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”
# RETAIL PRICE LIST

## 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 1/- per dozen on freight on country orders to be charged to the purchaser over the following nett minimum prices:

## WHISKY (CASED), Irish.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Burke's, gal</td>
<td>Prunier *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burke's, rep. qts</td>
<td>Otard ***</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burke's, rep. pts</td>
<td>Otard ***</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burke's, Imp. qts</td>
<td>Otard *</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burke's, Imp. pts</td>
<td>Australian Bulk, gallon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell's, Imp. qts</td>
<td>Australian Bulk, rep. qts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell's, Imp. pts</td>
<td>Australian Bulk, rep. pts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Scotch Brands</td>
<td>Australian Bulk, pollies</td>
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## AUSTRALIAN WHISKYS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Captain Cook, qts</td>
<td>12 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Cook, pts</td>
<td>6 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brind's, qts</td>
<td>6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brind's, pts</td>
<td>4 9</td>
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## MIXED GALLON CASE WHISKY.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mixed gals. bottled Scotch or Irish Whisky, per gal</td>
<td>69 0</td>
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## BULK WHISKYS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scotch Bulk Whisky (own bottling)—</td>
<td>66 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per gallon</td>
<td>Square Gin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rep. qts</td>
<td>Gilbeay's Dry, Old Tom, Plymouth, rep. qts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rep. pts</td>
<td>Gilbeay's Dry, Old Tom, Plymouth, rep. pts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imp. qts</td>
<td>Australian.—Captain Cook, Dry, rep. qts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imp. pts</td>
<td>Brind's, Dry, rep. qts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollies</td>
<td>Brind's, Dry, rep. pts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk Whisky (own bottling), labelled as Australian (Brind's):</td>
<td>48 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per gal</td>
<td>Austrian Bulk (own bottling), qts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rep. qts</td>
<td>Australian Bulk (own bottling), rep. pts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rep. pts</td>
<td>Australian Bulk (own bottling), pollies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imp. qts</td>
<td>Blended (Australian and West Indian), gal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imp. pts</td>
<td>Blended (Australian and West Indian), rep. qts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollies</td>
<td>Blended (Australian and West Indian), pollies</td>
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## BRANDIES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prunier ***, rep. qts</td>
<td>16 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prunier ***, rep. pts</td>
<td>8 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prunier *, rep. qts</td>
<td>15 6</td>
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## IMPORTED RUM (CASED).

<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, gallon</td>
<td>57 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, rep. qts</td>
<td>9 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, rep. pts</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, pollies</td>
<td>2 9</td>
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## GIN (CASED).

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, gallon</td>
<td>57 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, rep. qts</td>
<td>9 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, rep. pts</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australian Bulk, pollies</td>
<td>2 9</td>
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## BOTTLED ALE (W.A.).

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Not Mixed Ale and Stout</td>
<td>13 6</td>
</tr>
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## BOTTLED STOUT (W.A.).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Not Mixed Stout and Ale</td>
<td>14 6</td>
</tr>
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</table>

## GOODS DELIVERED TO RAIL.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>s. d.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Swan, Emu, Union, and Redcastle, doz</td>
<td>14 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castlemaine, doz</td>
<td>15 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union, Imperial, doz</td>
<td>17 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

JUNE ISSUE, 1922.

THE DANGER OF APATHY
A Critical Juncture.

Indifference is the Arch-Foe to Progress.

News of Mr. Butler's resignation from the position of State Secretary to the R.S.L. has been received with marked expressions of regret. His doctry deeds and his earnest endeavours in the cause of the digger are as greatly appreciated as they are well known. There is much compensation to this severe loss in the knowledge that Mr. Butler is at last considering his health, which has been much impaired by his strenuous efforts in connection with the League. It is most gratifying to notice the election of a successor resulted in Mr. Penny's appointment.

The new Secretary will not have an assistant Secretary, as did his predecessors, and will have to face a bigger task. The familiarity Mr. Penny has with his job, and his unquestionable ability, will prove of infinite value, and as far as the Secretary is concerned the League's future is safe. The man on whom the onus now rests regarding the prosperity of the R.S.L. is the digger himself.

Join up and take an interest in the welfare of our Association. It is quite realised that it is not possible for all to roll up to the sub-branch meetings, but each member can follow the course of the organisation through the columns of the journal, and can also, through the same medium, express his views or offer suggestions.

It may not appear to specially affect YOU personally, whether the League wins or loses, and I will not suggest what change of fortune may some day be yours, but I would ask for your support for nobler reasons. Our late comrades who have lost touch or are now reduced to the ranks of invalids, have in many cases left to our care widows and orphans; also there are many disabled men who are uneligible to carry out work to which they were accustomed in pre-war days, who are searching for honest employment in vain. These people need your support. Will you fail them and disregard your moral obligation? Do you, too, wish to become an object of becoming lukewarm in the matter of enforcing the performance of the promises so freely given while the strife was on?

If the R.S.L. was supported by every returned man, those who have lost limbs, sons, or fathers, would have a stronger friend on whom to lean, and there would be fewer unemployed diggers in our midst. This is an extremely critical juncture, and as the world is swaying in the balance between the open enmity of war and guarded rivalry, it behoves every one of us to dispel the enmity and to muster our efforts in order to attain those ideals for which we fought and bled.

THE EDITOR

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST"
WEAT AUSTRALIA'S LATEST WEALTH
GREAT MINERAL DISCOVERY. IMENSE PROSPECTS.

It is said of a Cockney that he knows London of any man, and even the Cockney little did heolute to claim that of the thousands who daily pass St. Paul's Cathedral only five in every hundred could tell you whose Queen's statue stands in front of Wren's great fame.

True it is that we here in West Australia know little of this beautiful place, or its equivalent lying at our very doors or beneath our feet, and the marvellous discoveries so far made will ere long be eclipsed by those yet to be found, and it is likely that some of the things which the ancients knew, but whose secrets have been lost, may yet be found in our midst.

This is certain, that the Egyptians of the earliest dynasties knew the secret of keeping food, cereals, and brine cool and at a temperature greatly below the atmospheric temperature. This was known also to the Phoenicians, and particularly to the Maltese. Archeologists and Ceramists have attributed this to some peculiar features, qualities and composition of the clays or materials used in the making of the rough and unglazed pottery of those days, and which certainly were natural and not composed of any chemical mixtures.

The value of this in tropical and semi-tropical climates cannot be overestimated, and it has long been the aim of scientists to discover or manufacture some material which would fill the bill.

"WEST AUSTRALIA HAS IT!"

It has now been found that we, right here, have such a material at our command, and in vast quantities. It consists of a "mineral" of a most spongy nature, which, when damp, sets up a radiographic capillary action, and air is transmitted through the myriad microscopic capillaries in the material, and thus the contents of the articles encased therein are surrounded by an atmosphere cooler by very many degrees than that of the external air. This has now been proved by actual work and practice, and meat and fruit store rooms have been constructed of slabs of the material, which have given truly marvellous results. Butter, milk, cream, etc., keeps perfectly hard on the hottest days when kept in the receptacles of this wonderful material, which has been called "MINERAL SPONGE."

"MINERAL SPONGE."

The success achieved by the experiments and the high eulogies of the scientists have resulted in a big company being formed to further prospect and manufacture the numerous articles for which it adapted.

Any interested would do well to call at 7 Barrack-street and inspect the samples there on view. It is interesting to note that the delegation from Java and the west Indies were so much taken

THE LISTENING POST.

Great Charity Match at Fremantle

WEST AND FREMANTLE SPORTS' DAY OUT.

The digger loves a good sporting go, and is always out to assist charity. On Wednesday, July 5th, the greatest sporting extras of the season will place on the Fremantle Oval, when 18 Perth sports will try to knock out, demolish, give a Blightly, to 18 Fremantle sports, and all in aid of the Fremantle Hospital, which badly needs funds. Every penny collected, paid, marooned, secured, commandeered, will go to the funds, and no deductions made.

The teams are in training, and Dodo Martin and Arthur Levy are doing a morning run on the Ugly Men's tennis track, whilst Bill Lean has been seen to walk between Barrack-street and the Weld Club twice daily.

Son Jacobsen, the little double king Lilliputian giant, is one of the heads of the Perth offenders, backed by Andy Phillips and the great Charlie Phillips (of Yarloop), who will captain the team. Paul Vallin (not pronounced Villain), and Jim Jeffries are the Perth reps, whilst Wall Quale (not the Rollman bird), Dave Lyons (late of the Botanical Gardens and LoSonnet's pet), barric for Fremantle. Jim Daley and James Duggan are honorary sees, and may be found at midnight between the Freemasons. No referee is yet appointed, but the committee are endeavouring to find a member of Parliament not yet on a select committee to act. Failing this new aid being discovered, it is hoped that Major Ayres may officiate.

Prior to the match commencing, singing will be engaged in, and Mr. Sam Moses, of spot lagre fame, will lead the choir, and take the solo in "Jerusalem the Golden." Mr. Bluey Turnham will officiate as licensed auctioneer, and sell a vast quantity of peanut shells. Mr. Dryblower Murphy has consented to write obituary notices for the slain, and the Hon. Thomas Molloy has consented to donate the lease of an unlicensed premises to the fund.

"Unlimited doubles."

Son Jacobsen's Offensive.

As all sports will note, Mr. Son Jacobsen, the well-known layer of odds, etc., etc., announces in this issue that he will have a fine little adventure with anyone or the whole lot in picking doubles and backgammoning your fancy. Son is too well known to need any instruction, and, like good wine, needs no boosting. He has been a good friend to the boys, and his good actions are so numerous we can't mention them. He is distinctly modest, but has a full flow of digger's eloquence, in fact should (had his height permitted) have made a fine captain of his side. He tells a good yarn, in fact lots of them, and has been known to tell a funny tale. When not paying hard cash, or, rather, notes, fills in time at his leather and grinner business. Has a fine motor, lives at North Perth, and rumour is that he will be the President of the Celtic Club in a short time. He has no vices, and is sound in wind and limb.

"Violets."—By the way, how about the R.S.L. taking a bit of interest in the public who wish to support returned soldiers? I'm referring to those R.S.'s in business principally. Take one instance: A certain R.S. plumber of Bunyip is doing a small job to do and has been paid for it. The people who gave him the job are in anything but good circumstances and have asked him to give preference to returned soldiers in their dealings. Anyway, this plumber has the job some months now, and the people can get no reply from him. Now, I think the R.S.L. should have a separate department, and when they go into these complaints genuine they should remind the R.S. he is doing the R.S. cause a lot of harm, etc. Someone suggested putting this on a whole list, but even though they are in every way "blackleg" I'd prefer not to be quite so drastic, but to give them a chance to make good.
The deputation had an interview with Mr. Scaddan, and it was subsequently ascertained that the ration assistance should be continued for a few days until work was obtained, that shelter should be provided for the single men who were without homes, also for the amount of assistance (rationation) to be increased.

The Minister agreed to continue the ration amount for married men until today (Friday), or until such time as work was found to absorb them.

The procession dispersed on being advised by Mr. Needham that a sympathetic view had been taken.

Fair Play for the Farmer

P.G.R.—I hope you read through my letters to Mr. Maley and found a few suggestions worth making note of in “The Listening Post.” First, the sales tax which the farmer must pay for the privilege of being allowed to sell his produce, or, in other words, for being allowed to earn a living. What would the Trades Hall say if every worker had to pay, say, 8d. a week for the privilege of being allowed to work? Which, though it seems farcical, is what the farmer has to do. It’s a pity the farmer and the worker do not try to pull together, but I think the main reason why they do not is that they do not know the true facts concerning each other. Now, we have a minimum wage for workers, why not the equivalent for farmers? Farmers cannot demand a minimum wage, but why not its equivalent when he sells to the open market? Why make it a law of this State that the farmer must receive 60s. 7d. per cent. of what his produce realises on the market when sold in small lots—as, of course, for large lots (equivalent to which the farmer should receive a far bigger percentage. Let the railways help to develop the country by being satisfied with a reasonable commission on the produce sold, instead of a certain freight no matter how long. This commission basis would give the farmer a better and fair chance. What would the Profit-sharing Commission say if they did their job and found a farmer only getting 8 per cent. of what the worker has to pay for his produce, as was plainly shown in my letter to Maley, M.L.A. Is the Trades Hall listening, for here’s an opening for making the workers’ living a little better. Then again, why not make it a law of this State that quick turnover as produce is (except when stored) should be sold at not more than 35s. 1d. per cent. over the price given at the markets, etc. Of course, law like this would do away with many blood sucking parasites, but it would be a decided benefit to the State, the farmer, and, last but not least, the worker.

Send your orders for printing to the office of “The Listening Post,” 76 King Street, Perth.

JUNE 16, 1922.

THE LISTENING POST.

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS MARCH THROUGH LONDON

INDIANS IN AUSTRALIA

“Subscriber.”—Those interested in the Indian and White Australian questions might do worse than follow Mr. Sastri’s activities. Mr. Sastri appears to me as the Michael Collins of Ireland, both of whom believe absolutely in their cause, but try to win by gentle means, which will always show the best gains in the long run. They try to understand and be understood, and are great believers in humanity. On the other hand, we have Gandhi, the de Valera of India, who has no respect for anyone as long as he gains his ends, and doesn’t hold himself open to reason. Both Sastri and Gandhi are battling for the same thing, but in what vastly different ways! One by using good reasoned suggestions and inquiries, the other by force. Most assuredly Mr. Sastri will do many times more good for his cause than Gandhi. Looking through the five questions Mr. Sastri is to put to the governing bodies, one must give the Indian credit for having something to complain about. The questions are: (1) Why are Indians debarred from Government positions? Truly this is only a fair question, when we consider the restrictions placed on coloured immigration under which desirable only are permitted to enter the State, thereby excluding the scum. (2) Why are Indians debarred from receiving old age pensions when they pay both rates and taxes? In this question it will be readily seen that they are only alluding to those who are making this State their permanent home, and therefore are only appealing to British fair play. (3) As British subjects, why should Indians be debarred from obtaining miners’ rights? Certainly in this instance they cannot do the Western more harm than the Eastern States did in the W.A. gold booms, when they came over here and sent all their money to their families which remained in the East, instead of bringing their families here and thereby enriching and developing this State in more ways than one. But then the East always has and always will build itself up at the expense of the West, unless the West wakes up and breaks the chains which hold it to the East and then institutes a fair returns department to deal with outsiders and tax heavily all moneys that leave this State in excess to a liberal dividend on capital invested here. For example, I think, if a man came here without capital and now earns £10 a week, most of which he sends to his family in the East or elsewhere, he should be given a couple of months’ notice to bring the family here or be subject to a 20 per cent. tax on all that he sends away. This would also apply to many other leakages. If W.A. is good enough to get money out of, it should be good enough to live in and spend the money gained right in this State. (4) Why should not Indians resident in the State be entitled to vote? I take it they are law-abiding citizens, which is more than can be said of some of the white aliens who have votes. Anyway, if they are undesirable as far as State benefits are concerned, why not do them as some one suggests we should do with all Federal officials, put them all in an old boat, head them for the open sea, give them a start, and tell them that the ship will be blown up if sighted on our coast again? (5) Why are Indians debarred from working where Japs, Chinese, Greeks, Germans, and other aliens are allowed to do so? A very just question. They help us in our struggle, and then we give preference to the one against whom they helped us, and to those who were too frightened to go either way. Many people think a White Australia policy is the same thing as only permitting entrance to this State of those who will only work for union rates of pay, and they don’t care a hang for the colour when it comes to analysing their feelings, etc.

RATIONS FOR UNEMPLOYED.

A procession of about 300 men paraded to the office of the Minister for Railways. Whilst awaiting an audience the men chored: “What do we want?” and the response was loudly voiced: “Work!”
AERIAL RAIDS ON CONSTANTINOPLE

By "Wings"

In 1917, that glorious but extinct force known as the Royal Naval Air Service, was established on Lemnos Island, in the Aegean Sea. Up to this stage Constantinople had been immune from those air raids which had already caused such consternation in London. The primary duties of this Air Force were those of cooperation with the Navy in anti-submarine warfare, and the deep sea bombing stunts proved to be of utmost value. At the time when the Air Service arrived, Mudros appeared useless for the purpose of an aerodrome site, as it was a huge marsh during the winter months. This difficulty was overcome by a system of drainage, and a beautiful landing ground was made at this centre.

During 1918, when the aerial offensive on the Turkish capital was effectively launched, bombing squadrons were told off, leaving Mudros (Lemnos Island) at surprise to strike the Gallipoli coastline and to make their descent about two hours later on their objective. Although the anti-aircraft defences were highly efficient, being directed by well-trained German officers, the naval airmen, as I may term them, were venturesome enough to run the gauntlet until they had discharged the cargo of explosives, and also to enable them to take photographs. The snips so taken were of great value, not only in the matter of showing the nature and extent of the enemy fortifications, but also in affording ample evidence of the amount of damage caused by the air raid.

The Turks did not rely wholly on anti-aircraft guns for their aerial defences, but were equipped with an air force composed of good machines and well-trained airmen. These aeroplanes invariably rose to drive away the audacious enemy, and the encounter was usually brisk in the extreme. The machine guns with which the planes were armed formed a means for many exciting duels to be fought.

It is natural that the conflict would be short-lived, as the attacking air squadron would speedily be outnumbered, and moreover, their supply of petrol would be rapidly diminishing. Doubtless it was the wish of each pilot and observer to bag an enemy plane if possible, but their achievements in obtaining information required to be delivered to headquarters without delay.

After one of these daring and profitable raids had been carried out an official announcement would be seen in terms like these: "Our naval machines bombarded Constantinople with good effect. Direct hits were obtained. One machine failed to return." How many readers of that statement could realise what an adventurous task it had been to accomplish this raid?

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

The whole office was in a fever of excitement because the stationery for the coming financial year was long overdue in its arrival from head office in Melbourne.

The sub-head in charge of a section of the Department, which embraced the stationery store, was aroused to unusual heat as a result of being approached to do some hustling to the shipping company. He despatched his shipping clerk, who eventually returned to say the requirements were situated at the bottom of the cargo and would not be unshipped until evening.

The store clerk was paraded to this O.C., and he suggested that he should 'phone the agents. "'Phone! is it?' roared the accountant. "Fat lot of good that'll do. I suppose I'll have to do the job myself!!"

Full of dauntless courage he bided him to the fray, and soon returned with his capture. After puffing out his chest and strutting about some, this official lectured his staff in eloquent manner on the value of visual training.

By this time the people who were waiting to make use of the stationery made their voices heard, and the process of unpacking was undertaken. This soon revealed the fact that the parcel contained some other Department's stationery. Exit accountant.

JUST FANCY

(By "Z.Z.")

(With apologies to Peter Pagan, of "Smith's.")

Great Scott! It was a funny dream I had the other night; I dreamt that Sir Jim Mitchell was a sturdy larrikin.

And that "Prohibition" Mother had got gloriously tight. Just fancy!

I dreamt Archbishop Mannix had entirely changed his views, and shouting 'Down with Ireland!' wrote an 'Ode to Billy Hughes.'

I dreamt the only decent paper was the "Daily News"—Just fancy!

I dreamt that Melbourne girls admitted that Perth girls were pretty.

That Syndeylaiders said that Melbourne was the finer city.

And that the "Daily News" went broke, the "West" said "What a pity"—Just fancy!

I dreamt a certain bloke I know refused to have a "spot."

That the Editor said to me, "Come and have a pot."

I dreamt that I saw Billy Hughes embracing Willy Watt—Just fancy!

I dreamt they beat the "Demon rum" that no one ever drank;

I dreamt the League of Nations wasn't just a blessed "blank;

I dreamt that every journalist had money in the bank—Just fancy!

I dreamt that "Dr. New State Page" turned down his band of martyrs,

And that the Melbourne Cup was squashed—there were two stars.

I dreamt—oh fie!—that Shy girls refused to show their garters—Just fancy!

I dreamt that Mr. Barwell said he wouldn't work with niggers:

I dreamt that women never paid attention to their figures,

And that Repatriation did its best to help the diggers—Just fancy!

I dreamt that Bill Lathlain was just a modest sort of lad

I dreamt that ladies lengthened skirts and all the men were glad;

And, Lord! I dreamt the "Sunday Times" refused a full-page "ad."—Just fancy!

I dreamt that every poet shunned the awful sight of boozes;

I dreamt that punsters backed a racecourse "cert" that DIDN'T lose;

I dreamt that politicians simply wouldn't draw their swords—Just fancy!

CABBAGE.

"Yairs," said Bill, regarding me over the top of his pot, "catts is dogs of animals, Lassie! Sundey we 'ad a duck fer dinner, an' I left all his feathers an' eetizers in a tub ready to bury in th' back yard. Well, th' missus was readin' bits outer the nooaper and she come aroc'er a bit abuter bloke wit dyed catkins black and killed thay was sealskins and made a helluva lot of dough."

"'Wot about killin' ol' Tom?" I ses, jokin' lookin' at 'im.

"Too right," she says smilin', "'e'd make a bonzer jigger fer a duck.

"Ol' Tom, 'e makes a dive fer th' door and clears out, but in a jiffy 'e comes back clawlin' in on is stummick with th' duck's 'ead in its month."

Bill eyed the bottom of his pot thoughtfully. "Well," I said, "what did he do that fer?"

"'Why," replied Bill, "don't y' jerry to 'is game. Th' silly cow thought 'e was dinkum about killin' 'im an' 'e was tryin' ter kid 'e was a duck-billed platapus.

NOSIVAD.

On Armistice Day a Yank met a digger in the Strand and began explaining how it was that America won the war.

"Gar dam," he said, "I guess and kinder figure Johnny Bull's navy don't amount to nothing knee high to a mosker. Why in bloody 'ell America they built merchant ships to carry munitions and eeterer with a hull so shallow they could float in two feet of water?"

"Struth," said the Dig., "youse blokes is outer date. In Australia we been buildin' boats of 40,000 tons with a draught so shallow they 'dn float on damp ground."

"Comenavadrink," said the Yank,

THE BEDFORD HOTEL
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Answers to Correspondents

(This paper does not hold itself responsible for the opinions expressed by contributors.)

Hon. Sec. Mt. Lawley-North Perth: Your report published; glad the Ladies Auxiliary is so keen, it will prove beneficial.

"Camelot": Thanks; glad you enjoy the straffe.

383: Your good wishes appreciated.

F. LeC., Benecubbin: Pard to hand, many thanks.

H.C.S., Benecubbin: Yours, too, are O.K. We thank you also.

Z.Z.: Decent, we enjoyed it too.

"Myopia": Yes, very encouraging—thanks for generous support.

J.C.C., Narrogin: Very pleased to hear from you, and we are glad of the interest taken by your member acent first 5 years interest.

"Cycus": Yes, the "Hills" abound with similar romances.

"Nosiead": "No'so bad" is right.

"Paleface": Suggest trying those tactics.

Gnowangerup Sub-branch: Your query submitted under separate heading.

Jas. Pollard: Many thanks for letter and copy. Your suggestion appreciated, and your confidence is respected.

West Guildford R.S.L.: We have not any doubt about your progress, and commend your new step. Good luck.

Arthur Souse: Glad to hear from you. Hope your group settlement will soon mature.

Spotty: Sorry we can't use your verse, nor can we publish the contents of your letter through our columns. Arrangements could be made, however, with the "advertising manager" to advertise your business.

Balingup R.S.L.: Thanks for yours. Have not sufficient space for whole matter, but précis appears elsewhere. Dish out the spare copies.

Mrs. Bristow: We have your letter, and are thankful for your appreciation. We hope you will have no untoward difficulties, but if they do occur remember your local sub-branch and us.

7819, Pingelly: Merci, we share your wishes in that regard.

Don Sotorre: Many thanks. We won't burn it, and await your next. Yes, "Mud and Mills" was deserving your remarks.

South Perth R.S.L.: Sorry, unable decipher your pencil note.

E. St. I.B.: Hope your effort will do the cause some good.

P. G. Riegert: Glad you are still enthusiastic. We like to hear from you.

P.B.S.: Yes, the arrears due prior to the demise of a war pensioner are payable to the next of kin, if approval is obtained from the Repat.

Subscriber: You will have to write to the District Finance Officer, Francis-street. We think the matter O.K.

Pommy, Nannup: (a) Yes, you had better complete the return and send covering letter explaining the position, it will save trouble. (b) Will forward your letter to the correct destination and request urgent attention. (c) Yes, the Jersey-Ayrshire cross should meet the requirements. You will have the quality of the former and the hardy nature of the latter.

F. A. Law (Cubbine, Quairading): Jolly good. A dig? (M.M.): Action taken, but let's know who you are. Don't like anonymous correspondents.

Armadales Spams

The Armadales Glee Club held its fourth concert before a small but appreciative audience in the Armadales Hall on May 20th. The proceeds, which were to be devoted to the purpose of assisting in the purchase of the R.S.L. Memorial block, amounted to about £7. Owing to the inclement weather, many people from the outlying districts were prevented from being present. The stage was tastefully decorated with ferns, roses, and the Glee Party.

Mrs. T. E. Raine, at the piano, opened with Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique, which was followed by Mr. N. L. Skewes, with the baton, took charge, and the Glee Party, starting a little nervously, soon got under way with the "Song of The Vikings," thereafter increasing in confidence, the final item, "Fugabonds," being sung descriptively and well.

Among the solo items that of Miss Amy Richards was perhaps the best, followed closely by Miss Parker and Miss K. Millard, and, notwithstanding his long sojourn in Germany, Mr. H. Richards still possessed sufficient sung to tell us of the troubles of young Tom o' Devon.

Mr. J. A. Richards feelingly described Mark Twain's troubles with European Guides, and Mr. N. L. Skewes lyrically confessed that he was King of the Deep.

During the supper which followed, Mr. Egan, the genial president of the local R.S.L., expressed the thanks of the soldiers for the efforts made on their behalf.

The success of the evening was no doubt due to the competent baton of Norm Skewes and the good work of Mrs. Raine at the piano.

The Glee Party made up in quality what it lacked in volume, and, with the addition of a few male voices, should be in great demand at all local functions.

"CITUSCU".

F.L.C.—Does the State Government knowingly try to trick the public? Men working on railway construction work, under the P.W.D., are paid by what is known as cash order, or orders on the Minister for Works to pay cash on demand. At the places where these men work it is impossible for the local trades people to obtain sufficient change to cash these vouchers and in order to obtain payment of their accounts, they are compelled to issue cheques for change. This means a penny every time for doing a kind act for the Government. Why doesn't the Government send up the money to pay the men? Are they also seeking the advantage of the time that these vouchers are travelling round the country being cashed by all and sundry, and thus delay the drain on Treasury?

The British Government approached the Egyptian Government in regard to the recent murders of Britishers in Egypt, and the latter has agreed to use every endeavour to trace the murderers, also to compensate the relatives of the victims.

A display of dehydrated products from Kendenup was held at Messrs. Sandover's, Ltd., on May 30 and June 1. The Kendenup factory has dealt with over 200 tons of fresh produce during the past few months, comprising chiefly potatoes, tomatoes, and apples.
VIOLETS: “Camelot” is correct when he says that the 10th entered Beth at dusk on 20th September, 1918. Personally, I do not think the name of the regiment should be stated in captures, as one regiment may have to put up with greater hardships and yet never have the chance to capture much. Generally speaking, I think every regiment is deserving of the maximum of praise.

P.S.R.: Here is a suggestion for getting immigrants broken in to farming in this State. Discover the class of farming the new friend is inclined for, and then find some Westralian cattle (pioneer) who is battling on a similar class of proposition. Then bind this embryo farmer to the battle for, say, twelve months to two years. When our new friend shows some proficiency and adaptability let him select a holding on which he, in turn, may take a learner or two. This method would lick our new friends into shape, and will also help those who need help. It would be a good investment for the Government to pay the learner a small wage—in most cases the battle will be willing and able to supply tucker—as the increased production would mean increased revenue and a surplus over the expenses entailed. This would in this manner serve a manifold purpose, and would show our new citizens that we have their interests at heart and that we consider them as friends.

Z.Z.: The other day I was travelling by train between Perth and Fremantle. A very old gentleman sat in the same compartment with me, and he insisted in pouring into my ear his troubles. He was a very frayed old gent—very gar­raudious and very, very indigent. Listening to his experiences made me realise the vicious and unfair way in which the principles of preference to returned soldiers can operate. The old gent’s only younger brother had been killed at the war; he himself had tried to enlist, but was told politely to wait until the age limit was advanced to include men up to seventy years. At that particular moment my newly-found friend was off to Karakatta to visit the grave of his fallen soldier son who had fallen a victim to war disabilities. Up till recently the poor old man had been employed by the City Council, and he had been given the “boot” to make way for a returned soldier. Now, I’d like someone to tell me: (a) Is that the way the R.S.L. wants preference to returned soldiers? and (b) If the poor old bird had been one of the heads, would he have received such treatment?

VIOLETS: What have railway union officials to say to this:—The farmer, a fellow-worker, if he sends milk away by train, has to wait on the siding with his milk until the train arrives, and then help to load the cans. If it storms and rains, whether it is 9 p.m. or 3 a.m., or if he lives miles from the siding, he has to be there. Surely these folk who growl about the high cost of living would be better off if they met the producer half-way; they could lessen his expenses and provide some convenience for the transit of produce to market.

E.S.W.’s remarks (“I.P.” 19-5-22) anent Anzac Day and the “flannelled fools” raises the query. “Why have a holiday on Anzac Day?” Human nature will not permit us to devote a whole day to the thoughts of our dead, and, furthermore, it should not be permitted. The result would be that the nation would develop into a community of mauldin sentimentals. I favour the abolition of the holiday and the substitution of the two minutes’ silence. My reasons are that by the holiday Australia loses 12,000,000 working hours, and that the two minutes’ silence is the most impressive and beautiful tribute a nation can pay its dead army of heroes. Let us roll up our sleeves and work. “Production.”

If some good power the gift would give us, to see ourselves as others see us, then “Paleface” would also see that it wasn’t exactly good taste, &c., to write his very humorous “verse” when trying to get criticism on a much-discussed subject.

By the way, I enjoyed his verse immensely. If he ridicules a subject he must expect a like response.

The very ideas “Paleface” ridiculed most (observation and suggestion) are the ones he bites biggest on, when he’s used as a concrete example. Can he be so contradictory? Child study will show that when subjects are numerous or have the appearance of being numerous, the child’s mind is on the “clock” and also that continuous study (varied or otherwise) in longer periods than two hours, is very detrimental to the child. I regret if I led anyone to believe I recommend continuous study for a longer period than that, as nothing can be further from my mind, and I believe I only suggested the total time each day which should be devoted to each subject.

Again I say, let “Paleface” take the whole piece as it is written, and criticise and make humour of it, etc., but when he gets an equal reply, don’t moan.

VIOLETS.

Mr. W. M. Richards, secretary of the Tarwonga Sub-branch of the League, asks the following questions relating to soldiers’ selections:

(1) Are all soldier settlers entitled to five years exemption of rent? (2) Also exemption of stamp duty, and in cases where same was paid before the Act was passed should it be refunded? (3) On what terms is the principal (purchase money) to be repaid? Does the Act provide that in some cases portion of the principal be repaid during the first three years? (5) Are any concessions granted to R.S. when selecting Crown lands?

Mr. W. N. Reid, of Barrack-st. (date of the Soldiers’ Settlement scheme), has very kindly supplied the following answers:

(1) Selections from the Crown are rent free for five years. Land acquired by transfer of title must be paid for in five years.
(2) All fees and stamp duties are reduced to R.S., but no refund of any amount paid before the Act was passed; (3) Interest only payable during first five years, redemption payments commence with 6th year (total period 30 years), then repayments of principal start. (4) Repayments of principal for 3 years then repayments of principal start.
(5) Any land held by returned soldiers under C.P. conditions is reduced 50 per cent. in price.

McWhae (Agent-General, Vic.) spent 17 days touring Europe last month, and whilst in Berlin secured the services of a courier. He sought the poorest quarters, and was unable to trace any writer of poverty. No indication was to be seen of hardship, and the working folk were excellently clad and well fed, nor was any unemployment to be found.
Humorosities

At his pension review he painfully raised his arm about half-way to his shoulder to demonstrate to the medical officer how his arm affected him. "Is it worse than at your last review?" queried the doc. "Yes, it's getting much stiffer and more painful these days," was the reply. "Ah! it's not too good, I can see. How high could you lift it before?" "Oh, right up here, sir!" and the digger raised his arm up in line with his shoulder.

An equestrian was proceeding along with his face towards his horse's tail, and was wearing (among other things) a solemn expression. A passer by hailed him to learn whether he was an army guard to some circus, but his reply soon dispelled the illusion. The horseman's response being: "Ah! I've had ill luck the last few days. Before starting Ah dropt my axe-saxophone in the wee bit horse's chip!"

As yet a major, Tommy Todd sauntered along the Strand in search of information. He soon came on a knot of soldiers in hot dispute. The party was composed of an English officer and two of the "Tenth" on leave. When T.T. of the 10th arrived on the scene and accosted the men to saluting and complained to Major Todd that these men would not salute him. "That's nothing," quoth the genial Tom. "The b——s won't salute me, let alone anyone else."

When the "Twenty-sights" were back spelling just out of St. Omir, their then C.B. (now deceased) inaugurated a system of saluting. The orderly officer had to promenade past the platoon carrying salutes with an orderly sergeant in his wake taking down offenders' names. The troopers got their heads together and arranged a counter move. As soon as the C.O. showed his nose out of his quarters the news spread, and men poured from all quarters to pass and salute him. He soon resembled an eccentric windmill in action, and saluting was allowed to drop very shortly afterwards.

In a French cafe two Aussies were seated, and they wanted a supply of cake to finish their repast, but did not know what to call it in French. One of them noticed some of the desired commodity on another table at which a couple of French officers were seated, so he boldly went across, and, pointing to the cake, used the well-known phrase, "Quelle c'est?" The reply was something of a knock back: "I should call it cake."

He was a hospital case sweating on his turn to go to Blighty. A new patient was placed in bed beside him, and soon they became friendly. Patient No. 2 questioned the other on the art of faking his condition so as to be able to get to Blighty too. "Oh!" said No. 1, "I just half-inched the sister's hyperdermic syringe and injected some meths, spirits under the knee to respond "spongistically." Some time later, for patient No. 2, was a medical officer sent to investigate a suspected case of malinger ing.

H.C.S.: It was the early days of the Aussies in France. We were at Fleurbaix. A very comfortable piece of the firing line. Yes! Very comfortable. So comfortable that even the Divi. Gen. was in the habit of visiting the front line.

Fritz was very liberal with gas and one had to wear a gas helmet—P.H., you know the sort, like a sugar bag turned upside down, with windows and a mouth-piece—They smelt! Orders were very strict about wearing gas helmets, and at first that.

One very bright morning the Divi. Gen. was strolling linewards, when he suddenly discovered that he had forgotten his gas helmet; at the moment he was passing a Q.M.'s store, so dropped in with the enquiry, "Could you lend me a gas helmet?" "Yes, sir," said the Q.M., "take mine." With that he reached up and took down a gas mask which was hanging from a nail in the wall.

The General resumed his journey and presently a runner hove in sight on the "chif-chafs." With a feeling of delight the General noticed that he was without a gas helmet, and, as the youth saluted, the General rapped out, "Where's your gas helmet?" "Sir," said the youth, "I was in a hurry coming away, and left it in my dug-out," "Do you know how to put one on?" questioned the officer. "Yes, sir," said the dig., and commenced to explain the movements, but the General cut him short. "You're wrong. This is the way: 'One!'" The General seized his satchel with his right hand and swung it to the front. "Two!" he proceeded to undo the buttons. "Three!" he dived his hand in and pulled out a pair of dirty sox.

The dig. grinned. The General scowled and said: "Carry on, my man." I never heard the Q.M.'s fate.

On June 7th, at the Soldiers' Institute, an annual general meeting of the 5lst Battalion Association was held.

The 44th held a reunion. The Battalion Association combined with the Ladies' Auxiliary in staging a concert and arranging a dance. This event was to commemorate the departure of the Battalion for service six years ago.

The Wingies and Stumpies are holding a smoke social on Wednesday, 21st June, at King's Hall, Newcastle-street. Particulars are obtainable from S. O'Grady, at the Association office in Hay-street.

The 27th Battalion held a smoke social on Friday last, being the seventh anniversary of the unit's sailing overseas.
THE R.S.L. AND ITS NEED FOR PASTURES NEW

By H. May

-Those closely associated with the activities of the Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' League, the fact is apparent that, in order to at least maintain its present membership, and in anticipation of the number of members being increased, the time is close at hand when serious consideration will have to be given in regard to widening its sphere of operations. To date, the R.S.L. has been able to proudly point out to its critics the many benefits that have been secured for the "Diggers'" by its influence, principally in the nature of securing the adjustment of the hundred and one anomalies in both Defence and Repatriation Departmental matters, by perpetuating the bonds of comradeship born amidst the greatest struggle the world has ever known, and by ever keeping a watchful eye to the welfare of the dependants of those who gave their "ALL." All these things have tended to create the necessary enthusiasm that has been the means of keeping the organisation in existence. Now, however, with the work of the Defence Department as affecting the returned soldier having practically ceased, the work of the Repatriation Department fast becoming a thing of the past, it is really worth while, in fact necessary, to encourage suggestions relative to the League so amending its constitution as to allow of it being brought into line with other bodies similarly organised. In the past, whenever mention has been made of the R.S.L., taking up public matters, the officials have always pointed out the stumbling block that is contained within the constitution of the League, and to date no combined serious move has been made to have the position changed. Certainly at the last State Conference, be it to the credit of the Kalgoorlie Sub-branch, efforts to move in this direction were made by inserting in the agenda paper resolutions passed by the aforementioned sub-branch in favour of the League entering the political arena. Had this resolution contained no mention of forming a political party, but simply suggesting the League should take up public questions of the day only, there is no doubt the subject would have had a greater number of supporters at the last Conference. But at the present time it is a matter of opinion whether the League should take up politics, it is quite feasible that it would be to its advantage to debate political matters, not necessarily allying itself to any political party, but remaining an independent mediator, and with the strength of the League considerably added to by the anticipated increased membership which would result through widening its sphere of activities, there is no doubt it would be able to assert its views in no uncertain voice, and with active and respected leaders, it would have an influence and a powerful and influential factor in the land. For instance, take the question of immigration, which to-day is one of the foremost problems agitating the minds of our public men, who can say that the scheme is anywhere near being perfect? As a matter of fact, there is something drastically wrong with the method of selection and subsequent placing of the immigrants. That is where the League can come in as a cosmopolitan body, as the Returned Soldiers' League, which comprises men with practical knowledge of conditions prevailing both in England and Australia, the subject of immigration might well be debated by the League, thereby enabling useful suggestions arising from such deliberations being placed before those in authority. The subject of immigration is given as an illustration of likely channels whereby the League could actively interest itself, and there is no earthly reason why the constitution should not be amended to allow of this being done. Like all other bodies, the League is necessarily in sympathy with the times, and broaden its views accordingly, and to those returned men who are giving their time and thought to the welfare of the League the suggestion contained herein must appeal.

Regimental Histories

Some months back the Commonwealth Government issued details of a scheme intended to encourage and assist ex-members of the A.I.F. to combine and publish the records of their several units. Unfortunately, the assistance offered by the scheme does not extend beyond conferring patronage and providing a limited supply of official maps and photographs. The financial burden is left to be borne by the ex-members themselves, and the present-day cost of printing and publishing has prevented anything being done by those Unit Associations which are still in their infancy as organisations.

The Trustees of the Public Library of Western Australia, with whom are deposited the official records of the State, have now taken the matter up. They desire that a comprehensive account of what Western Australian men did at the recent war shall form part of the archives, and they have planned to co-operate with the various Associations to that end. They have been enabled to complete their arrangements largely owing to the sympathy and practical support which has been extended to them by the Hon. the Premier and also by the present Acting Premier.

The first result of the efforts of the Trustees will shortly appear in a volume dealing with the history of the 28th Battalion, covering the period from the date of its formation up to the time that it landed in France. This has been compiled by Colonel H. B. Collett, its first commanding officer, and describes the life and scenes which the men of that famous unit encountered during the first twelve months of its existence. The narrative will be found full of interest—incident and anecdote abounding—and is couched in language free from those technicalities which are usually a feature of military records. The appendices, which contain brief records of over 1,500 soldiers who had joined prior to the Battalion leaving Egypt for the second time, will be found especially interesting. Close attention has also been given to the illustrations, which comprise some ten maps or plans and about 60 photographs.

The arrangement with the State Government provides that the volumes as published shall be made available to the public at cost price, plus only the expense of handling. There will be no private profit.

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

The Editor discourses on current digger topics

The editorship of this journal has been conducted by Mr. Maurice Zeffert, as previously announced, right from the inception until the issue of our last number, and it is with much regret that we have to acquaint our readers of the fact that his business demands so much of his time that he has found it necessary to resign.

Compensation is derived, however, from the fact that Mr. Zeffert will not dissociate himself entirely from this venture, but, on the contrary, will be actively connected with us in the capacity of Hon. Sub-Editor, and we shall still be supplied with much of his entertaining matter.

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Peculiar C.P.O. Tactics

P.G.R.—Have we communists, Huns, or what in our G.P.O.? We know they wouldn't stretch a point for the returned soldiers in relation to the "I.P.\" but it's funny how they like putting the gun into patriotic stunts. My second personal experience is this: Being quite satisfied that there is an underrun coming at work to the detriment of our Empire and our State, I enquired if I could be of use to the Empire Loyalty League, and they kindly forwarded me ten badges and a pledge, etc., book, so I could get a few more willing workers for this good cause. Now, the point is this: I had to pay £s. 10d. because our patriotic P.O. inspectors or someone said this packet contained correspondence. This is the correspondence on the book which are written instructions the same as are printed on any art union, etc., book, and which in this case reads: "Please insert number of each badge on back of book. Stubs for men. Brooches for ladies." Nothing more nor less was written. The next thing I expect to hear of—and it's a wonder they haven't noticed it before—is that the instructions on medicines will be considered correspondence if sent through the post. But what has me seriously thinking is, when I send the book back, must I pay letter rates? I've asked the organiser of the E.L.L. to frame this philatelic gem, together with a letter of explanation from P.M.G.'s Department, and to hang it up in the League's rooms, as a reminder to all members and visitors that the P.O. officials will willingly stretch a point or two in the wrong direction if a patriotic thing is concerned.

P.G.—The New Zealand Order-in-Council extended their copyright privileges to America, and now America has extended her copyright laws, 1919, to New Zealand. Of course New Zealand is a separate State and can do all these things for its own good without interference. The next I hope to hear is that Westralia has extended her patent laws, etc., with similar results to the N.Z. experiment. Why should we tie ourselves down? Why try and clinch a ladder with our hands tied behind our backs? Let us break the shackles.

"Violets."—Once again the outsider sees more in our State than do ourselves. Mr. J. A. Leshockey and Dr. J. Hellemare are so pleased with their impressions of W.A. that they intend to extend their visit another week and to look round further. Amongst others, Mr. De Garis's work has attracted them, and they are going to see what group settlement in right hands and without red-tape can do. What can or will we give for a few more De Garises? Our politicians would certainly give them a kick in the tail, but W.A. would welcome them. Just shows how much our politicians care for the State once they are sure of their screw.
THE LISTENING POST.

JUNE 16, 1922.

COLOUR
(By "Monoped.")

Discussion regarding Asiatic immigration was modified during the visit of Mr. Sastry, the Indian Government's delegate, yet, notwithstanding his persuasive and euphonious utterances, no rash promise appears yet to be made. We have to contentiously place before ourselves the position which would result to future generations if any concession were approved. In this matter there is food for much thought, and those advocates for Asiatic labour in our workshops and territory will rightly bring the curse of poverty if their projects gain any sway.

For an example of the type of disability likely to ensue as a result of extending too cordial a greeting to the coloured folk, examine the position in New Zealand. The Returned Soldiers' Association has had to take a hand in matters, and at Wellington, on 11-6, at the Annual Conference, it was resolved—"That the return of Asiatics under the present legislation is a serious menace to the country and has become highly prejudicial to the moral standard of the Dominion, in view of the fact that their mode of living makes it possible for them to enter into unfair competition with returned soldiers and workers, and this Conference urges upon the Government to prohibit any further influx of these undesirable immigrants."

It is not only desirable to give attention to proposed developments, but it also behoves us to consider, with the New Zealand digger, the matter of "General Immigration," which affects us the more vitally. The N.Z.R.S.A. does not confine its activities to those regarding the personal weal of the soldier only, and so we see that body of men gathered together as an influential Association, making useful and active the betterment of their country generally. They have entered into a discussion on the matter of Empire migration, and have endorsed the movement with their approval; also they have brought into action in the matter of improving the system of selection—the discontinuance of nominations, and the question of providing agricultural training and employment for the immigrants.

Football Notes
(To "One-Eyed.")

T. Soutar (W.P.), 10th L.H., the popular captain of the "cardinals," commands a fine team. East Perth were rather denied, during the visit of Mr. Sastry, whose present form is maintained West Perth will have a good chance for the premiership.

Hoft (L.) retains his pre-war brilliance. He was star performer of the 44th Batt., when the diggers played inter-battalion matches at Neve Eglise, not far from Ascot Terrace.

Halliday (L.), also of the 44th Batt., has signalled his return to big football by displaying good form, and is fast becoming the Halliday of pre-war days, when he was easily the League's best goal-kicker.

V. Harold (E.P.) (Dental Unit) is showing consistently good form, and is one of the most reliable backs in the game.

W. Hilton (E.P.) (A.M.C.) played a splendid game against West Perth, and was a thorn in their side throughout the game. His aerial efforts were fine.

East Fremantle's "strong" man, has not yet returned to last season's form, although he is marking and kicking well. His superfluity of avoidiropus is troubling him. We recommend thirteen times round the track each training night.

Digger E. Riley (E.F.) has "come back," and has given an old-time exhibition. Time was when E. Riley used to pull 'em down from the clouds, and was a popular idol of football supporters.

Diggor McGillay (South Fremantle) had bad luck to injure his knee in the first match of the season. He is still out of the game, and Souths are losing a good player and skipper.

East Fremantle's star, after shining brightly for the last fifteen years or so, must be on the wane. They have lost the last four matches, and are now in the unaccustomed position (for them) of fifth or sixth on the premiership list.

Perth must surely have a record for returned soldier players. Three seasons ago they fielded a team consisting of seventeen ex-service men, and even now they have at least a dozen.

"Camelot": In April, 1917, we, the 1st Battalion Imperial Camel Corps, were withdrawn from the front line for a period of 3 months, and spread along the Suez Canal between Kantara and Suez. We were the last to leave, and then, after a few days, went into camp, on duty, leaving the first match of the season open to the very sands, exposing Jacko's fully clothed carcass to view.

Our patrol took us past this mortal shell, and many times did it force us to cogitate on the problems of life and death confronting us.

Eventually our time came to move forward again and do battle in all seriousness, and we were relieved by a battalion of Indians.

We were handing over our duties and showing the new comers our patrol, when we came to our defunct Jacko, one of the Indians dismounted and searched through the clothing. Ye gods and little fishes! and diggers short of cash—try to purchase us looking with a locked mouth at that Indian as he counted his gains, which amounted to about £40!

WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
J. R. Butler, D.C.M., (ex State Secretary) has been appointed as a member of the War Service Homes Adjustment Board.

A Conference of Metropolitan Sub-branch representatives met recently and resolved: (1) That a religious ceremony should form part of Anzac Day celebrations; (2) That collections should be taken up for the benefit of soldiers and soldiers' relatives; (3) That a uniform time should be instituted for the ceremony in the metropolitan area; (4) That, whenever possible, lecturers to school children should precede Anzac Day.

Balingup Sub-branch advise that the members have inaugurated a trading concern in the nature of co-op. Various departments are formed for the diggers, and by the combined purchases being made through the one channel, a considerable saving is effected. Fertilisers and groceries show such an appreciable margin of saving that the yearly sub for the League is readily provided. This business has been responsible for many members joining the branch, and soon it is anticipated that the concern will not need to ask for subs, but they will pay them from its revenue. This scheme deserves emulation.

Gnowangerup Sub-branch.—A communication has been received from Gnowangerup asking for information as follows—(a) Plans or sketches of Memorial Halls or Institutes erected in the State. (b) Estimated cost and actual cost when completed. (c) Any information that would prove helpful in estimating what it would cost to erect a similar Memorial in this district. This is a matter in which those sub-branches which have already ventured in this direction could assist by supplying such information as they have available to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. S. Stewart.

The 44th Battalion reunion was held at Keogh's Hall on 26/5/22, and the election of officers for the ensuing 12 months was effected.

The War Patriotic Fund does not practise the patriotism for which its name stands symbol. The posters advertising the recent sale of land, etc., were printed by a firm with an un-British sounding name, instead of passing the matter to a soldier show.

South Perth Sub-branch held a smoke social for the entertainment of the voluntary workers at the recent carnival held at the Zoo to raise funds for the Fallen Soldiers' Memorial.

Little progress has been made by the Workers' Homes Board in the matter of War Service Homes. The Federal people appear at fault, as the latest advices show that the State has been provided with no funds for building or renovation; although with the power of attorney the State Department is proceeding with such preliminaries as it deems fit. If the Federal authorities have bitten off more than they bargained for, it is up to them to see it through without all this delay.

The Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' Employment and Aid Society was formed on the 2nd instant, with the object of taking active steps to procure employment for the workless diggers. Maimed men are the first consideration, and rightly so. Over 300 cases have been placed, and it is up to the State to do all in its power to assist this Society. There are many prominent and energetic citizens in the ranks of this body, and as the time is past for empty words, we may now expect that the ball will be kept rolling.

Advice has been received of the formation of Ladies' Auxiliaries to the Perth and West Guildford sub-branches. This movement savours of progress, and it is hoped that the step will be popular generally.

Mt. Lawley, North Perth, sub-branch report that on June 22nd, at the Lyceum Theatre a dance will be held. A strong ladies' committee is controlling the arrangements. A dance of exciting and a good supper is promised. The funds required are to be disbursed for deserving cases amongst soldiers and their dependants. The ladies' committee recently met to discuss the way and means of promoting the interests of the branch and soldiers generally.

The sub-branch expresses appreciation of the Commissioner of Public Service in placing a returned man in the job on the staff of the Workers' Home Board (W. S. H. Section).

The South Fremantle sub-branch is holding out the olive branch to all sub-branches in the Fremantle district, with the object of amalgamating into one big branch, with headquarters at the soldiers' institution held by those branches.

When this move was first mooted last year the South Portites met it with an antagonistic barrage. This new conciliatory spirit among the sub-branches at Fremantle is welcome, and will be the means of greatly increasing the R.S.I. membership, and it is expected that a keener appreciation of the interests of returned soldiers and their dependants will result.

Senator Pearce, during the course of an interesting address at an evening in his honor given by the members of the Mt. Lawley-North Perth sub-branch and their friends, gave members much food for thought. He held that Australia's chief internal danger lay in the marked apathy of its people regarding public affairs, and appealed to returned soldiers, as representing the best and broadest minded element of the community, to enter public life and take an added interest in matters of National and Imperial importance. He counselled returned soldiers to broaden the scope of their organisation so as to include discussions on world and Imperial problems, with a view to assisting in the deliberations of our governing powers and thus strengthening the hands of Australia's delegates to the various conferences.

The "Sunday Times" takes the Mt. Lawley sub-branch to task for entertaining Senator Pearce during his recent visit to W.A. On this occasion concern was expressed about a man's politics. In Senator Pearce it recognised an honest, sincere person, who has proved to be a capable administrator and who worthily upheld Australia's prestige at the Washington Conference. Unlike his cunning and brilliant chief, Pearce never has been a popularity seeker, but when one considers that the Australians, in spite of their immense transport difficulties, were the best fed, clothed and equipped forces engaged in the war, it certainly reflects credit on the person who controlled these matters. Pearce during his visit to us on our Sunday paper's pet core—secretion—and the resultant squeaks are hysterical.

I.C.C. writes.—The member for Narrogin has promised his whole-hearted support to the capitalisation of the first 5 years' interest.

The members of Narrogin sub-branch have been informed that the capitalisation is in the matter of retrenchment of returned men, and the local railway centre. Men with families are being put off and men with fewer obligations are retained. The Government of the interests of preference ignores entirely the fact of the soldiers having been away straining the Hun, whilst it provides a cheque for the person who should have thrown himself into the job when he should have been backing up. First on last off and vice versa is the policy, and in the circumstances many of the chaps consider they were prize goats to have served their country so honorably when this shabby treatment is meted out in return.

From the same pen.—The subscribers to the work entitled "Heroes of the Great War" have, in many cases, received their photographs copied, and in my opinion the unprinted manner of the faithful recipients are well warranted. If every guy whose photograph is displayed has contributed four shillings, then the publishers have done well out of these heroes.

(Ed.—It would be interesting to receive some of the subscribers' opinions on this matter.)

SPECIAL TO YORK RESIDENTS.

The "Listening Post" has been successful in securing the co-operation of Mr. Maurice Edwards, of Messrs. H. M. Edwards & Co.'s store, in their great cash campaign, and all diggers should avail themselves of the opportunities of the warlike recipients are well warranted. If every guy whose photograph is displayed has contributed four shillings, then the publishers have done well out of these heroes.

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PERSONALITIES

Ernie Hogg, late of 11th Battalion, has for the past 2 years earned the esteem of his fellow-officers at the Repat, in the capacity of Internal Auditor—not an easy matter. Recently he was the recipient of a farewell gift in the presence of the whole departmental staff. Col. Tinney eulogised the splendid public school spirit displayed in his different position. It is pleasing to note the occasion for his resignation was to take up a similarly responsible position on the staff of the “West Australian” newspaper.

Major Montague Brearley left for Europe on 1st June, and Perth lost a most popular violinist.

Jack White has been transferred from Perth to Bruce Rock by the management of the Agricultural Bank. The popularity Jack acquired in service is still one of his sterling possessions.

Col. Collett, of the 28th, has been busy to some purpose on the Battalion History. He has intimated to us that the first volume of this comprehensive record has been placed in the hands of the Government Printer. It is anticipated that copies will be available for distribution early in August. The first volume treats with the Battalion’s doings from the time of its formation until its arrival in France, and although some space is necessarily devoted to statistics, much interesting matter is woven into the theme.

Mr. R. F. Breakell, ex-10th L.H., and popular president of the M. Marshall branch, was married to Miss L. Hamence, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamence, of “Hillview,” Bengough, on June 17th.

Harold Ingle, the Perth footballer, does more to win matches for his side than many of the meteoric men who get puff parts written about them in our papers. Harold saw much active service with the 27th Battery.

Harry Bolton, the W.A. president of the R.S.L., has thrown his hat into the political ring, having signified his intention of opposing Frewer for the Perth seat. Harry is an experienced campaigner with sound commonsense views, and should poll well.

Mr. George Bee, the president of the South Fremantle sub-branch, R.S.L., is not merely a lip worker for the cause. In his capacity George is often found unsucessfully assisting some unfortunate digger in difficulties.

Returned men expect George Potter, M.L.A., to champion their interests at the seat of government.

Our sympathy is with Lionel Carter, M.L.A., owing to the recent loss of his father.

The Victoria Park sub-branch R.S.L. has ceased to exist, all their members having been transferred to the Perth sub-branch. Victoria Park is a large suburb, containing a big percentage of returned men, and it is to be regretted that their apathy has made this move necessary.

A valuable recruit to the South Fremantle R.S.L. is Chief Petty Officer Rhodes, who was recently transferred from Melbourne. He was the foundation member of the Williamstown branch, and before leaving Victoria was presented with a sword by the Victorian State branch.

The Right Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri was accorded a warm welcome in Perth, and explained his mission as delegate of the Indian Government to Australia. The purpose of his visit is to endeavour to obtain equal citizen rights for Indians resident in Australia.

The need for returned soldiers to stick together was never more urgent than at present. History is repeating itself! A large percentage of the people of Australia have already forgotten their obligations to the men who faced death and worse in order that Australia should retain her glorious freedom. When our fighting sons returned they were hailed with delight as conquering heroes. Our initial benevolence was then kept as a discipline, but as time has passed they have been gradually inculcating their noxious doctrines into receptive minds until we now find the sorry spectacle of men openly sitting, and showing, their antagonism in all matters affecting the welfare of returned soldiers.

We hold no brief for any particular class of the community. We loathe the loud-voiced lip patriot as much as we do the red rag wrecker. Our quarrel at present is with the Labour Unions. They have consistently fought the fair policy of preference to returned soldiers in every State in this Commonwealth. We admit that this State’s record in this respect is not a particular Rosa and in comparison with the records of some of the other States. In New South Wales the unions were responsible for the repealing of an Act of Parliament giving preference to diggers. We find now that the movement initiated by the Brisbane Trades and Labour Council to secure the deletion of preference to soldiers from all Arbitration Court awards has been adopted by the unions, who have agreed to appoint the necessary representatives to fight this principle before the court, and have empowered their advocate to employ legal assistance if necessary.

Further comment is needless. Think it over, diggers! If these matters do not affect you individually at present, they vitally affect thousands of your fellow-diggers, and the welfare of this fair land of ours. The need for returned soldiers to stick together was never more urgent than at present.

PALEFACE.—If this journal of yours is the “only one and only” “sole official organ of our League, that is in W.A., why on earth do I see in even the latest brand new telephone book “(‘Australian,” Official Organ R.S.L.? ” Now, from what I’ve heard, that journal was turned from R.-S.L. grace on account of party politics out of R.S.L. standing as it does for the returned soldiers’ weal, must remain undivided and must not be considered by the non-soldier public as belonging to any special faction. Such an instrument as that referred to above will give the public the impression that the paper is the mouthpiece of our League. Now, it is up to the “Australian” to communicate with the D.P.M.G. with a true picture of the matter adjusted; or failing this it seems to me that the R.S.L. has a call.

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

NOTE:

SON JACOBSEN
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"Excuse me, can you tell me where the Returned Soldier Printers are?"

"Certainly, I thought everyone knew that. They are at 70 King Street."

Imperial Printing Co. Ltd.,
RETURNED SOLDIERS SOLE SHAREHOLDERS

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WHEN DEALING WITH OUR ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY "I SAW YOUR ADVT. IN THE LISTENING POST."
SOLDIER SETTLERS!
YOU REQUIRE A LIVE WIRE IN THE CITY
to look after your interests

I'm the man

W. N. REID, (late Soldier Settlement Scheme),
10 SOUTH BRITISH CHAMBERS, 23 BARRACK STREET, PERTH
Telephone A 4449

VERSE

Oriel in the "Australian":—

Mr. Cotter, M.L.A., exhorted the mothers of Richmond not to rear sons who would one day be soldiers, and in a tirade against war he asked: "Would the soldiers go through all that again?" He was disconcerted by a shout of "Yes, yes; every time if it is necessary!" from a number of returned soldiers.

The world isn't full of selfish men, too ready to count the cost:

Who measure a cause in terms of pelf, and think there is naught well lost;

Who falter and halt and hesitate when there is a price to pay;

And grovel low as slaves in dishonour's slime, and whine for an easy way.

The stalwart sons of our Austral land are not of this craven crew,

There are men not deaf to their country's claims, to British traditions true.

There are arms and hearts that are stout as ayre, should the call of the nation come.

And tongues to answer a firm "We will" while the counter of costs is dumb.

Let comrades weigh up the pros and cons, and figure and calculate;

The nation knows a jot the worth of the man with a ciphered slate.

His logic proves that a price too high is paid for a valiant deed;

His "little bit" is a balance-sheet adverse to the hero breed.

So long, perhaps, as men are men, so long as the world shall roll;

There will dwell on earth, to shame his age, the man with the little soul.

But as oft as the whirling years shall bring their tasks and their problems grim,

The race will furnish a bigger man, entrusting the job to him.

SONNET

Envolved in darkness lay the waste of sea-Naught, save where glistening spray danced on the lea,

Disturbed the sombre aspect of the night,
'Till all the Orient awoke with light!

So sudden is the change in tropic zone
That 'tis enacted almost ere 'tis known!
But the vict'ry won by Saturn's ray—
Which leaves the sphere subjected to His sway—

Scarce emulatesthe conquest you had wrought
When first you favoured with a thought;
For darksome night my life would seem to be:

Until your smile had waked a day for me:

Loss bright life's joys than spray of night's dark wave.

And you sweetly voiced the thoughts you gave!

—L. GIBBONS

HOW VICTORIAcrosses ARE WON

SIX BRAVE DEEDS OF THE WAR.

Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary (now Second Lieutenant), 1st Irish Guards.—O'Leary is one of the famous men of the war, and the deed which won him the V.C. has no exact parallel. It was during the fight for the brickfields near Cuniebo on February 1st that this young soldier won the coveted distinction. The enemy were holding a succession of barricades, from which it was impossible to dislodge them by artillery fire at the moment they were discovered. O'Leary went forward practically single-handed against one such barricade, killed the five Germans who were holding it, and continued his victorious progress to the second barricade, which he captured after killing three of the enemy and making prisoners of two more. In this charge he distinguished himself by his coolness, his resourcefulness, and his indifference to danger, and by his action he undoubtedly saved many of his comrades from death, since the position which this small party of the enemy was holding offered them an opportunity of delivering an enfilading fire against the advancing company.

Lance-Corporal Albert Jacka, 14th Battalion, Australian Imperial Forces, was awarded the Cross for his gallantry on the night of May 19th-20th, at Courtenay's Post, in Gallipoli. Jacka was, with four other men, holding a section of trench, when the Turks made a most desperate attack against our front. His four comrades were killed or wounded, and the little section was rushed and occupied by seven Turks. Jacka attacked them single-handed and killed the whole party, five by rifle fire and two with the bayonet.

Sub-Lieutenant Warnferd, Royal Naval Flying Corps, won his decoration by an act of supreme daring. Exposed to fire of anti-aircraft guns, and with his petrol running short, Warnferd remained aloft in the vicinity of Ghent, waiting for the return of a raiding Zeppelin. In the light of dawn he swooped down in great elevation upon the huge machine, attacked it single-handed, destroyed the Zeppelin and all its crew by bomb and fire, and for this priceless service gained the gallant honour.

Jemadar Mer Dast, 55th Coke's Rifles, led his section with conspicuous bravery in the action at Ypres, on April 26th, 1915. When his officers were killed this gallant Indian took control, and not only organised the attack of his section, but when the British were forced back engaged them in their retirement under trying conditions with splendid skill and courage.

The ground across which he had to retire was swept by rifle and machine-gun fire. Nevertheless, with a splendid devotion to duty, he shepherded his little force back to the security of the British trenches.

Piper Daniel Laidlaw, 7th King's Own Scottish Borderers.—Piper Laidlaw, one of the pipers of the Kitchener units to secure the V.C., gave a splendid example of coolness and fearlessness at a critical moment. During the attack on Loos on September 25th, 1915, and when that attack was about to commence, Piper Laidlaw, seeing that his company was about to advance, and the moment which was the effect of his splendid example, he gave the word of order to his chief, and took the position which was in front of them. Piper Laidlaw continued playing his pipes until he was wounded.

Lieutenant Frederick William Campbell, 1st Canadian Battalion.—During the action at Ginchy on June 16th, 1915, Lieutenant Campbell took two machine-guns over the parapet of his trench and brought them to the Germans' first line, erected the guns and turned them upon the enemy, who were now advancing to retake the trench which Lieutenant Campbell and his men had seized, and though attacked by large numbers he maintained his position against bomb and rifle fire until he was relieved.

F.L.C.—Isn't it true that the Postal authorities woke up to the fact that the stamping of telegrams received for transmission is a waste of money? At the majority of post offices throughout the Commonwealth, it is the practice to place post stamps on all telegrams, and then immediately cancel them. Could not a great saving be made by supplying each office with a metal stamp, stating paid, and leaving a place for the insertion of the amount?

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

A chap had been thrown from a horse and his neck was broken. The body lay in a small room at the rear of the Hall in a small bush town in the South-West.

A hastily collected Court of Enquiry, comprising Jim (a J.P.) Goldie, Bill, and George, were going to examine the body and then bury it. The sight of the body was rather unnerving, so Jim suggested a nerve tonic up at the pub. They wandered up and had several, then returned to the corpse.

Jim was now feeling important. "But is he dead?" he repeated over and over again, and he rolled the body about with his foot. There was no response from the body, so they all reckoned he must he dead.

Having definitely decided that point, they adjourned to the pub to discuss matters and have some more tonic.

As there was no parson in the town, Goldie was elected to read the Burial Service.

Goldie was a little Pommy, with a 'Varsity education, and wore big glasses (in fact, he always drank beer in big glasses). He had been in Aussie some years, and experience, added to what he knew in England, made him about the Wittiest hard deer, Aussie or Pommy, I have ever met. He could look and speak (sometimes) like a saint, but he wasn't.

Goldie agreed to read the Service, and, after another round of tonic, reckoned they had better procure a hearse from somewhere.

They got outside just as young Paddy drove up in a rambling four-wheeler, with two wild-looking young horses doing their best to break away out of everything.

Jim reckoned it would do, in fact they all did, and Paddy, consenting with a broad grin, manoeuvred the turnout down to the Hall.

The corpse, in a roughly-made coffin, was slung in, and the not very dignified Court of Enquiry scrambled aboard, and away they went for the cemetery, at a good hand gallop. Half-way there, Goldie discovered they had no book, so the turnout was skillfully turned through the trees, the Court of Enquiry hanging on like firemen, and back they went putwards at the same breakneck speed.

Bill reckoned the affair was becoming real sport, and when he proposed some more tonic the others reckoned he was a good bloke.

Having secured a rather ragged church book and a clothes line from the publican, Goldie, who was feeling quite acute, bought some matches, and with these stuck in their faces at a jaunty angle, they went out, and as Paddy brought the hearse by, managed to scramble aboard, and away they went, followed and hidden by a cloud of dust.

As the horses wouldn't stand, Paddy reckoned they had better chuck the coffin out at the cemetery, and when they turned to go back, jump out themselves. This was done, and the Court of Enquiry reached the grave (an old tin prospector's shaft about nine feet deep) with the coffin.

Bill and George were to lower it when the coffin was within the edge line was passed under it and Bill and George held it suspended over the grave.

As they had all lost their hats by this time, there was no need to remove them.

Goldie opened the book and found the Burial Service was torn out, so he reckoned they would sing a hymn instead.

Holding his cigar in one hand, hymn-book in the other, Goldie commenced singing, using his cigar as a choirmaster's baton. He had a high, trembly, pathetic voice, and when Bill and George joined in, with bowed heads (they were still hanging on to the coffin) the effect was touching.

Jim remained silent. Tears were coursing down his cheeks, whether caused from the smoke of his cigar butt, still between his lips, or from emotion, I don't know, and when his turn came to sing he was completely swamped through the first verse he burst into a storm of weeping. At the end of the verse, Bill and George followed suit.

Goldie struggled manfully on for a line or two, but it was too much for a lone-some man's voice, he broke, and with a heart-rending sigh, he too wept.

Noticing Bill and George still hanging to the ropes, with the sweat pouring from them, he managed to gasp out "Let her go." They did; the coffin hit the bottom with a loud bang, and the two rope ex-tensions were relieved and straightened their aching backs. After some moments, they recovered their composure, and commenced walking back to the pub. All were silent, "four hearts with but a single thought," as they neared it, their spirits rose, and when they reached it the publican's spirits sank (with loud noises).

About ten days later, Jim was returning from cattle-hunting, and noticed several cows cut out of the cemetery, also a bad smell. Investigating, he discovered they had omitted to fill in the grave.

DON STORRIE.

THE LISTENING POST.

PAGE NINETEEN.

SOLDIERS' CHILDREN'S SCHOLARSHIP TRUSTS

Western Australia was the first to move in the direction of scholarships for deceased soldiers' children. A Trust was appointed in 1921, a branch of which the W.A. Branch has representation, the President being Lient. Col. C. Batthye, and the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. M. Foster. In August, 1921, the 5th annual conference was held at Government House, Perth, and according to the report of the proceedings, 126 scholarships had been granted to our comrades' children.

The commencement of this movement has its rise in the executive of the Friendly Union of Soldiers' Wives. The membership of this Union included a large number of wives who have been widowed by this war, and to whom the task of educating and placing in employment of their little ones bereft of husband and father, was an extremely difficult one.

The F.U.S.W. sought the aid of the R.S.L. both apprentices to give the Hon. the Minister for Education (Mr. H. P. Colebatch), who gave the movement his greatest sympathy and support. The Government granted annually, to the number of 20, scholarships for the children of fallen and incapacitated soldiers at once, and assured the deputation that as the need grew greater, as it assuredly would, so would the Education Department be prepared to meet the greater need.

Encouraged by this sympathy and interest, the deputation decided to continue as a committee of education, and approach the secondary schools and business colleges regarding further allotments.

This necessitated a permanent committee before the secondary schools were prepared with the aid of the R.S.L., and the necessary authority obtained. The nucleus of a permanent trust was formed, and the allotment of three members of the F.U.S.W. and four members from the R.S.L.

Colonel Batthye was elected president and Mrs. M. Foster, secretary of the trust.

The Secondary schools, the Business Colleges, the University, and the School of Mines entered into the scheme with the utmost enthusiasm, and the splendid result of their generosity is shown by the allotment of last year of scholarships covering a total of many thousands of pounds.

The Minister of Defence, in response to the request of the Trust, has set aside six percentages to the Royal Military College, Duntroon, for the sons of soldiers who return from service in a signed order. A similar concession has been made by the Minister of State for the Navy in regard to the entrance for the Royal Naval College, Jervis Bay.

A phase of the work of the Trust that has had so far good results, is that of the apprenticing of the children to approved trades and callings. So far, this has been accomplished by the aid of the Employers' Federation, who granted priority of preference to the children of fallen and totally incapacitated soldiers when appointing apprentices.

In a few words, the objective of the Trust is to see that the children of our brave soldiers and sailors shall be given a chance to develop on the lines that shall be of the greatest benefit to themselves, and therefore to the nation. Thus the children of our men who have fought and paid their debt to Empire, either with their life or health, shall be tended with that care which is their due.

The 56th Battalion have given a bursary of £5 per year for two years to the son of a fallen soldier. The 44th Battalion workers have contributed the sum of about £200 to form an annual bursary for the children of fallen 44th Battalion soldiers.

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

The battalion had moved to Steinweirk, a little village on the Flemish border, and well up in the Forward Area. Arriving about mid-afternoon, they had pitched camp, and then were free to do as they chose. A company was quartered in a one-time farmyard. It was not a large yard, and most of it was shell-holes, and there had been some difficulty in settling the men together. But it was a worse battalion A.S.C. detachment than had been allotted to the yard also, and horses and limbers lining the boundaries restricted space. Fritz had arranged to show the men to each bivouac-place and tail—and by joining several ground-sheets together so as to take up less room, the men had managed to quarter themselves more or less comfortably. It still wanted half an hour to sundown when the final arrangements were concluded, and as the day had been one of those wild, sunny ones that occurred about once a month in Flanders, "A" Company decided to take advantage of the few remaining minutes of light to hold a "clothing inspection."

Johnnie was to be seen seated on his pack in front of his "bivvy," his under-shirts in his hand, and the cloth over his shoulders. The shirt he was subjecting to a close and rigid scrutiny; indeed he was engrossed in it, turning it over occasionally with painstaking care, and his eyes shone with further emotion, the expression. Some score of other diggers could be seen in similar postures, all similarly engaged. The rest of "A" Company were everywhere engaged in similar occupations. Doubtless occupied in the same rapt task, all oblivious to everything on the Western Front but the condition of their under-clothing.

Slowly the sun dropped to the skyline, and the string of observation balloons above glowed for a moment in a yellow light. They too, passed into shadow, and the first of the ponderous machines began to swing downwards. Their shadowed outline, a black shadow of homing aeroplanes droned their way south, glittering brightly in the last rays of the sun. The rumble of artillery to the north began to increase as the coming of night was commanded—Hill Sixty-three and the ride to the right emerged into shadow and—

Came the stageca call of a bugle, sharp and commanding, bringing an excitation from Johnnie: "Silence! That's the alarm," and amid the general commotion and bustle of the men awakening to the realities of their calling, the sergeant-major's voice, roared: "Fall in A Company, at the double!"

Shirts were hastily donned, and men began to move for their equipment and camp.

Sergeant Smith appeared striding down the lines, buckling on his apparel as he came.

"Out on the road number three platoon; shake it up!"

Number three platoon straggled out on the road. Fritz Smith was in charge, carrying, half dragging their equipment. They formed a double line out on the road, and the sergeant was about to call the platoon to attention when he espied one man still standing near his "bivvy," with his shirt in his hand, and looking out on the scene apprehensively.

"Here, Jinkson, what the— are you done?"

"Don't want to go, sergeant," Jinkson spoke dubiously, in a low voice.

"You don't what? Hurry up and take your place man. Put your shirt on; it's getting cool.

Jinkson still remained standing, and when he spoke his voice was still low, but decisive.

"I'm not going, sergeant."

Sergeant Smith stared aghast. Recovering a little he drew a deep breath, and the waiting platoon stiffened expectantly.

"You—"

But the appearance of Captain Fessawi, the adjutant, prevented further speech and the sergeant, stifling the words that rose to his lips, saluted smartly.

"What's the trouble now, sergeant?"

"This man refuses to fall in, sir."

"I'm— and the Captain glowered at Jinkson. "Well, we haven't got time to speak now. Hold on the left there, double off to guardroom, and bring an escort!"

Johnnie happened to be "odd man on the left," and he felt somewhat dismayed on being singled out for the duty. For he had not the remotest idea as to where the escort was to be located. Fortunately, he stumbled upon their quarters in the first place he halted at—the pigsty, in the rear of the officers' mess.

Meanwhile the Adjutant had been informing the platoon as to why the alarm had been sounded. An emergency call had come from H.Q. Fritz, it seemed, was trying to break through on the west of Piagestreet Wood, and the battalion was to go up and help repel the attack.

Johnnie and his escort appeared as the ammunition was being served out. He regretted being in the line; Jinkson was marched away to the "sits," and after assuring himself that every man had his emergency rations with him, Captain Fessawi stalked away into the dusk—and in the direction of the next platoon.

And as the last glimmer of light in the west faded, number three platoon swung away to join the rest of the battalion.

The following day found the men back in camp again; they had marched half the night, and still somewhere near No Man's Land, and then had to march back again during the other half of the night; very sore in heart, mind, and body. The alarm had been a false one, and no one seemed to know exactly what had happened. One thing was sure—two things—Fritz hadn't broken through, and the war was still on.

Mid-afternoon again, and Johnnie was doing escort duty at the battalion orderly-room. Jinkson, it seemed, had been in charge of ceremonies and the name of Jinkson had just been called. That worthy fell in between Johnnie and another, and the sergeant uttered the usual formula:

THE LISTENING POST.

JUNE 16, 1922.

"Hey, off, Jinkson. Pris'n'and—escort—sh! Quick march!" and the party entered the orderly-room—in this instance Madam's washhouse.

Seated at a table were Col. Duff, and the Adjutant, Captain Fessawi—president and clerk of courts respectively. Quite a scanty court indeed, and for the benefit of the uninitiated it would be as well to remember that in the absence of a Prisoner's Friend (counsel for the defendant) it is the duty of the president of a court why you refused to fall in on parade?" a just trial.

The escort halted, facing the table, and whilst Sergt. Smith stated his case, Col. Duff listened attentively, and Captain Fessawi gave his attention to a sheet of paper before him, on which he was writing at a furious pace. He was a large man, with dark features, bristling moustache, and fierce eyebrows—and expression. He did everything furiously, even to speaking, for his voice was deep, fierce, and laconic.

After listening to the sergeant's particulars, Col. Duff turned to Jinkson, somewhat at a loss with himself.

"Well, my man, and what have you got to say for yourself?"

Silence, while Jinkson fidgeted uneasily.

"Come, Jinkson. Let us hear what you have to say. When you became a soldier you knew you were going into some danger, surely, and I want to know on what principle you refuse to fall in on parade? The Colone's voice was quiet and kind, yet he watched Jinkson curiously as he spoke. Jinkson still remained silent, and the president—of-court went on, 'I must have some explanation, Jinkson. I don't want to send you away if I can help it, but you have committed a serious breach of discipline, and unless you can satisfactorily explain your conduct, I must evacuate you as useless.'

There was another pause, during which the scratching of the Adjutant's rapidly-moving pen was the only sound heard. At last Jinkson looked up and began to speak slowly:

"Well, sir—the other night I had a dream—"

"Yes?" from the Colonel, as the man halted.

"In my dream," Jinkson's voice was calm now, "I thought I saw God and the devil fighting for possession of my soul—"

Here the feroceous Captain paused in his writing to look up and ejaculate, in a way that suggested the answer to be of vital importance.

"Who won?" And his head bent, and the pen raced on again.

Jinkson looked doubtfully from the Colonel to the Captain, and just as doubtfully back to the Captain to the Colonel. He went on:

"God won, sir—"

"How many rounds?" again a query shot from Captain Fessuw's lips, and again the pen stopped, and then raced on.

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Jinkson paused awhile. Colonel Duff delivered a surmptuous kick in the direction of the adjutant's legs, the while he frantically blew his nose. Sergeant Smith and the escort seemed to be on the point of bursting, as though with some inward consummation—and the president decided to put "finis" to the proceedings.

"Well, Jinkson," he said, "if your conscience won't allow you to go along with your cobbers, I must send you back. You'll be evacuated right away. March back, Sergeant!"

Sergeant Smith gave the necessary orders, and Jinkson and his escort marched off, and when almost out of earshot a faint burst of laughter floated to them from the direction of the orderly room.

Dusk again, and Johnnie was standing at the entrance to the "Farmyard" gazing pensively in the direction of the railway. Down the road he could just see, in the shadows, Private Jinkson and his escort to the base, marching towards the station.

And grey-haired men of the adjutant's staff turned back. Jinkson paused awhile. Colonel Campbell said, "If your conscience won't allow you to go along with your cobbers, I must send you back. You'll be evacuated right away. March back, Sergeant!"

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To Johnnie came his bosom pal, Dick Marchant.

"Hey, Johnnie! What sort of luck did Jinkie have? Did he spin a good tale?"

"Yes," and Johnnie related Jinkson's story. Then he paused.

"Well?" inquisitively from Dick, for Johnnie had not told him of the result.

Johnnie turned slowly and gazed down the road. Johnnie had his escort had disappeared. He turned back again to his friend, and his countenance bore an expression of mingled admiration and disgust. Then he spoke:

"It worked," in a tone of laconic finality, and marched off in the direction of the "Farmyard" bordering on a state of collapse.

Diggers.

PROPORTION OF EMPLOYMENT FOR UNEMPLOYED.

A deputation of unemployed returned men waited on the Minister for Railways (Mr. J. Scaddan). The deputation represented the Citizens' Committee.

The Minister was asked to arrange that the work on tramway and railway matters be distributed equally between the unemployed sponsored by the Trades Hall and returned soldiers represented by the deputation.

The secretary of the A.L.P. offered no objection, and consequently the Railways and Tramways Departments were instructed to engage men on that basis. It was further arranged that jobs on which at normal times boys would be employed would be given to disabled men.

** STEPS TAKEN TO SECURE EMPLOYMENT. **

The Government appears to be manfully exerting itself to provide work for the returned men, and there is only the danger of the construction work and maintenance work being carried out by the Railways and Tramways respectively encouraged from the country. This is a most undesirable development, and it would be disastrous if the country unemployed rushed to the attraction of the city employment. The Government might, in some of its other departments, create work in the country to a far better purpose than the present movement is likely to prove.

There are various stretches of beautiful virgin country, and many settlers await the completion of the new group of Group Settlement. This is an avenue which would absorb countless men, and at the same time would be a method of improvement which would eventually augment the Treasury funds.

The Sailors' and Soldiers' Aid and Employment Society is working to avoid centralisation, and steps are being taken to find suitable employment in the same district in which the men are resident. The various town councils and local governing bodies are co-operating with the Society to this end.

At the Perth Sub-branch it was arranged that the President (Mr. Longmore) be authorised to interview the Commissioner of the Repatriation Department on the question of disbanding the classes for vocational trainees.

It was considered advisable at this juncture to close down these classes and thus throw a further number into the ranks of the unemployed. These men are not fully efficient at their trades, and the acute position would naturally become more severe above all propositions we can add. As a low a cost and margin of profit as we possibly can, and get a good overseas trade. Many concerns are tittering now, where will these many workers be if the country could get a "bed in better than no bread?" so let us look things squarely in the face and each one of us do our bit now, as there are better times coming. Whatever the work nor the employer is in the wrong. My honest opinion is that worker, employer, and farmer should work together, and out that person who takes the difference between the 8 per cent. the farmer receives and the 100 per cent. the worker has to pay for it, as mentioned in another part. Capital, labour, and pioneer must work together to out the parasites.

Miss Ethel Campbell.

TO THE GENERAL SERVICE REINFORCEMENTS, A.I.F.

(Originally written for Carmichael's Thousand).

Here's luck, brave reinforcements! Australians true and bold,

You'll give the Hun the "dinkum oil"
The Anzacs gave of old

You'll add new bays of glory
To Australia's peerless name,
For new recruits are on the tide
And off to play the game.
In your ranks are men of Anzac,
Who have stanch'd the old flag, before,
And those now waiting for the doctor.
Who've been turned down twice galore,
What matter if they're fit or not?
They're of the Anzac breed,
Their spirit must they keep,
And they're "there" in England's need!
They're "there" to take the places
Of the strong men gone before,
They're "there" the boys of seventeen
Who gave their age as more,
And grey-haired men of fifty
Who put their trust in God—
For nothing stops an Aussie
When he wants to do his whack.

R.—A little thing I saw in a paper the other day, and which comes from an American journal and is written by somebody who had something to do with making sausages, may be worth writing here. It will also be well to remember what I said about the Hun undercurrent attacking us. Well, the writer in this journal suggested that as the White Australia policy did not seem to make much headway in the way of populating this vast continent, why not ship the few million whites now here to, say, Canada and South Africa, and perhaps absorb the surplus millions of coloured people who make better use of it, and thereby getting them all mixed up in an isolated corner of the globe, and letting them fight out their arguments and thus preventing the threatening invasion of coloureds to America?

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