no hope of ever being profitably worked by their previous owners. These places had been cut up and sold to speculators, and in some cases by people who were not entitled to any consideration whatever by reason of their past lack of interest in the result of the war.

Continuing, Colonel Olden said he was sensible of the honor done him, but he did not think he was entitled to anything more than that. Putting himself on a basis of equality with his comrades he would say that the time had arrived when they should look around and see their position by taking a more active part in politics. Colonel Olden concluded a very telling address by a rather bitter reflection on the fact that there were so many returned soldiers at present in unemployment, and was warmly applauded on resuming his seat.

Other toasts honored were "Fallen Comrades," "R.S.L. and Kindred Associations," "Our Town and District," "The Press."

Make Trouchet Your Chemist

SACRIFICES ON THE ALTAR OF PROGRESS

The tragic death of Ross Smith and Lieut. Bennett added the names of two more intrepid Australians to the long list of air victims. For the perfection of the aeroplane as a means of transit Australia has sacrificed the lives of many gallant men.

The first fatality at Point Cook (Vic.) Aviation School was in Nov. 1917. Lieut. Duckworth's machine crashed and he told his pilot.

The first attempt to fly from England to Australia had disastrous results. In a machine that had made a non-stop flight from Madrid to London Lieuts. Ross and Douglas left Hounslow in Nov., 1919. A few minutes after starting the machine nose-dived, buried it in the earth, and both men were killed.

In Sept., 1920, Capt. Stutt, with Sgt. Dulzoll, of Point Cook, set out on a search for the missing ship Amelia J. Nothing has since been heard of them.

A little over twelve months ago Corp. Whicker was killed in a crash in New South Wales. Readers will remember the tragic death of Lieut. McIntosh, at Pithara, last March. His machine, "Joy," was killed with him. McIntosh made himself world famous by his seven months flight from England to Australia, made in the face of so much disheartening and continuous obstinacy.

Hubert Ross, of the Shaw-Ross Aviation Co., and his mechanic Harris, was killed in a crash at Port Melbourne last May.

In the following month Capt. Hawkins and Mr. Laurie, a passenger, were killed at Geelong (N.S.W.). Capt. Hawkins, M.C., C. de G., etc., was one of the most distinguished airmen of the war, with a record of 17 Hun machines. His M.C. was collected for a brilliant box-on with Rich- tofen, the German ace.

The following month again saw another appalling fatality: this time in England. Harry Hawker, "Genius of the Air," the world's finest pilot, was killed in July, 1921. His machine took fire, and he jumped from it. Hawker's death was considered "the severest blow to aviation."

The scene of the next fatality shifted back to W.A. The first of the aerial mail machines to attempt the trip from Geelong to Todd and Longreach, Fawcett and mechanical Broad were killed.

And now Ross Smith and Bennett.

They were gallant Australians, and true gentlemen all.

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADV'T IN THE LISTENING POST."
PERSONALITIES

Another digger to start in business on his pat is Lewin D. Lobascher, ex-29th Batt., who is now established as an accountant and auditor at Freshman's Chambers, 33 William-street. Returned men requiring the professional services of an accountant should remember that little phrase about preference to diggers, and give their work to Lew.

Congrats to Capt. Geo. Potter, who out-named A. H. Panton in the West Province Council election. The result didn't cause much surprise. The average elector is seldom fond of men like Panton who hold extreme and revolutionary views. Potter is a solid, conscientious chap, and he should make good, providing that he remembers that his battle hasn't passed, but is yet to come.

Mount Lawley - North Perth has yet another news item this time in Mr. J. Bader, of the well-known electrical firm. Carl is an Anzac, and a wonderfully keen barrackeer for the digger. When it was announced some time ago that a certain Perth street process was to carry the old Union Jack, Carl decided on drastic action. Donning his digger uniform and mounting himself on a charger, he placed himself at the head of the nearest large horse and bore aloft the Union Jack. Despite several determined attempts to bore him off, Carl stuck to the job, and carried the Jack to the end of the course. He should be a marked success in his new position, for a man with the breezy and contagious enthusiasm of Carl Bader simply must get there.

Here's a buckshee advert for Plainstowe's Chocolate Fruit. The materials to manufacture the lollies are Westralian, and preference to the State's products is carried right into Plainstowe's home, where every bit of furniture is made from good W. A. timber. Now if every citizen were as patriotic to their own State, there mightn't be half the unemployment. Yet middle-headed flappers still prefer Eastern States chocolates, possibly because the wrappers are prettier!

If friends of Jimmy Butler thought that by resigning the State secretariatship Jim would ease up, they must have misjudged him. He's still going for his life, and this paper believes that if he doesn't take a pull he's in for a bad breakdown. Working from early morn until late at night without a lito doesn't do anyone much good, and A. H. Priestley, who 'discovered' Jimmy, might give that individual a little sound advice on the subject.

The death of Capt. A. J. Hillman, M.C., came as a great shock to his many friends. The captain served as an engineer officer, and he did good service. A widow and six kiddies are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

A. N. Macdonald was the only candidate for the presidential chair at the Mount Lawley Sub-branch, and he was duly elected. Moe should do good work in the position.

This paper heartily congratulates F. A. M. Hillary, the popular President of the South Perth R.S.L., on his success in topping the poll at the recent South Perth Road Board election. Also W. N. Reid, a member of the State executive, who was also a successful candidate. Emulate their good example, diggers, and push your way into controlling public affairs. No one has a better claim to rule this country than you.

South Fremantle Sub-branch is to the front in getting a good example to other sub-branches, in welcoming and giving every assistance and advice to our "Tommy" immigrants.

A. C. Burke, the well-known inspector of the Repatriation Department, has gone on leave and at Balgarpur, and is doing his best to cause a glut in the market of butter and eggs, and thus reduce the H.C.L. Before leaving, "Paddy" received a present and good wishes from the staff of the Repat.

All Parr manager of the R.S.L. trading concern in Kalgoorlie, is one of the most popular diggers on the Fields. Enlisting in August, 1914, in the 3rd Field Ambulance, he saw over five years war service, besides doing his bit in the South African skirmish. All is an experienced tailor and cutter, and takes an active interest in R.S.L. matters.

A prominent R.S.L. man who has been noted for his sober habits must have recently had a birthday. He was seen staggering down the Terrace floundering with something in his hand, when he collided with a strictly-looking old gentleman. "Sense me, mate," he said, "but would you mind (he) helping a digger in trouble and (he) putting this holder in this cigarette for me?" Wellward.

A well-known Maylands digger who had seen his Victory medal before Anzac Day, seeing Bill Hughes making some purchases in a Barrack-street shop, introduced himself, and told the small man that he desired to be the first to be presented with a Victory medal by him. In the view of a number of spectators, the Prime Minister took the medal from the digger, pinned it to his waistcoat, and shook hands, at the same time offering his congratulations.

One of Albany's best citizens, and a dinkum digger, recently passed away in the person of W. H. Bristowe. From his early days Billy Bristowe entered on a soldier's career, and he was one of the first to join the old Albany Volunteer Artillery. When his South African argument happened along, he enlisted in the Bushmen's Corps. On his return to Australia he threw in his lot with the Militia Garrison Artillery, where he enlisted as a gun-layer and incidentally collected a couple of stripes. In the big war he enlisted in the Light Horse, but didn't get away, so transferred to an infantry battalion and acted as a subaltern. Bristowe followed Billy Brustow's remains to the Methodist cemetery, and paid their last respects to an honored comrade. We join in the chorus of sympathy extended to the widow and orphan left to mourn his loss.

George Potter, who beat A. H. Panton for his seat in the Legislative Council last Saturday, will be a "true born" member for the digger. He is brave, forceful, and level-headed, and with ordinary luck should soon begin to mount the political ladder.

In spite of the fact that Alec Panton thought it advisable to return his R.S.L. handkerchief to his "Tommy" mates, he has not found a good home for the handkerchief. Panton and Colonel Pope stumped at the same fence when, being unable to satisfy the desires of unionists with the awed policy of the State, of giving preference to returned soldiers, they chose to desert the camp of the digger.

Messes. McDonald and Bader, President and Secretary respectively of the Mount Lawley North Perth R.S.L., last week when it was brought to their notice that a non-returning soldier has recently been employed by the Workers' Homes Board. They waited on the Public Service Commissioner (Mr. Simper) who informed the depatment that a returned soldier had been overlooked, and an appointment made, such appointment would be cancelled.

Now that the bulk of the work performed by the W.H.B. is in connection with War Service Homes, it is very necessary for the R.S.L. to have representation on it. We understand that the State Executive has this matter in hand.

Arnold Holder, the boss of the Vocational Training Scheme in this State, is a glutton for work, and radiates enthusiasm in everything he tackles. In his spare time he can usually be found organising a temporal stunt, or doing something else for the benefit of returned soldiers resident at South Perth. During his leisure hours he runs the South Perth Tennis Club, and captains a badminton and ping-pong club. A useful citizen is Arnold.

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