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The Season of Good Will

Another year is drawing to its close without bringing us perceptibly nearer that millennium of peace on earth which is so earnestly desired by men of every race and creed. At the same time the route march of the months has not led to the orgy of slaughter envisioned in the public utterances of those responsible for the verbal barrages against Mars and all his wicked ways. That is not to say that on two occasions during the year war was averted only by the level-headedness of statesmen in the countries directly concerned. The first of these was the assassination of Dr. Dolfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, and the second, the Marseilles murders. Each was a serious blow to the cause of peace. In the former instance the guarantee of Austria’s independence by Britain, France and Italy, warded off the danger for the time being. In the second, the murder of King Alexander, the far-sighted monarch whose life work was the unification of his own kingdom, and the establishment of cordial relations with neighbouring Balkan States, has interrupted but not necessarily rendered impossible an entente between France and Italy on the one hand and the Danubian countries on the other, which would have preserved the peace of Europe for many years to come.

Notwithstanding the present bitterness between Yugo-Slavia and Hungary, there are many indications that the far-sighted policy of King Alexander and M. Barthou, a policy which has the moral support of Britain, and which is not calculated to offend other nations, will be continued. The trend of events leads one to infer that the statesmen of the world believe that peace can be maintained only by collective action, whether by the League of Nations as a whole or by groups of nations acting very much as sub-committees act on organisations such as the State Executive of the R.S.L. The pacts concluded, the mutual understandings established, and the concessions made here and there, are all steps towards the common goal, and, as was pointed out during the course of a discussion in the British House of Commons, the aloofness of American and the detachment of Germany and Japan from the League of Nations have not shaken Britain’s faith in the value of collective action.

On the other hand, wholehearted supporters of the League of Nations deplore group action in which they see a return to the older diplomacy, which was based on the concept of a balance of power. But it should be remembered that foreign ministers of European countries have been trained in the traditions of the older diplomacy and so far no effective substitute for those traditions has been found. It is clear that the older diplomacy which concerned itself with the balance of power did preserve the peace more often than it plunged nations into war. Present conditions would appear to the detached observer a conscious effort to apply old methods to new ends.

The most ominous signs of the times are the rearmament of Germany, now an accomplished fact, and the policy of Japan. It is difficult to reconcile these with peaceful protestations and it is obvious that they have rendered general disarmament impossible for the time being. But, the charges against wicked armament makers to the contrary notwithstanding, armaments are not a cause of war but a symptom of the fear and mutual distrust which provokes war. Concerning the failure of disarmament plans it is interesting to read the conclusions arrived at by Lord Allen of Hurtwood, in his recent book, "Britain’s Political Future." Lord Allen is a British socialist who was opposed to conscription during the Great War. He starts with the hypothesis that the people are wholeheartedly in favour of a bold "peace policy," but he considers that security is the most urgent need. "Disarmament is the wrong approach. The Government and the Pacifist have failed in this matter... There is only one immediate hope of stopping war, and that is by finding the way to make nations feel secure so that they and their citizens may cease to be afraid." As Hamlet said, "There’s the rub," and it all marches back to the establishment of good will as the basis of permanent peace.

How is good will to be established? Not, one thinks, by the nagging of coterie against coterie. Like charity it must begin at home, for it were futile for any people divided against itself to hold out the olive branch to neighbouring peoples. Railing against the armament makers on the score of charges made by sensational writers will not do it, even if it be granted that armament makers are not in business for their health or the health of others. Neither can it be established by impatience at the failure of others to recognise the value of our own pet panaceas and the validity of our own opinions.

Without wishing to appear Pharisaical, one could wish for an extension of the comradship—which was such a marked feature of the A.I.P. and which still im-

The Listening Post

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The only official League matter contained in the Executive Meetings, and other items which are
this journal is embodied in the published minutes acknowledged as such in their text.
Land Committee Activities

Land Committee matters still retain a large measure of importance. Its members are concerned with the welfare of at least three proposals of great importance to the rural industries. The Agricultural Bank Bill, the Dairy Products Marketing Regulation Act 1934, and the Rehabilitation proposals. The former Bill has been discussed at a meeting of the Committee together with its country members, Messrs. Potts, Brown, and Henning.

buses survivors of the Great War—into the pathways of peace. That comradeship was based on a broad tolerance that can be achieved only by and among men united for a common and increasing purpose. In no democracy, other than the great democracy of ex-service men, is it apparent; but its extension beyond the meeting places of the League would be a factor that cannot fail to make for greater cordiality and even greater efficiency at home, and the birth of a leaven that would elevate humanity as a whole. True comradeship can eliminate most of the social evils of peace, and once these are removed the evils of war can take care of themselves.

The amendments adopted by them have been communicated to the Minister, and every effort is being made to have them embodied in the Bill even at this late stage. The chief contention is the appointment of a League representative to work with the Commissioners when appointed. We have Mr. Troy’s assurance that the same method of liaison will be maintained as in the past. The Minister’s return this week from Canberra will permit of negotiations being re-opened on the question of the continuance of our representative and the desire of the Committee will be again presented to Mr. Troy for definite action.

The return of the Minister from the recent Conference at Canberra, where the rehabilitation proposals were discussed, and the policy for the method of distribution laid down, will awaken interest in the minds of everybody concerned as to what method has been decided upon. It seems certain that the machinery provided by the Agricultural Bank Bill and the Farmers’ Debts Adjustment Act will probably be used for this purpose. The fact that such machinery does exist, or is about to exist, will mean that the distribution of this relief at an early date may be expected. The question of compulsory as against voluntary compounding of debts is another big problem, and whether the fund will be applied for the extinguishing of unsecured debts before the secured debts. Much depends upon the position of the applicant. If the compulsory compounding of debts is adopted, the relief will be general to both the unsecured and secured debts.

An Eastern Odyssey

(By W. J. Lovell)

After a very pleasant trip across the Trans-line we duly arrived at Quorn, and whilst waiting for the connection a Digger introduced himself with a handshake and question. On being informed that W.A. was my home State, he asked me my name. We discovered that we had been friends 10 to 12 years ago. I was speaking to Monty Luke, ex-44th Battalion, now secretary to Quorn Sub-branch. When we arrived in Adelaide I paid a courtesy call on League Headquarters in Angus-street, and found everybody right up to the neck dealing with the arrangements for the parade in connection with the Duke’s visit.

I met the State President (Col. Ross Jacob), who was a host in himself. He showed us over the club premises (all their own) and had us dine with him, arranging to meet me the following morning to go on the parade. On arrival at the office, he appointed me a marshal, complete with armband and this gave me a free pass to any part of the parade. Whilst waiting for the Royal procession to pass, I found myself talking to Mr. “Bim” Collins, an ex-member of the R.A.A.F. and a member of the Legacy

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December 21, 1934

The Listening Post
Club. I was informed afterwards that he had just recently won the Returned Soldiers' golf cup. He and Col. Jacobs took charge of me after the parade, and after many stories and other things I had to force a good-bye.

Having only a few hours in Melbourne before going on to Sydney, I called on Mr. Joyce (State Secretary for Victoria), who was courtesied itself during the half-hour I had with him. He promised to try and arrange a run in the hills for us on our return, but, as it so happened, circumstances were against it.

A day or two after arriving in Arncliffe, N.S.W., I visited the State Secretary (Mr. R. D. Hadfield). To see this gentlemen in his office usually entails a lot of headwork and waiting and passing of bodyguards, etc., but when the enquiry clerk advised him that I was without, "Haddy" opened his door and greeted me almost like a long-lost friend. I believe he does this to all interstate visitors—sort of can't help it. He made us very welcome by inviting us to dinner at his beautiful home in Lindfield. Although only a fifteen-minute run from Sydney, passing over that wonderful engineering feat, the Sydney Harbour Bridge, there is no sound of traffic of any sort and the gum trees round the houses make the outlook typically Australian. He and his charming wife proved themselves an excellent host and hostess, and it was really with regret that we found it time to leave.

The State President (Mr. L. A. Robb) had us to dine with him, and he also proved a friend in a strange land. He informed us that he had to leave within a few days for Melbourne to attend the British Empire Service League Conference as one of Australia's delegates, and consequently he and his wife were extremely busy preparing.

I accepted an invitation to attend a meeting of the N.S.W. State Executive, and who should I meet there but our mutual friend Col. E. J. Dibdin, erstwhile General Secretary of the League, but now a member of the War Pensions Enititlement Tribunal. We were welcomed in a very hearty manner by Mr. Robb, and after both of us replied rather briefly, Col. Dibdin left for another engagement, but I was able to stay about an hour and a half. They had quite a budget of work to get through—mainly in connection with the visit of the Prince and the opening of the new Anzac Memorial in Hyde Park. Mr. Robb makes a good chairman, but the fact that no member of the Executive rose to speak gave me the thought that their meeting was carried on more on the round table conference style than we do here in the West.

In connection with the Anzac Memorial, I might mention for the benefit of those who do not know, that on the ground level will be housed the executive offices of the N.S.W. Branch R.S. & S.I.L.A., the T.B. Men's Association, and the Injured and Limbless Men's Association. Apart from this, it is a very fine edifice, marked by fine structural work and a striking scene is in the dome, where a star has been fixed to represent every man or woman who served from New South Wales. Thanks to the good services of Mr. Hadfield we had the opportunity of looking through and over this memorial before it was completed. One regret was that the main figure in the centre was still covered with sufficient material to block our view. The officers and members of the Arncliffe Sub-branch were very good to me whilst I was there. They seemed to take a delight in going out of their way to make us feel at home. Let me mention here that this sub-branch has a hall in the course of construction. A grant of land was made in the corner of the local re-

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A Trek with the Troops  
(By E. H. Sheffield, 2nd K.A.R.)

A quartermaster's job, in so far as emoluments and personal comforts are concerned, is, in the service, considered a "cushy" job. This may be the ease in peace time, with white troops, in a civilised country, but as a practical experience with black troops under tropical conditions in Central Africa, one found it, to say the least, not so much of a ship.

Shortly after the Armistice my battalion, then marooned far from civilisation, commenced its homeward move with a 300 mile trek through forest uplands to the shores of Lake Nyasa, where a steamboat was to meet and transport us down to Fort Johnston.

The writer was in charge of a commissariat, for no less than 2,030 souls, including 30 white officers and N.C.O.'s, 400 Askaris (native troops), and 1,600 Wapagazis (porters), the latter in lieu of horses, which cannot live in the "Tsese Fly" areas through which we had to pass.

Three distinct grades of rations had to be weighed daily on the march. Bully, biscuits, tea, sugar, and rum, for the whites; mealies, rice, salt, and sugar-cane for blacks; also we had with us 20 oxen on hoof (referred to later), by which it may be seen that my Q.M. job was no sinecure.

The last to leave the dismantled camp perched on a bluff 400 feet above Lake Tanganyika, I watched the long procession—a truly remarkable sight—winding in single file down the escarpment, across the plains for several miles, until it reached a 2,000 feet tableland which had to be climbed.

Each porter bore a load of 60 lbs. on his head, machine guns, tents, officers' kit, and provender sufficient to last one week, by which time we hoped to reach the first food dump established previously at 100 mile intervals.

After a wearisome climb in torrid heat, over loose and slippery rocks and stones, we reached the Kalambo River, a few miles above the magnificent fall, where it suddenly leaps 1,600 feet into a narrow gorge in the middle of the forest. My position en route with our transport officer as companion, was behind the Askaris, and leading the bearers, half asphyxiated by dust from the former, and the peculiar pungent smell of the latter.

Every morning we dropped behind with our "boys" for breakfast, having to catch up and pass the men on the narrow track to regain our position. If they declined to make way we tripped them up by the ankles, sending them flying, load and all, to the huge delight of their comrades, and with no apparent ill will from the victims. A laughing, happy crowd until the dread scourge of influenza—that terrible aftermath of the war—overtook us, and decimated their ranks.

One day we had to march 30 miles. A river on which we depended for water had dried up. We passed through several native villages, all the inhabitants of which cutted out to welcome us with shrill whistles and guttural grunts. The majority were naked as born, and some of the oldest hags danced a special jazzy of their own, presumably to show their pleasure at being released from German yoke. No doubt they would have done the same for the Huns had the position been reversed.

Daily we marched from 5 a.m. to 2 p.m., when camp was made. Little grass shelters sprang up like magic and all ranks rested and fed except the unfortunate Q.M., whose active duties lasted to sunset, when he tumbled into his sleeping bag and forgot his troubles.

The rainy season was now upon us, and with it discomfort to all, and real disaster to the worn-out bearers. These men had been in the field carrying heavy loads for many months. Only the knowledge that they were homeward bound to their villages in Nyassaland kept them going. Like all black men when taken ill they had no stamina or strength of will to resist the influenza plague. Flank and rear guards were posted to prevent their strange instinct, which urged them into the bush to die alone. The daily mortality became serious. Dumps had to be reached in time, and the difficulty of inducing the poor fellows to start at daybreak became a nightmare to the two officers responsible.

To add to our troubles all the oxen had to be shot and burned, as rinderpest had broken out in Rhodesia just after we crossed the border. However, we gave the men at least one good blow-out before burning the carcasses.

Trekked through forest becomes very monotonous, and it was a relief when we came across several rivers, swollen by now, but still fordable with taste. Crocodiles there were in large numbers under the overhanging banks. They could seldom be seen, but their stench haunted us for many miles.

Wet through to the skin, day and night, it was a great day when suddenly we broke out into warm, open sunshine to gaze on the bright blue waters of Lake Nyasa and the mountain ranges beyond.

Our last 20 miles lay alongside the western shore, passing through rich land, closely cultivated by a teeming black population. Eventually we arrived at the small port of Karonga, where we all made a concerted dash for the sparkling inland sea, splashing hard to keep off the huge crocs basking lazily among the

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“Scabbards Off!”
(By Pip Tok)

During the week, one of those dear ladies who is on about fifteen committees for minding other people’s business, asked me if I had made any New Year resolutions. I have already made one—not to make any.

The question of the day—“Are you getting any?”

Met an old pal on Thursday morning who was obviously the worse for wear. “Are you down for a Pensions Board,” I asked him. “No,” he replied. “I went to the Trammies’ soak smooch last night. That’s why I look like this.”

According to a report in the local reeds, in company with thousands of pink flamingoes. No doubt they watched this sudden influx of humans with surprise and disgust. For two days we rested and fished with Mills grenades until the steamer arrived to carry us a further 300 miles down the lake to Fort Johnston.

Our numbers by this time had been depleted by over 400 porters, 300 left in their shallow graves by the wayside, unwilling victims of the (so-called civilised) white men’s quarrel. Curiously, no white man or Askari took the plague en route.

Fit survivors and convalescents were paid off, and dispersed to their homes, many having to trek further long distances into the interior.

Press, a movement is on foot to establish a new Australian industry, that of exporting crayfish tails to France. If someone would kindly export all the Mae West tales to, say, Timbuktu, the land might be made fit for heroes to live in.

A digger friend, who shall be nameless, subsided in a bar parlour and went to sleep. He was not discovered until the place opened for business the next morning, but in the meantime he was also overlooked by the “Johns” who had raided the place and gathered in a number of convivial souls for being on licensed premises during unauthorised hours. Even bad habits have their virtues.

Overheard at a school breaking-up, of which an outstanding feature was a display of parallel and horizontal-bar work.

Headmaster (thanking parents for their attendance): “You have all seen some excellent work on the bars.”

Indiscreet Male Parent: “And in the bars!”

The New Economy
(In an article he contributed to an English financial review, Professor Copland stated that it was futile to point to Australia’s internal debts, and that we must go in for well-balanced expansion and establish an extension of credit and incur profitable debts as an aid to financial recovery.)

Let’s spread ourselves like anything
And hang the advertising flags out;
Of swift recovery well sing.
Like salesmen, let us blow our bags out

And tell the wide-eyed wondering world
(a shrewd economist has said it)
Depression’s coils can be uncurl’d
By grabbing greater slabs of credit.
In short, we may become more prosperous yet,
By diving deep, and deeper into debt.
At home, we’ve had a dismal spin,
Without financial prop or stanchion;
But now my arm-chair’s dent’d in
By my well-balanced, wide expansion.
The rent that’s in my pocket’s not
The rent the landlord’s been demanding.
The youngsters’ stockings need a lot
Of garns for Santa Claus’ landing;
But we’ll be prosperous if the tradesmen let
Us take still further headers into debt.
So let’s discard the thrifts that fret,
The niggard ways that try and tire man.
Who cares if Ducal cigarette
Is dowser by some efficient fireman?
Why should we weep when Dublin’s mob
Goes moulder o’er the Royal wedding?
With lengthening bills and empty fob
Towards prosperity I’m speeding,
Though creditors, perchance, will nurse no regrets
When I incur more profitable debts.

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The sheep and goats were moving down towards the stream in the bottom of the nullah, running here and there, searching for scant morsels of herbage amongst the loose stones of the hillside.

The hot air was drenched with the sickly sweet and heavy scent of wild mint, seeming to become more penetrating and powerful as the hungry animals tore and crushed the leaves and roots.

Yusseif settled himself more comfortably in the shadow of the great boulder, his long jezail, constant companion, lying across his knees. His fingers strayed idly over the lock and stock so intricately wrought and carved, dwelling with a touch almost caressing on the long slender trigger.

A man in all but years, Yusseif could use his long knife almost as cleverly as Selim, and Selim was acknowledged best in many villages though none knew which village claimed him.

But not Selim or any other could equal the cunning of Yusseif with the jezail. True, Selim had a rifle which, he boasted, he had taken from a British sentry whom he had slain with the knife. These rifles could throw a bullet faster than light, and straight as the path of the Prophet; a bullet to kill at an unbelievable distance once the trick of sighting was mastered.

Ten shots too would they carry, under the breech, which was so cunningly fashioned that a man might fire and reload while he drew his breath. So bragged Selim, who affected to despise the jezail of Yusseif.

But the British guarded these rifles with great jealousy, and Selim's temerity had almost cost him his life, and for many days he had lain close in his cave until the search had moved away. Truly a weapon to prize. Ail!

Moving lazily from the cool shadow of the rock, Yusseif picked his way down the brown hillside in the wake of his herd.

Down below the valley sweltered in the fierce glare of the noon sun. At its narrow end where opened the pass, under the towering cliffs, was the village, the narrow ribbon of camel track winding past up into the wild fastnesses of the great range. Here, too, the railway entered the Bholan Pass on its final stretch to Chaman. Downwards the track led to India many days march south of the great fort at Quetta. One day he would take that track.

His musings were interrupted by the echo of a shot. Not the dull slam of the jezail but the crack of a rifle such as Selim carried.

Throwing himself under the cover of a boulder, Yusseif searched the ground in the direction of the sound, his keen eyes watching for some movement.

About half a mile down the valley a tiny figure sprang into view at a turn in the track, running from rock to rock, pausing once to look back as if pursued. Less than a minute later two other figures appeared mounted on racing camels, speeding along with their clumsy deceiving trot which devour distance.

Yusseif darted forward down the hill swinging into a ravine which he knew would bring him out ahead of the fugitive. No need to wonder what was happening. Even as he ran he saw the fugitive take cover, and once again the rifle cracked: "Allah! no smoke to betray him. Truly these British are cunning craftsmen," thought Yusseif as he ran. "The jezail is a good servant, but works not secretly like the rifle."

The ravine bent sharply to the left, and he saw the hidden rifleman firing again. "Ho, Selim, it is I, Yusseif," he called loudly, "come this way."

Selim ran forward at the words, and together they retraced their steps past the bend until Yusseif, in the lead, suddenly swung to the side and passed behind a huge boulder. A second one, only slightly smaller, stood almost beside it and slightly in rear, concealing from the front the tiny entrance to a steep ravine. Up this slope they scrambled, Selim's breath coming in heavy gasps, then suddenly they were on top, and throwing himself flat, Yusseif crawled to the lip of the nullah they had first entered and cautiously peered down.

Hundreds of feet below the two policemen were riding slowly forward, their long lances—clutches, hooked end—couché forward. "They have passed the entrance, Selim," said Yusseif, "you are safe for a little while."

"May their bones rot," growled Selim, "they have hunted me this last hour."

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Twas well for me they saw no path, for
I am spent. Will ye hide me, Yuseif,
under the law of the tribe?

"Rest a little," said Yuseif, "I will
get back to the hillside and intercept
them so that they find a path else-
where. Then I will take ye to my
father's hut where you may rest secure."

He ran off and in a few minutes the
police saw a young shepherd sitting in
the shade of a huge boulder.

"Hast seen anyone pass, brother," in-
quired one of Yuseif.

Yuseif looked quietly at him. "I
saw Selim, who carries a rifle such as the
British use," he replied, "and he passed
in haste beyond the ravine. There your
Camels cannot go."

"Ahi," said the policeman, nodding,
"it was Selim who killed another man
not one hour ago. We came on him from
the hills, but he is cunning as the
Cheetah, and we have lost him."

"Shaitan protects him for the present,
but Allah, will send justice to him."

"I tell thee, Yuseif; it is the law, and
not thou my son, nor I nor any man of
our people may break it and live. Go
back to thy hut and wait until the full
time is past or Selim passes out over your
threshold of his own will for until to-
morrow's sun shall have reached high
noon the law protects him."

"One counsel I give thee. Watch
him close for he is cruel as the snake,
and will kill thee as he killed thy father
to-day if he fears for his own safety.
Man hath made the law, but Allah pro-
vides justice and may He go with thee."

Yuseif stumbled blindly down the
narrow track. Only two short hours
ago had he learned that the victim of
Selim's rifle was his own father, and
Selim, with characteristic cunning, had
claimed shelter with Yuseif, and the
law of the tribe rendered him safe for
twenty-four hours, provided he did not
leave the hut.

He well knew that once he crossed the
threshold of the door vengeance would
claim him, but inside no one would at-
tempt to betray him or in any way trans-
gress the law of hospitality. Even more,
he might call on the family of his victim
to defend his safety with their lives
during that short day of sanctuary.

Such was the unchanging and im-
mutable law. In an agony of spirit,
Yuseif had sought Khalim for advice
and guidance in the matter, and the old
man had bade him, kindly, yet firmly, to
obey that law.

Nevertheless, Yuseif would take ven-
geance on Selim. Not for one hour would
he rest until he had taken blood for
blood.

A half-formed plan in his mind, he
entered the hut. "Cunning and cruel as
the Cheetah," said Khalim. Well, he
too could be cunning.

Far into the night he sat working on
the strings of his charpoy (bed) until
Selim disturbed in his slumber asked in
surlily tone what he was about.

"I need new cords in the charpoy,
Selim, the old ones are frayed through,"
he answered quietly, his brain flamed
with hatred.

A little before dawn he left the hut.
Taking his jezail and on old turban, he
made his way, swiftly to the mouth of the
pass where the cliffs narrowed the
entrance to a mere twenty feet. A little
way up and to the left of the track, he
busied himself amongst a clump of large
boulders, finally laying the jezail in a
left with the turban just showing over the
rock.

Swiftly he unrolled the coil of string
he had loosed from the charpoy, and tak-
ing the loose end he swung himself up
to a narrow shelf of rock overlooking
the track, and finding a convenient hol-

---

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low, tied the end of string to a loose stone.

His preparations complete, he paused to note the effect with grim satisfaction, then made his way to the hut to prepare the morning meal.

Selim watched from closed lids feigning sleep. He was not certain that Yusseif knew the truth, and until he could probe a little did not intend to risk leaving the hut until noon.

Yusseif shook his shoulder. "I have to take the sheep lower down the valley. Selim. You will be safe here until noon, or until you leave." Selim noted that veiled threat.

"Hast seen anyone on the track, Yusseif?" he added. "Have the Baluchis left the village?"

"I have not seen anyone," answered Yusseif, "but when you leave to take the path through the pass a jezail waits behind the rocks."

"Where there is a jezail there is a man," grunted Selim, "but I fear no jezail with this rifle in my hand. I can kill where the jezail cannot reach," he said boastingly.

Yusseif's anger flared. "As you killed my father but, yesterday, boaster," he taunted fiercely.

"Ahi, even so," snarled Selim, "and as I will kill thee, my cockerel, as you crow too loud."

"No need to reach for thy rifle, coward," said Yusseif, holding his passion. "I do not break the law here nor dare you. No man waits yet behind that jezail, but a crowing cockerel, and I tell thee, Selim, when my jezail speaks thy hours are numbered. I shall wait for thee in the pass."

"Ho, ho, ho!" Selim's bull bellow of laughter rang out tauntingly. "Crow, my cockerel, crow," he sneered; "I shall cut thy throat ere another hour has passed. Get ye to your jezail, fool, I come in my own time."

Thrusting his long knife into his girdle, Yusseif took his staff and left the hut.

"Is thy knife keen," jeered Selim, "I may use it instead of wasting thy chicken blood on a better weapon."

Yusseif designed no reply. Once away from the hut he moved rapidly aside into a sheep track which carried him in a wide circle to the entrance to the pass up which Selim must make his escape.

Quickly, he regained the narrow ledge above the path, and, concealing himself, lay watching the track.

His patience was soon rewarded. Deeming it wiser to move in the dawn light, Selim had loaded his rifle and left the hut after a few minutes' close scrutiny of the ground all around. He feared a sudden shot.

If Yusseif was fool enough to pit his skill with the jezail against Selim and his rifle—Kismet! The rifle could kill at any distance, and Selim knew that it could be fired many times while Yusseif reloaded for his second shot. By the Beard of the Prophet, the cockerel crowed too loud and too soon.

With infinite caution he moved forward stealing from rock to rock, rifle in hand. Where was Yusseif? Ah! there! Did the fool think Selim was blind to expose his head and jezail openly.

Slipping into cover he carefully warmed his way forward. He would draw the first shot and then kill Yusseif ere he could reload. His plan was simple enough.

Carefully hidden on his ledge Yusseif watched Selim slinking from cover to cover, working forward into position for a shot.

Then, as Selim paused, immediately below Yusseif's place of concealment, dropped to his belly to aim round the side of his cover, Yusseif's hand closed tightly on the hilt of his knife.

Almost at the same moment the silence was shattered by the heavy slant of the jezail, the slug striking the rock below, and then a sharp answering crack as Selim fired at the turban on the rock, now hidden in the heavy white smoke.

Ere Selim could jerk open his bolt to reload, something struck him in the back with terrific force, rolling him over, a sharp pain between his shoulders. He saw in a haze Yusseif's knife descend again, his face distorted by hate and triumph. His voice, shrill with rage, rang in Selim's ear. "Is my knife keen, thou braggart?" "Ahi, is my rifle true?"

Then his being seemed to dissolve in a sheet of bloody flame as the knife struck home.

Yusseif had taken vengeance and gained his desire, the jezail was but bait in the trap. Had he not a knife and a rifle? And Selim was dead, spoke the rifle ever so loud.

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**A Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year**

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Colonel Denton is in receipt of a letter from General E. G. Sinclair M'Clagan, who writes: “Do give my kindest remembrance to any old W.A. friends of mine. Names have faded from my recollection—except in a few cases—and until I see them. Then I remember the individuals. Mind, it is 20 years since I made your acquaintance, and I was no chicken then. Still I can’t complain, and thank goodness I have lots to do and never hardly a minute of time to weary in.”

General Sinclair MacLagan’s association with the Australian Military Forces commenced during the Boer War period when he was on loan from his own regiment and permanent of the old Sydney Scottish Rifles. He returned to Australia as one of the original staff of the Royal Military College, Duntroon, in 1911, and commanded the 3rd Brigade of the A.I.F., at the Landing, and afterwards. He succeeded the late Major-General W. Holmes in command of the 4th Division in 1917, and after the Great War was C.O. of his old regiment, the West Yorkshires. He is now living, in retirement at Glenquich, by Forfar, Scotland.

Billy Edwards, the popular entertainer, who is also a good digger, has just been appointed sales manager for Sydney Atkinson-Motors Ltd. Billy should be a good man at tuning up cars, and there’s one thing about him, he can work in harmony with people.

Big Stan Dewar, who keeps the world safe for democracy up at Trayning, has been spending his annual leave in Perth and renewing old friendships. While in town he has been having music lessons from our genial bandmaster, George Mellor. We met them one evening in the club going through that good musical exercise known as wetting the whistle. Stan was an original member of the 11th Battalion.

Our old contributor, Bill Anderson, who is also a valued member of the Osborne Park Sub-branch, has returned to his home after a sojourn in the Edward Millen ‘Home, and, according to report, seems to be improved in health. Two other lads from the Park, Bill Mul- lane, and Les James, have been on sick parade as the result of accidents, but we are happy to state they will soon be fit for duty again.

During their passage through Perth, the South African and other delegates to the B.E.S.L. Conference, were accorded a civic reception, and were suitably entertained by local ex-service men. The delegates were Sir William Campbell, Colonel Leslie Brown, and Captain Griffiths (South Africa), Captain Kimpton (Rhodesia), Mr. A. H. Farr (Singapore), and Captain Donald Simson (Hon. Secretary, B.E.S.L.). They were the guests of honour at a complimentary smoke social in the Anzac House Club, on November 29, and were given the opportunity of seeing the Mt. Hawthorn and Maylands Sub-branches conducting functions on the following night.

The Hon. James Cornell, M.L.C., who met the B.E.S.L. delegates at Kalgoorlie, was meeting old friends once more. The Honourable Jimmie was Australia’s delegate to the conference in South Africa, which was presided over by the late Earl Haig, and of which the main result was the amalgamation of the ex-service men’s organisations in various parts of the Empire into the British Ex-Service Legion. He represented Australia at a subsequent conference in Canada.

‘Sir William Campbell, Bart., M.C., the leader of the South African delegation, was also a delegate to the inaugural Conference in the country of his adoption. He comes of an old army family. His grandfather, a veteran of the Peninsular War, was subsequently commander-in-chief in the first Burmese War. His father, a major-general, was killed in the Crimean, and his brother, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy, was killed in the Great War. Sir William was born in Scotland, and served in the last Boer War with the Fifes and Forfar Yeomanry. Rejoining this unit at the outbreak of the Great War, he served on Gallipoli, in Palestine, and subsequently in France. During his long and varied service, Sir William saw much of the Australian soldier, whom he learned to appreciate for those very qualities which were frequently such a source of annoyance to Brass Hats and other orthodox persons. When he is at home, he is sheep farming at Malika, in the Orange Free State.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. Leslie Brown, D.S.O., was born and educated in the Cape Province, where, as a school cadet, he was once inspected by the hero of Khartoum, General Gordon. He attained the rank of captain in the Boer War, and, in the Great War, saw service in East Africa, where he rose to his present rank. The malarial and internal complications to which he became a casualty in East Africa necessitated his being invalided to England, where he underwent three successive operations. Being now engaged in gold mining on the Rand, he spent an interesting time in Kalgoorlie, and is of the opinion that Australian mining men are up-to-date in their methods, and have little to learn from their confreres on other goldfields.

Captain William George Griffiths, the other South African delegate, is a native of Ireland, who went to Africa as a private soldier during the Boer War, and liked the country so much that he decided to settle there. He had three years’ service in East Africa during the Great War. For the past nine years he has

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been president of the B.E.S.L. Branch at Benoni, in the East Rand, near Johannesburg. He is the librarian at Benoni, and a member of the pensions sub-committee of the Union of South Africa. When he has any time to spare he makes the study of astronomy his hobby.

Mr. W. A. Wilkins
State Executive Delegate and President of Sublaco Sub-branch.

Captain Donald Simson, honorary secretary of the B.E.S.L., is a New Zealander by birth and a dinkum Anzac. In most interesting fashion he explained how the B.E.S.L. was brought into being. During the war he was wounded in the head, and on this account, as he said, he was transferred to the Staff, after which he revisited Australia and New Zealand to see what could be done about organising the lads who had already been invalided home from the war.

Old Light Horsemen and South African veterans renewed their friendship last month with Brigadier-General J. R. Royston, who passed through Perth on his way to the Melbourne Centenary celebrations. General Royston, who raised and led Royston’s Horse during the Boer War, renewed his association with Australian soldiers in Palestine. Time has dealt lightly with him, for though in his 75th year, he is erect and vigorous. He is now a sheep and cattle farmer in Natal, and a director of the Natal Tanning Extract Company, an industry founded on seed obtained from Australia.

The Rhodesian delegate, Captain W. H. Kimpton, stands well over six feet in height, and still looks as if he would be a tough proposition for gentlemen in red caps. He was born in Birmingham, and served with the 61st Division in France. He is a solicitor by profession, and the recent conference is the fifth he has attended.

Captain A. H. Farr, like his co-delegate from Malaya, Mr. S. Haldfoot, is an Australian by birth, having first seen the light of day in Sydney in 1896. He served with the 3rd Field Company of Engineers during the war, which he finished on the staff of the C.R.E., at Corps Headquarters. After the Armistice, he was specially selected by General Foote to accompany Major Mulligan to Germany to investigate the German lignite coal mining industry on behalf of the Victorian Government, returning to Australia in 1920. He is now engaged in engineering work at Singapore, where he holds a commission in the local defence force.

On December 3, the State Executive entertained at a complimentary luncheon in Anzac House, Captain Sir Ian Fraser, C.B.E., Lady Fraser, Miss Fraser, and local blinded soldiers and their wives. Sir Ian Fraser, who is now a barrister by profession, and a member of the British House of Commons, was the leader of the British Legion delegation to the recent B.E.S.L. Conference. Blindet, at the age of 19 years, while serving in France, he has made the amelioration of the lot of comrades who were similar sufferers a not inconsiderable portion of his life’s work. As chairman of the executive council of that splendid in-

## The Listening Post

The Listening Post

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institution, St. Dunstan's, he has had opportunities of meeting most of the blinded soldiers of the Empire. In his address, Sir Ian explained the measures taken at St. Dunstan's for training blinded soldiers for life, the first of which is the restoration of morale and a cheerful outlook. "The eye is only one gateway of the mind," he told his audience, "for there is the ear and the sense of touch and the sense of smell." The work of St. Dunstan's did not cease with the discharge of the last of its wartime patients, for since then many ex-soldiers have continued to lose their sight through war disabilities, and St. Dunstan's is still a sanctuary and home. The customary vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. "Bill" James, president of the Blind Soldiers' Association, W.A. After the luncheon, Sir Ian gave a demonstration of a talking machine, specially invented for the use of the blind, which was of great interest to blinded soldiers and others whose affliction is not due to war causes.

On his way to the Conference, Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, whose visit to Australia was primarily to give an account of the work of the Imperial War Graves Commission, was met at the boat and entertained by members of the State Executive at the Anzac Club. Sir Fabian, who was introduced by Lieutenant-General Sir J. Talbot Hobbs, said that the graves of British Empire soldiers who fell in the Great War girdle the earth, but the organisation of the Commission has been such that the cemeteries everywhere have been made things of beauty, even in the desert regions, where special soil and plants had to be imported. The graves of those who died while prisoners of war in Germany are also well tended. Before he left Perth, Sir Fabian gave a public lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, which must have been a source of great comfort to those who lost relatives during the war.

In private life, Sir Fabian Ware is a member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and was editor of the Morning Post from 1905 to 1911.

Congratualtions are heartily extended to Mr. W. H. Carson, late 16th Battn., a member of the Albany Sub-branch, who, at present, holds a position in the newspaper and confectionery line, on his success in his candidature for the Municipal Council. We hope that Councillor Carson will remember his less fortunate comrades when work is available, and press for that preference which, though often promised, never seems to come. At the same time, we sympathise with Messrs. Jacka and Barnsby, of the same sub-branch, who were defeated, but we hope are not downhearted.

On November 23, the resignation of Mrs. Harry Taylor as president of the Victoria Park Women's Auxiliary, was reluctantly accepted. Mrs. Taylor has held office ever since the branch was formed in 1928, and has been treasurer, vice-president, and, finally, for the past four years, president. Mrs. Taylor also represents the Auxiliary on the State Executive. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Barnett (Senior Vice-President) presented her with a handbag, as a token of esteem from the members of the auxi-

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December 21, 1934

The Listening Post

R.S.L. Cricket Association

Members of the R.S.L. Cricket Association are all keen and enthusiastic cricketers, although our prowess may not be all that we would wish. However, when one takes into consideration the fact that we are no longer in the bloom of youth, with that unbounded energy which we had on enlisting, our efforts have met with some meed of success.

The following table of the positions held by the various sub-branch clubs, up to and including December 9, 1934, shows how fickle fortune has divided the favours among the Veterans of the Great War:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Club</th>
<th>Played</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Midland</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fremantle</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nedlands</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottesloe</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perth</td>
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<td>6</td>
</tr>
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<td>Maylands</td>
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</tr>
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<td>North Perth</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tramways</td>
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<tr>
<td>Claremont</td>
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</table>

In addition to being a strenuous weekend outing, these matches help to renew old comradeships and create new friendships, which, when all is said and done, is just achieving one of the objects of the R.S.L.

The Association is now making preliminary arrangements, for what we hope will become an annual cricket fixture between a team drawn from sub-branches who are members of this Association, and a team to be selected from diggers who are members of country teams visiting Perth in connection with the Annual Country Cricket Week. Nothing definite, of course, can be arranged until the country teams are actually in Perth, but Cottesloe Oval has been engaged for Sunday, February 17, 1935.

The match will commence at 11 a.m., and lunch will be partaken of between 1 and 2 p.m.

In the possible event of the country diggers not being able to field a team, the match will be played between the Association team, and a composite team made up of country diggers and members of this Association.

The Committee who have this fixture in hand, are anxious to make it a great success, and hope that all sub-branches who are members of the Association will help by means of cash donations, and further by bringing all their friends along to the Cottesloe Oval on February 17, 1935.

Answers to Correspondents

"Outsider."—You contribute nothing new to the subject, and it is evident from your letter that you are under a misapprehension as to the facts of the case.
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The Capture of Jerusalem

The capture of Jerusalem, besides being the culminating point of a brilliantly successful campaign, had the effect of restoring Allied prestige after a series of disasters. Jerusalem, originally called Salem, was built somewhere about 1913 B.C., and its king was one of the five kings of Canaan slain by Joshua in 1451 B.C. The township, for that is all it could have been at the time, was taken by David, who made it his headquarters. Solomon’s temple, which took eight years to build, and which made Jerusalem the focal point of the Hebrew religion, was completed in 1012 B.C. After Solomon’s death, a succession movement weakened the Jews politically and spiritually, with the result that Jerusalem’s subsequent history was that of domination by a series of foreign conquerors. Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Crusader and Saracen, each, in turn, stormed its walls and occupied its holy places until it was taken by the Turks in 1516. In all, Jerusalem has been captured and recaptured at least twenty-five times.

The capture, in 1917, was something in the nature of a modern crusade, but, though Cross and Crescent were arrayed on opposite sides, the Allies, of whom, Britain and France, had millions of Moslem subjects, deprecated any attempt to stress this aspect of the campaign which assumed definite shape when General Allenby arrived in Palestine on June 27, 1917. As in Mesopotamia the task set the British generals was a straightforward one—the continuance of the offensive which had been arrested by the unsuccessful attempts to storm Gaza. But the general situation at the time was more favourable to the Turks. The collapse of the Russian resistance earlier in the year had released large numbers of Turkish troops for service in the Orient. Britain was now the only enemy against whom Turkey was fighting, and Turkey’s effective strength was greatly increased. Germany, to distract attention from her own preparations for a big offensive on the Western Front, encouraged the idea of a Turkish offensive in the east, to effect which she provided a new general, Von Falkenhayn, and a body of picked German troops, with stores, munitions, and money. It was just a question whether Baghdad, or Egypt, should be the objective. Dissension among the German and Turkish leaders seriously delayed the proposed offensive and gave Allenby time to prepare for decisive action against the enemy. The result was the successful thrust against Gaza, the dashing cavalry action at Beersheba, the disastrous retreat, and the relentless pursuit of the Turks.

Allenby’s operations in November had broken the Turkish army into two separated parts, and Falkenhayn’s task of holding Jerusalem became increasingly difficult through the threats to his lines of communication to the north. Jaffa the seaport of Jerusalem, famed in scriptural and profane history, was captured by the Australians, and the British advance along the Philistine plains arrived at a point north of Jerusalem whence, by striking eastward, the Jerusalem-Nablus road could be cut. This was Allenby’s plan, formulated partly to avoid damage to the Holy City, and partly to disorganise the Turks still further, for, if the Nablus road were cut while the Turks were still defending Jerusalem, the enemy forces south of that point would be captured.

A few days were spent re-organising the British forces which had become slightly dispersed during the headlong pursuit, and in assembling supplies. Transport difficulties were increased by the character of the country which changed here from undulating plain to steep foothills and rocky mountains unprovided with roads. Moreover, the rainy season had now commenced, creating further obstacles in the way of flooded nullahs and torrential watercourses. Despite natural obstacles and the resistance of the enemy, the British forces steadily forced the Turks back, and before the end of November, the British were in sight of the Holy City.

By the end of the first week of December, Allenby had completed his preparations for the final attack on Jerusalem. His heavy artillery was shelling Beutania, which covered the enemy’s line of retreat from the city by the Shechem road. His airmen were continuing the good service they had rendered throughout the campaign by bombing enemy positions and forces, and in carrying out observation work, to the effectiveness of all of which operations a spell of favourable weather greatly contributed. Meanwhile, on the far British right flank, the Welsh division, supported by cavalry, left their positions north of Beersheba on December 4, and occupied Hebron without opposition. From Hebron they advanced northward, arriving close to the southern outskirts of the city on December 7. Rain again intervened, making roads impassable in some places and difficult in all, but at dawn on December 8, notwithstanding the inclement weather, the final advance on Jerusalem began. Sharp fighting occurred throughout December 8, but when the advance was resumed on the morning of December 9, it was found that the Turks had evacuated the city during the night.

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The Holy City was undamaged. As King George phrased it, in a message of congratulation which he immediately despatched to the victorious commander-in-chief on hearing that Jerusalem had been taken: "By skilful dispositions you have preserved intact the Holy Places." Precautions were taken at once against disturbances on the transfer of the city from the Turks. A British political officer and a British governor, accompanied by British, French, Italian, and Indian Mohammedan guards, were sent to safeguard all the holy sites of the three great religions.

"A purely military act with a minimum of military display," was a phrase which aptly described Allenby’s entry into Jerusalem at noon on December 11. He entered on foot with a few of his staff, the commanders of the French and Italian detachments, and the military attaches of France, Italy and the United States of America. "At the Jaffa Gate," writes an eye witness, "he was received by guards representing England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, India, France, and Italy. Near the gate, which the Arabs called ‘The Friend,’ was the breach made for the Kaiser’s entry nearly twenty years before. Allenby went in by the gate itself which tradition reserved for conquerors. No thunderous salutes acclaimed the victor. No flag was hoisted and none was pulled down. From the steps of the Temple of David, which was standing when Christ was in Jerusalem, a proclamation was read in Arabic, Hebrew, English, French, Italian, Greek and Russian announcing that the city was placed under military law, but also stating that the inhabitants were to pursue their lawful occupations without fear of interference.

The capture of the city marked the end of a definite phase in the Palestine campaign. "In forty days," says Allenby in his despatch, dated December 13, "many strong positions have been captured and the force has advanced some 60 miles on a front of 30 miles." Over 12,000 Turks had been captured and casualties estimated at 25,000 had been inflicted on them. Jerusalem and Jaffa were now in the hands of the British, and the enemy was still being pressed back. All this had been achieved, in spite of the terrible nature of the country and the stubborn resistance of a large Turkish force, at a cost to the victors of under 19,000 casualties.

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**Varia**

We have received a letter from Dr. H. L. Fowler, of the University of Western Australia, in which he states: "The general plan of attack on the problem (of endeavouring to ascertain the reasons why men enlisted for the Great War) is for me to draw up a questionnaire, and then to circulate this among returned men. I have already had some correspondence on the matter, and would ask those who intended to assist to wait until the questionnaire form appears. If sub-branch secretaries will therefore wait till this appears, and will then assist me by collecting and forwarding replies, I shall be very grateful." A copy of the questionnaire will appear in the *LISTENING POST* in due course.

An English contemporary vouches for the truth of the following story of a monster anti-Fascist demonstration in Hyde Park, London. A big ex-service man who, on account of his size and military bearing, had been detailed to carry a red flag all the way from Bethnal Green to Hyde Park, said to a "comrade": "What the blazes is this 'ere Communism, anyway?"

"Well, it's like this 'ere," was the answer. "If all the money in the world was taken and divided up amongst us workers, we'd each have £19/5/1— see?"

"Oh," said the standard-bearer. "That's no blanketly good to me! I've got twenty-nine quid in the Savings Bank myself."

And with that he cast the red flag aside and disappeared into the crowd.

Two Scots were having a drink in a bar. Said one, seriously: "What's yer great ambition, Jock? Is there any one thing in the world you'd like better than another?"

"No," said Jock hopefully, "another would just suit me fine."

Two business men had just concluded a talk. The visitor, rising, inquired politely about the other’s wife. "I'm sorry to say she's got rheumatism very badly," said the first.

"Ah," said the second, "I happen to know a certain cure for that."

"Is that your car outside?" inquired the first, pointing through the window to a "baby" car that stood by the kerb. "It is," confessed the other, rather startled.

"Ah, well, then I’m afraid you don’t have a certain cure for rheumatism, otherwise you’d own a Rolls-Royce.”

It was company field training. The captain saw a young recruit trying to cook his breakfast with an amateurish fire. Going to him he showed him how to make a quick-cooking fire. "Look at the time you’re wasting," he said. "When I was in the Himalayas I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp in under half-an-hour." Then he added, "Of course, you’ve heard of the Himalayas?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young soldier, "and I’ve heard of Anatas."

**JEWISH GIRLS GUILD**, according to a heading in a contemporary. What if they do? Anything would be an improvement on the Gentile habit of rouging.

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**The Listening Post**

**December 21, 1934**

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**GRAND**

Commencing FRIDAY, 21st DEC.

For One Week Only

DIANA WYNYARD in

"One More River"

Commencing FRIDAY, 28th DEC.—

"Cleopatra"
Short Tales for the Christmas Fireside

"Christmas Time—The man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused by the recurrence of Christmas."

—CHARLES DICKENS.

It was Boxing Day, and the aftermath of the period of peace and goodwill was evident in court.

"You are accused of stealing a turkey," said the magistrate. "Anything to say?"

"I just took it for a lark, sir," replied the accused.

"No resemblance whatever. Ten days."

On Christmas Eve a young man driving a sports car was forced to brake very suddenly in a Perth suburb, with the result that the car got out of control for a moment and ended its dance within an inch of a lamp post on the other side of the road.

A policeman strolled up. "Well," he said to the driver, "you got a nice skid there, sir."

"Pardon me, officer," said the young haughtily, "this lady is my wife."

At a corner on the Great West Road just before Christmas, a lorry loaded with old iron was halted, with a baby car close up behind. The lorry pulled back a few inches and the driver of the car behind hooted vigorously.

The man seated on the old iron looked long and searchingly over the tail-board, and then, turning round, called to the driver: "Lumme, Bert, the old lorry's started to lay!"

He was one of those real he-men, and at last a small, weak, clinging girl fastened herself on to him. One day he took her by the back of the neck and shook her, and said: "Hussy, you're going to marry me, do you hear?"

"Yes," she said, "Oh, John!" and fainted. He dropped her on the floor like a cigarette end, and reached for another bottle of neat whisky.

We went home with him on the next Christmas Eve. He asked us to be very careful how we wiped our feet, because his wife was very particular about it. When she saw him she greeted him, "Well, horse-face, did you get that ribbon?"

"Fool!" she said scornfully, bouncing a saucepan off his head with a noise like a Big Ben. "Take care of the baby while I get these disreputable friends of your some supper, and don't you dare bring home anyone else you knew in Dartmoor. Hold that child and don't let me catch you smoking."

"No dear," said the big he-man.

"On leaving the harbour the ship ran into a nasty half-pitching, choppy sea, which was especially noticeable as the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to their Christmas dinner. "I hope that all of you will remember this Christmas Day," said the captain, as the roast beef and turkey appeared, "and that this little assembly of—23 will be more happy and prosperous during the coming year. I look up on these—er—20, smiling faces as a father would upon his family, for I am responsible for this little group of—17. I hope that all—14 of you will join me in drinking to the coming year. I believe that we—er—8 are most congenial, and I applaud the judgment which chose you for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward, clear away those plates and bring me the pudding!"

A milkman placed in his window a card inscribed: "Milk from Contented Cows." A neighbouring butcher, not to be outdone, also had a card in his window. His card read: "Sausages from Pigs that Died Happy."

Business was over for the day and the two partners had adjourned for a game of snooker in a near-by hall. As the evening was nearing its end and they were preparing to go home one of them clapped his hand against his brow, emitted a shrill scream.

"We're ruined! We're ruined!" he shrieked. "I just remember that I left the safe door open when we closed up shop."

"Oh, that's all right," replied his business mate easily. "We're both here, ain't we?"

ALBANY

Sons of Soldiers

The opening meeting was held on December 3, at 7.30 p.m., in the Institute, with Mr. S. J. Barrow in the chair. The chairman briefly introduced Mr. G. F. Hill to the lads who attended, 21 in number, not bad for a start as they all enrolled. This, with about a dozen members of the sub-branch, gave us a good time. Mr. Hill having briefly explained the objects and aims of the S.S.L.I., the Secretary (Mr. S. T. Coles) then explained the aims of this sub-branch in particular. It was arranged that some of the elder lads should assist at the exhibition of war souvenirs to be held on January 17 to raise funds to put the Amelioration Fund on its feet: A cricket match, S.S.L.I. v. Boy Scouts, Albany, was also fixed up for Saturday, December 8. Various other matters were then discussed and the official opening meeting was fixed for January 7. As soon as business is over the remainder of the evening will be a social night in the hands of the parent sub-branch. A good meeting was closed down at 9.15 p.m. with some amusements and hearty good wishes.
Relief Work

The report of the R.S.L. Fund Trustees for the month of November is an effective reply to grumblers over the vernacular press and others who strive after a little spurious popularity by asking what the League is doing on behalf of ex-service men and their dependents. The statement of applications received and of the relief administered speaks for itself. The applications received numbered 124, of which 86 came from members of the A.I.F., and 38 from ex-Imperials. Fourteen — 10 A.I.F., and 4 ex-Imperials — were declined, and of those who received assistance, 76 were A.I.F. and 34 ex-Imperials. Of the total amount expended, £124/1/11, A.I.F. men benefitted to the extent of £82/3/3, and ex-Imperials, £41/8/8. Assistance was given to twelve A.I.F. and seven Imperial widows. Of the remainder, twelve A.I.F. and seven ex-Imperials were members of the R.S.L., and 52 A.I.F., and 20 ex-Imperials were non-members. Refunds received during the month amounted to £10/18/1. In addition to the £124/1/11 expended on relief work, donations of £16/7/- were made to the Women's Auxiliary, and £2 to ex-service men in the Old Men's Home. The balance of the Relief Fund, on November 30, 1934, was £904/7/3.

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Special Luncheons for Business Men

Superior Accommodation at Moderate Tariff

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Extracts from War Time Publications

The following appeared in "The Melbourne General Hospital Gazette of the 3rd London General Hospital," of July, 1917:

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR OFFICERS IN HOSPITAL

1. Immediately after admission the patient should make himself acquainted with the C.O., who will be pleased to run errands or perform similar duties at his request.

2. Patients who desire to convalesce at home or the South of France should address the M.O. as "Colonel" and the Sister as "Matron." Any officer calling the Sister "Nurse" or the Matron "Florence," may hold himself in readiness for Base Details or a dose of Castor Oil.

3. By order of the Commanding Officer, patients are not allowed to visit any place of amusement other than the Operating Theatre, where frequent performances are held under able supervision.

4. Patients are reminded that this institution is a Hospital and not a Home of Rest. "Waiting for Peace to be declared" cannot be accepted as an excuse for remaining after recovery.

5. Any officer who has been waiting for the bathroom to be vacant for a longer period than seven days should apply to the Matron for a copy of the descriptive booklet on the French Dry Cleaning process.

6. Patients who inform their M.O. that they are anxious to get back to the Front will be examined by a mental specialist without further application on their part being necessary.

7. Any patient who has a thermometer left in his mouth for a period of from two to six hours should not imagine that he is forgotten. This is entirely for the purposes of Medical Research, and not in any way due to the Sister responsible having gone to a hockey match.

8. Bed-making commences at 6.30 a.m., and performances continue at half-hourly intervals during the day. Each performance will be followed by a special exhibition of locker tidying and ward dusting by a member of the V.A.D. Staff. In order that these entertainments may be a success, patients should transfer all articles from their lockers to their beds as soon as the performer has left the ward.

9. Various musical instruments are provided for the amusement of patients. Care should be taken to avoid proper use of same, especially hand bells, otherwise orders on duty cannot devote their whole time to private matters.

10. Officers will note that Medical Boards are easily prejudiced, and patients suffering from Chronic Rheumatism, spinal complaints, special lying cases, are reminded that the mere act of their smartly springing to attention on the entrance of the President of the Board may jeopardise their chances of obtaining sick leave.

11. Officers who from drunkenness or any other cause have failed to don their pyjamas overnight, are recommended to use some stronger word than "Kamerad" to the first bed-making party. Such a feeble cry as the above is scarcely mentioned to prevent the aforementioned party from stripping the sheets from cringing bed occupants.

12. Owing to special arrangements with the Chief Censor, patients when writing home are allowed to comment favourably on the Hospital arrangements and staff, or by similar means seek to deceive their friends.

Australia Will Be There

When the joy bells loudly peal, telling of the last war clashes,
When the boys speed homewards from the fray,

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RADFORD BROS. — Proprietors
When the Hun is down and beaten, and his dreams are in the ashes, All his vaunted brag, his toasts until "Der Tag," When again bright Peace has settled o'er the nations' wranglings lands, And there's sign of Plenty everywhere, And John Bull's far-flung family then congregate—"all hands"— To set the Empire's children free from care, Australia will be there. Yes, Australia will be there, boys, Australia will be there, She'll see the game is fair, boys, when Peace is in the air. Her Anzac lads have ever shown They'll take hard beating on their own, But with the family, fully grown, They struck it out, without a moan, And fought till flesh gave place to bone, Australia has been there. And she shall reap, as she has sown. Australia will be there. —A. E. Robertson, Lt., A.I.F. (Ward A5)

To Gaspar
How long do you think, little brother, It will take for the rise of the sun? Do you think it will take very long? How long do you think, little brother, It will take to the dawn of the day? Do you think it will take very long? For the night was made for sleeping, And the eventide for song. How long do you think, little brother, It will take for the world to pray? Do you think it will take very long? How long do you think, little brother, It will take for peace to come? Do you think it will take very long? For the morn was made for laughter, And the eventide for song. —Francis E. Hodder.

How long do you think, little brother, It will take for the world to pray? Do you think it will take very long? How long do you think, little brother, It will take for peace to come? Do you think it will take very long? For the morn was made for laughter, And the eventide for song.

THE LISTENING POST

A Few Facts About Christmas

THE XMAS PUNCH BOWL

In many a home and at many an old English inn this Christmas, "Punch" will be served to visitors and guests. The most famous English punch bowl ever recorded was that made at a grand entertainment given at Alicante, in Spain, by Admiral Edward-Russell, in 1694, then Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet. A marble fountain was converted for the occasion in to a gigantic punch bowl, and into it was poured four hogheads of brandy, one pipe of Malaga wine, twenty gallons of lime juice, twenty-five hundred lemons, thirteen hundredweight of fine white sugar, five pounds of grated nut-meg, three hundred toasted biscuits, and eight hogheads of water. In a boat built for the purpose a ship's boy rowed round the fountain to assist in filling cups for the six thousand persons who partook of it.

How long do you think, little brother, It will take for the world to pray? Do you think it will take very long? How long do you think, little brother, It will take for peace to come? Do you think it will take very long? For the morn was made for laughter, And the eventide for song.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

The custom of hanging up a stocking on Christmas Eve has an interesting history. Old manuscripts dealing with the life of our ancestors in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries refer to the custom of parents presenting gifts to their children on St. Nicholas' Day, December 6. The gifts were smuggled into the children's rooms while they were asleep, and the saint was credited with the good deed.

On St. Nicholas' Day the nuns in convents associated with that saint placed a silken stocking at the door of the Mother Superior's room. In the stocking they put a piece of paper, asking for the saint's favour. Sometimes a particular gift was requested. That, or other gifts, duly got into the stocking, and St. Nicholas duly received thanks.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE XMAS TURKEY

Fashions in Christmas dinners come and go. Our forefathers enjoyed peacock pie and boar's head. To-day, on seven tables out of ten, there is roast turkey. That bird dominates the eating side of Christmas, and yet—sorry, but the truth's the truth—if itself it isn't worth twopence a pound in food value! It's flesh is dry, tasteless, and holds no nutrition, or none worth mentioning. That's why—the point may not have struck you—it has to be stuffed with savoury herbs, basted with bacon fat, and helped down with sauce. Turkeys were never intended as food for man. That's why they have to be forcibly fed with boiled chestnuts, and so on, to make them put on flesh.

CHRISTMAS WAS ONCE ILLEGAL

Without doubt Christmas is the most popular festival of the year. It is the
Dedicating Local Aim
(Written after witnessing the unveiling ceremony of the War Memorial at Wongan Hills)
(By "A COUNTRYMAN")

On a recent day, almost fourteen years after "The Unknown Warrior" was laid to rest for ever in Westminster Abbey, the most mournfully spectacular account of that solemn proceeding that one could wish to read came under notice quite accidentally.

The work of erecting the obelisk at the southern approach to Wongan Hills had commenced, and resulting from this supremely coincident experience—at once a mental and physical reality—memorials
time when, above all others, the family circle makes an extra special effort to complete itself. It is a time of peace and goodwill. Yet there is actually a period in our own history when the strong arm of the law intervened to put down what was described as "a superstitious festival," and all Christmas festivities were forbidden. The holly and mistletoe were ordered to be destroyed, root and branch, as "plants of the Evil One."

It was Oliver Cromwell—a reformer in many ways—who tried to suppress the observance of Christmas, ordering that the "hurtful custom," as he styled it, should be ignored in the principal towns. In order to attain this end he enacted that all markets should be held on December 25th. But the Protector could not enforce the abandonment of such a time-honoured and popular custom, and his command was honoured more in the breach than the observance.

Toward our great soldier dead stand in a new light.

Literature is aglow with the tumult and the strategy and the distracting result of war-force. History for the most part ingloriously records the world's struggles-in-arms. The stage and the film have preserved to perpetuity the gallantry as well as the sordidness of fratricidal strife. And in the aftermath the nations of the earth vie with each other in the creation of monumental solemnity and memorial grandeur to mark their landscapes just as books and plays indelibly impress the mind with the conviction that their special soldiery had not died in vain; that common cause had been fought and that the fight was worth the bodily suffering and national travail.

Again, down the ages monuments have symbolised mankind's achievements. They have been sacred repositories for the mummies of kings. Pyramids once constituted royal emblems to perpetuate the memory of a particular Pharoah and his line, and marked certain dynasties with their appropriate importance. In course of time emblematical structures were reared as witnesses to victory. Columns soared in individual honour of the greatest among men. The Arch of Titus to-day betokens veneration for Imperial successes abroad before three-quarters of the first century of Christendom had passed.

Anywhere in the Old World there is still to be visualised the architectural glory that espoused ancient and medieval renown in art and learning and in conquest and defence. Tiered and tumbled masonry reflecting the Golden Age of Pericles strikes awe for a reverence towards them in their original form, the Acropolis and such like. Great Britain and the Continent are studded, with religious and secular temples whose massive gorgeousness and inspiring beauty have not waned in a thousand years, built as they were for an unimpeachable memento to Truth, which is eternal. So in these days Greater Britain's central Shrine of Remembrance, that acme of sheer, vast simplicity, the Cenotaph in Whitehall, is an abiding scene of homage for the Britannic nations in their understanding of the multidinous sacrifice endured that Right should be supreme and secured for all time. The Somme, too, is steadfast, with its Menin Gate as an inspiration by its simple mightiness overwhelming the funereal precincts of the abounding Allied thousands who, there alone, gave their all in "the war to end war."

Nearer home, and at time of writing, the opportune moment occurred for Henry, Duke of Gloucester, after memorable Royal progress from shipboard at Fremantle thus far to King's Park, to lay a wreath upon Western Australia's August pile, sacred to the memory of her soldier and sailor dead. The State's mute reminder, dominating as it does the Mount and the Narrows and

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At the historic Swan is a sentinel holy, stately, defiant. It is sanctuary for sorrow’s host now and hosts to be, a bosom for piercing lonesomeness, nay, an edifice of national recourse, the very embodiment of any British people’s aspiration—righteous peace. Passers-by, behold its eloquent, heeding granite! Would to heaven you made articulate the consciousness of its name-strung marble!

Now to return from distant though appropriate realms of inanimate glorification of crusade and defence. Significance attaches to a pardonable paraphrase of an ancient seer’s remark that “equality”—in the sense under review, of sacrifice—“fastens towns to towns, and friends to friends.”

How true, then, is this of memorials in various forms sponsored throughout the country by surviving members of the A.I.F. and the Navy (not overlooking the Tommies)? The main inland arteries can be traversed and few towns there are that do not boast their ex-soldiers and sailors an organised local force in the community. In reality as well as literally, therefore, and however scattered, communities are everywhere connected by imperishable symbols, those creations of likened sacrifice to the ideal of freedom—that virtue enthraling the Motherland when she hearkened aggression by the Central Powers in 1914. The story of the Dominions succouring her in her need is too well known to repeat here, but the returned men of those Imperial Forces have given of their best to emulate grandly, or even humbly, cities and nations in their expression of methods to preserve all due respect for the memory of those of their comrades who “went down fighting.” They have spared no effort, even at the odds of great distances debarring proper organisation, to give effect to ‘the universal system of homage as is indicated by any form of memorial shrines.

The diggers of Wongan Hills and district decided to erect an obelisk. With the sanction of the Local Authority, no more suitable site could be chosen than squarely opposite the Road Board Hall whose imposing frontage makes an excellent setting for the monument. Standing on a three-stepped base of cement-faced concrete a triangular column rises to about 10 feet with its apex perhaps 12 feet from the ground level, the whole revealing a symmetrical nicety. Henceforth comers to and goers from Wongan Hills cannot but be struck by the sentiments underlying the project. It will strike true and loyal to the feelings of those who were prompted to its fulfilment. Specifically of course, the memorial must enconce all thoughts in its purpose, and surely it will. always generate spiritual gestures for those in whose honour it stands immortalising the triolet, “Lest We Forget,” born of their courage and valour and unselishness even unto death.

But let Kipling chant a fitting close with part of his memorial poem:

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

State Executive Meetings

At the meeting of the State Executive on November 21, there were present Messrs. Yeates, Denont, Hunt, Aberle, Freedman, Margolis, Watt, Edmonds, Lovell, Pady, Ross, Wilkins, Muller, Collins and Buchanan. Leave was granted to Messrs. Riley, Olden, May, Collect, Philp, Fanton, Warner, Lamb and Cornell.

Membership Broadcast—The State Secretary read a letter from the Federal Secretary intimating that the Federal President’s broadcast on membership would take place in January.

Distinguished Visitors—In connection with the arrival in Perth of Sir Ian Fraser, the leader of the British Legion delegates to the B.E.S.I.L. Conference, and Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, it was decided that they be entertained on December 3 at a luncheon to which blind soldiers and their wives are invited.

It was decided that Mr. Cornell would meet the South African delegates at Kalgoorlie on November 25, and it was further decided that they should be entertained in the Club Room at Anzac House on Wednesday, November 28, at a smoke social to which presidents and secretaries of sub-branches should be invited, and that arrangements should be made for them to visit the sub-branch meetings at Maylands and Mt. Hawthorn on Thursday, November 29.

Victoria Park.—The State President read a letter from the League’s solicitor concerning the Victoria Park building fund, and it was agreed that arrangements be made for representatives of the sub-branch to discuss the position with the Management Committee.

Management Committee.—It was agreed that the Chairman of the Land Committee (Mr. W. J. Hunt) be a member of the Management Committee.

Poppy Day.—The report of the Poppy Day Committee showed that the street sales in Perth and Fremantle had yielded £316/2/6, and that there was additional reports yet to come. The North Perth sub-branch had topped the record with a total of £160/9/6.

State War Memorial Committee.—The recommendation of the State War Memorial Committee that the tender of Mr. J. Priestman of £242/10/- for the erection of gates at the State War Memorial be accepted was approved. The

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LICTENSO
Committee also expressed appreciation of the its services of the Boy Scouts’ Association and its members for their work last year as assistant wardens.

Visitor.—At this stage, the State President welcomed Mr. A. H. Farr who represented Singapore at the recent B.E.S.L. Conference in Melbourne. Mr. Farr briefly returned thanks and remained throughout the meeting.

Land Committee.—Mr. W. J. Hunt’s report, which was duly received, traversed the proceedings of the meeting held on November 9, at which country members of the committee were present. The new Agricultural Bank Bill had been reviewed and a number of suggestions made. These were conveyed to the Minister for Lands who had promised to discuss matters submitted with the Crown Solicitor. The principal feature was the possible exclusion of the soldiers’ representatives from the new administration board of the Agricultural Bank. A telegram was read from Sir George Pearce promising full consideration of the League’s views in connection with the wheat bounty and the assurance that consideration would be given to the question of crop failure.

House Committee.—As an outcome of the House Committee’s report, it was decided on the motion of Mr. Wilkins, seconded by Mr. Mellor, that this Executive directs the House Committee to let the ballot room and other conveniences of the building to the best advantage as regards revenue, and that the seasonal bookings of the ballroom be also left to the House Committee subject to the provision that two nights a week be kept free for casual bookings.

In a second report, Mr. Aberle, chairman of the House Committee, explained the recent action of the committee in closing the rest room on account of non-fulfilment of the conditions under which it was made available, and the defendant attitude of some to whom the privilege had been extended. The action of the House Committee in this regard was unanimously endorsed.

Notice of Motion.—Mr. Wilkins gave notice of his intention to move at the next meeting, “That the salary of the Club Secretary be apportioned between the Club and the League and that the proportion be Club £1 and the League £2 a week.”

Membership Committee.—Rabbi Freedman submitted the report of the Membership Committee which covered the various schemes for increasing membership and their promulgation to sub-branches as a guide to future activities. The report was adopted.

Relief Fund Trustees.—The report of the Relief Fund Trustees, submitted by Colonel Denton, indicated that £50 had been appropriated during October for individual cases, in addition to which the Women’s Auxiliary had been given £12/10/- for special cases. The refunds for the month amounted to £4/6/8. The report was received.

Visits.—The following visits were reported:

- Subiaco sub-branch and Ex-Naval Men’s Association (Mr. C. R. Collins), Darling Range (Messrs. Aberle and Philip), Busselton (Messrs. Denton and Hunt). Beverley (Messrs. Wilkins and the State Secretary), Osborne Park S.S.I. (Rabbi Freedman).

The State President made a brief interim report on his attendance at the Federal Executive meeting and the B.E.S.L. Conference. It was decided that the report on the official visit to the Eastern States made the first item for consideration at the next meeting of the Executive.

Mr. Farquharson was appointed to represent the Executive at the next reunion of the Carlton sub-branch.

Spearwood.—A letter from the Spearwood sub-branch Women’s Auxiliary concerning a recent appointment at Spearwood was received and after Mr. Pady had spoken on the matter it was decided to forward a copy of the letter to the Spearwood sub-branch inviting comments.

Social Function.—A social function of the State Executive in appreciation of the donors was fixed for Friday, December 14, and the list of proposed guests, as submitted, was approved.

A letter of appreciation of the House Committee’s recent action was received from the Coolup sub-branch.

Suggestions from the Press sub-branch in connection with conveniences in Anzac House were referred to the House Committee.

Congress resolutions were referred to the Management Committee for allocation to the various sub-committees concerned.

A letter from the Coolup sub-branch on the export levy on butter was referred to the Land Committee, as was another letter from the Warralackin sub-branch.

It was decided that the A.M. Forces efficiency trophy, won this year by the 4th Battalion, be presented by the State President.

The appointment of secretaries of the Fremantle and Gutha sub-branches was confirmed.

A letter from the North Fremantle sub-branch about the opening ceremony of Anzac House and Poppy Day was referred to the State President for reply.

Military Headstones.—A communication was received from the Department of Defence in connection with the completion of applications for the erection of headstones to soldiers’ graves. The State President was authorised to complete such applications in the absence of next of kin.

State President.—At the end of the meeting, the State President reported on a visit he had recently made to the South Australian Branch Headquarters, where he had conveyed the gratitude of the W.A. Branch for the kindly action of South Australia in presenting the Presidential Chair and gavel. The Victorian Branch had also promised a souvenir for Anzac House, and the N.S.W. Branch had promised a framed photograph of the opening of the shrine.

The State President suggested that a framed photograph of Anzac House be presented to the State branch. This was agreed to on the motion of Messrs. Hunt and Edmonds.

The President then made a brief report on the proceedings of the B.E.S.L. Conference. Mr. Farr was then given a further opportunity to introduce the delegates of the ex-service men’s organisation in Singapore, for which he was thanked by the President.

5/12/34.

At the meeting on December 5 there were present Messrs. Yeates, Philip, Hunt, Aberle, Freedman, Margolin, Bryan, Lamb, Watt, Edmonds, Lovell, Pady, Ross, Wilkins, Wells and Mellor. Leave of absence was granted to Messrs. Riley, Olden, May, Collert, Panton, Denton, Warner, Cornell, Collins and Batesworth.

B.E.S.L. Delegates.—Captain Donald Simon delivered thanks for the hospitality extended to the B.E.S.L. delegates during their passage through the State.

B.E.S.L. Conference.—The State President reported having attended the B.E.S.L. Conference as associate delegate. He stated that an opportunity was given to ex-Imperial men to state their case for permission to form a separate organisation and that he (the State President) with others, had explained the League’s point of view. The Conference agreed that there should be only one recognised organisation for ex-service men in Australia, and that that organisation should be the R.S.L.L.A. The report was received and the State President was thanked for his able representation.

State Secretary’s Report.—Arising out of the State Secretary’s report was the question of the use in the President’s room of a table belonging to the Soldiers’ Welcome Committee. It was agreed that this table be removed and that the room be placed at the disposal of the Soldiers’ Welcome Committee as desired.

Picture Presentation.—Arising out of the House Committee’s report, the thanks of the Executive were conveyed to Messrs. Lippiait and Barnhart for the pictures they presented to Anzac House.

Anzac House.—The matter of placing tablets to commemorate the official opening of Anzac

For the Majority

Few are so fortunately placed that the future holds no problems, and since it is apparent that the majority of people receive moderate incomes, it is just as obvious that the majority can attain financial independence only by systematic saving.

After all, some sacrifice, some self-discipline, is unavoidable if anything worth while is to be gained.

The Savings Account provides a safe, profitable and convenient method.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)
Women's Auxiliaries

Our Work

(By MARY S. MCKINLAY,
State President)

On the threshold of 1935 we may look back with deep satisfaction and gratitude to the work accomplished in our auxiliaries during the past year.

There are now sixty-three branches. Conferences brought many of these into personal touch with each other and headquarters. We trust that the friendly correspondence which has already commenced between each executive member and the country auxiliaries she represents will still further, foster the spirit of fellowship among us.

The motto of the British Legion is "Service, not Self," and it could be well applied to our auxiliaries. The most successful branches are those with big programs of work in front of them for the year, and, incidentally, they become the most optimistic and cheerful. It delights one to note the air of happiness that pervades auxiliary functions, and our united socials are well-known for their merriment.

More and more interest is being taken in the motor outings and in the soldier patients and their dependents in hospital.

"You ladies are so good to us," said a patient with tears in his eyes, after a Sunday trip. "We hope to launch our holiday scheme for children, and possibly mothers, from the bush, very soon, the inaugural meeting takes place at the end of January. One auxiliary member has been in the never-never for thirteen years without a holiday for herself or family. The need for the scheme is great. We also endeavour to further the "Flying Doctor" project, the Infant Health Correspondence Scheme, and the purchasing of local products, all being of widespread benefit to the State as well as to ourselves.

Our organisation is not out for limelight; rather does it entail steady work behind the scenes. The thoughtfulness and quiet influence of women can do much, and every individual effort put into R.S.L. auxiliary work will make it a powerful whole.

Let us look forward then with happy confidence to our work for the coming year! That health, happiness and prosperity may be with you and yours at Christmas time and in 1935 is the sincere wish of yours in happy service.

STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES

The following committees have been formed in the State Executive:-

Management, Mesdames McKinlay, Wilson, Kirby, Stockmin, Orgill, and Hopperton; Hospital Visiting, Mesdames Stone, Power, Kirby, Pendergrast, Doran, and Hawtin; Motor Outing, Mesdames Stockmin, Stubberfield, Downe, and Hopperton; Social, Mesdames Middleton,

When you think of GLASSES—

think of Sainken & Sainken

OPTICIANS

(By Exam.)

15% Discount allowed to Members of the R.S.L. and their Dependents on all Optical Requirements.

HAY STREET Next to AMBASSADORS
James, Henderson, and Harding; Delegates Economic Council, Mesdames Hop­pertson and Orgill; Delegates Empire Shopping Council, Mesdames McKinlay and Hop­pertson; Delegate Infant Health, Mrs. McKinlay.

MOTOR OUTINGS

So many auxiliaries have already offered to give-outings to soldier patients this year that it has been unnecessary to issue circulars to branches. With Mrs. Stockman, as chairmaa, the committee comprises Mesdames Stubberfield, Dowse and Hop­pertson. These ladies will meet regularly to ensure the smooth running of the arrangements. The following is a list of outings already booked up; other dates can be fixed by communicating with Mrs. Hop­pertson. It is pleasing to note the interest that the auxiliaries are taking in the outings, and one has only to attend one to realise what it means to the patients to be thus entertained.

November 18, Donnybrook; December 9, North Perth; January 20, West Leederville; January 27, Darling Range; February 17, Press; February 24, Subiaco; March 10, Fremantle; March 24, Mt. Mr. Hawthorn; April 14, Mrs. O'Connell; April 28, Bayswater; May 12, South Perth. Nedlands gave a picture afternoon earlier in the year, and Belmont has donated £1/12/- to the motor outfit­ing fund, as they are unable to give an outing.

VICTORIA PARK

At the general meeting held on November 23 the resignation of Mrs. H. Taylor was tendered, and reluctantly accepted. In the election which followed, Mrs. E. Tolmie was chosen to act as President, and Mrs. L. Coleman to take over the duties of Treasurer for the next six months, when the annual election takes place. Before the meeting closed a presentation was made to Mrs. H. Taylor, on behalf of Auxiliary members, by Mrs. Barrett (Sect. Vice-President), as a small token of the esteem in which she is held. The social which followed the meeting was well attended, and dancing was interspersed with items contributed by the Misses Di and Olga Vickers (song and dance), Miss Caldwell (piano­fore solo), and recitations by Jean Condill, a Girl Guide. The raffle was won by Mrs. Walsh.

Mesdames Tolmie and Barrett, the visitors to the Edward Millen Home, will be taking the usual Christmas gift from the Auxiliary to each patient, and reported that their visits are greatly appreciated by the boys. Mrs. Mathews (Amel­liication) and Mrs. Haig (Tennis) also gave their reports. A New Year's Eve party will be held at the Vic. Park Town Hall for members and their families.

NORTH PERTH

North Perth extends to sister Auxiliaries the season's greetings. The year has been a very happy one for us. We have had a most successful competition in aid of Anzac House, a splendid Poppy Day collection, more than 30 prizes from the annual exhibition and won the Cup, so we can go into recess until, next March well satisfied with ourselves.

PINGRUP

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Sadlier and Mrs. McDowell are both well on the road to recovery after their recent sojourns in hospital.

CARLISLE

After members had spent several days at sewing and trading for fancy goods for the stalls, the jumble sale and bazaar proved a huge success. Mrs. Hop­pertson performed the opening ceremony and among the visitors were Mrs. Pike (Secty. Vic. Park Auxiliary) and the Pres. and Secty. of the Housewives' Association. Dancing and music followed, Mrs. Kellog and Zena Cule rendering items. The dancers still held good, and the ankle show caused excitement amongst the young and old. It was decided at our last meeting to go into recess till February.

The monthly meeting was held on December 6 when the nomination of officers took place. The sub-­branch held a social on November 22, with the Women's Auxiliary and S.S.I. as guests. About 100 guests sat down to tables laden with the good things of life. Pres. Nichol in the chair was supported by Mr. Farquharson, of the State Executive, and Mrs. McKinlay, President State Women's Auxiliary. Short speeches were given, which were well received. Between toasts and items by well-known artists Mr. Farquharson presented to Mrs. Monkhouse (President of the local Women's Auxiliary since its inception) a "Certificate of Service." The artists, Misses Devenish, Morrison and Gillies, were thanked for their services. Rollicking choruses brought a very enjoyable evening to a close at 11 p.m.

44th BATTALION

The 44th Battalion Women's Auxiliary has just completed another successful year's work. The Repatriation Ward of the Perth Hospital has been visited each week, cigarettes and magazines having been distributed to the patients. A concert party has visited "Lemoni" Hospital each month during the year, when, in addition to the concert, cigarettes and sweets have been generously appreciated. The usual Christmas party is being given to the men at "Lemoni" this year, and a personal gift will be handed to each pa­tient. The same procedure is being followed with the soldier patients at "Lucknow" Hospital and at the Repatriation Wards of the Perth Hospital.
Sub-Branch Notes

CLAREMONT
The attendance at the monthly meeting of December 6 was very satisfactory, there being 60 members present; exactly double the number at the corresponding meeting a year ago. Nominations for the Sub-branch Executive for 1934 were received, and members who will be prevented from attending the annual meeting on January 3, 1935, are asked to post their ballot papers to the Secretary in plenty of time. The business of the evening was somewhat curtailed in order that Dr. Bryan could give a talk on the early Military History of W.A., which proved of great interest to everyone present, as the manner in which a vote of thanks to the speaker proposed by Mr. Harvey Rae was carried, clearly showed.

The President extended to the Sub-branch Christmas greetings and wishes for a prosperous year 1935, and expressed his pleasure of the advance made during the past twelve months.

On Thursday, December 13, a party for children was given in the Parish Hall by the Sub-branch and the Women’s Auxiliary, the hall being none too large for the company in attendance. Mr. Billy Edwards, assisted by “Uncle Percy” and “Uncle Bill” organised a successful programme for the amusement of the children, and in addition conducted competitions in singing and elocutionary items for which prizes were given. At the close of the evening everyone agreed that this was the most successful entertainment conducted by the sub-branch for a considerable time. Many thanks to the members of the Women’s Auxiliary, the gentlemen mentioned above, and members of the sub-branch, who worked so hard to make the party so enjoyable to the children.

The first annual meeting of the S.S.L. Sub-branch will be held in the Lesser Hall, Council Chambers on January 14, 1935, when it is hoped as many as possible of the members’ fathers will make an endeavour to be present.

BRUCE ROCK
At the annual general meeting of this sub-

Announcement

GIBB & CO.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
have removed to:
233 ALBANY ROAD
VICTORIA PARK
THE DIGGER UNDERTAKERS

Special quotes for Returned Soldiers in need of our services
Phone BBS 534
C. GIBB,
(late 3rd Tunnellers A.I.F.)
Manager.

PETERS ICE CREAM
A W.A. PRODUCT
The Health Food of a Nation
EAT SOME EVERY DAY!
ARDATH-BABKIN

"Citator" writes—"It's no use you telling the "scribes" not to say that "the minutes were confirmed" with all the et ceteras, like you did in the last issue of the "L.P." The mob still goes on "confirming the minutes" in the usual way.

Have you noticed that all these sub-branches which meet at a pub on Saturday evening seem to be fairly strong? I know ours is, and I caught one Duke trying to open a bottle of Emu with a Ford last night, long after the meeting finished. Strong, all right, and it was my Lizzie! While to make it worse the beer wasn't even cool.

Basil Hanley was full of cheer—no, not beer—cheer I said, and he wanted to know what would happen if Harry Elliott picked the bucket. Would his widow be allowed to carry on the farm, or would the Bank grab the lot? The meeting decided to ask the Land Committee about it and our Secretary, Alf Lay, was instructed to write about it. Even that didn't satisfy Basil, he kept it in until Harry began to look a bit white round the ears, but I reckon it was rougher still when Basil put his hat on and went home later on and it was noticed he had a black band round it!

Basil is the leader of the opposition. He reckoned he didn't want any ladies brought into the sub-branch affairs when the mob decided to run a dance at the New Year and ask the ladies to assist with the refreshments, etc. Basil is a bachelor who is going to be married soon—but doesn't know who.

Someone, Alf Lay, I think, said we ought to have a scribe to write up the reports, and I got the job; nothing for the first year, but my pay will be doubled every year after and the sub-branch liable for any libel actions arising!

Arthur Wheeler of Gloucester's Own, just before we had a bob-in (he always gets there in time anyway), and the mob discovered he had been badly bitten by a dog; had his hand bandaged up. Dinkum bite from a dog all right, but it caused a bit of worry when we discovered he was suffering from a case of hydrophobia—he won't drink water. Anyway, if that's a symptom, nearly every bloke in the sub-branch must have been bitten by a thumping big dog when he was a very small boy. Except Bill Medith. Bill is a "gentleman of the 10th" (the Duke of Gloucester's Own) and I heard he was badly knocked during the War and only an "iron cagilation" pulled him through. Bill won't touch water now for fear of rusting it. Stout lad, Bill.

Alf asked whether anyone wanted to join the Anzac House Club, but no one appeared too anxious as it wasn't at all certain the "Sunday Times" would approve of us innocent coves from the bush getting mixed up with the doubtful people who run the show.

Arthur Wheeler rejoined that we ought to have our own little committee in the sub-branch to deal with local "land problems" before putting anything up to the Executive in any specified case. Not a bad idea either. Anyway, I don't think Basil can kid Harry into providing the first club just yet, and that dog-bite of Arthur's isn't too serious. Arthur is treating it with whisky, in case anything might develop. Old soldier!!

DOWERIN

This baby is growing more healthy each month, and membership is being maintained. A ball was organised recently to commence an amelioration fund, and at the time of writing, it is hoped to clear £10. We shall be unfortunate in the near future, for we are to lose the services of a stalwart in Bert Beur, who is to go to Say's Valley. Our loss, however, will be their gain, and if the secretary of that sub-branch spots these notes he should make a point of looking Bert up. Dowerin diggers all wish him the best. A smoke social was held on November 14, to which were invited two fathers of deceased men. From them was learned much of interest, and it was pleasing to hear from one of these that while peace was preferable to war, the way to keep peace was to be so well armed that the other fellow dare not attack. This seems to be sound reasoning.

It has been decided to hold the annual meeting in December, as then the subscriptions become due, and the election of officers and sundry other annual occurrences can be dealt with at the same time. Members of the branch visited the dugout of the Wyatkethen branch on November 8 and were entertained with song and story and, of course, other things as well. The evening was much enjoyed.

ALBANY

A membership drive is being conducted to persuade many ex-service men and ex-R.S. members to attend our meetings, both business and social. Some promises have already been received and it is hoped that the New Year will see a great increase.

A large number of the Albany R.S.L. members attended the hop-over of the Torbay sub-branch. No casualties have so far been reported but quite a few got bushed. However, they got home alright for Tuesday's meeting.

A number of returned men have been found employment by the Municipal Council and we have hopes that they will be still going strong after Christmas.

The monthly meeting was held in the R.S.L. Institute on Tuesday, November 20, the senior vice-president, Mr. L. S. Barnett, being in the chair.

The next—and last for this year—social will be held on November 27. A big muster is looked for on this night.

The report on Poppy Day gave one food for thought. Is Poppy Day losing its appeal to the public at large, or is the charge of 1/- too much? The result this year in Albany did not come up to previous occasions and the sub-branch, after all deductions, will only net about £5. The Secretary was instructed to write to the local paper pointing out the actual division of the 1/- for each poppy. Thanks of the sub-branch were tendered to the helpers who assisted in the sales.

Sons of Soldiers' League.—Committee recommendations were adopted and it was decided—

(a) That the formation of a sub-branch be proceeded with at once.

(b) That a meeting of lads interested be called for on Monday, 3rd December.

(c) That the official opening be held in January.

(d) The following members of the sub-branch were, in accordance with the S.S.L. Constitution, appointed to offices as stated: President, Mr. S. J. Barlow; Secretary, Mr. T. Coles.

(e) The free use of the Institute was granted for the use of the S.S.L. whenever necessary.

In connection with the Christmas treat the sub-branch decided that any purchases necessary should as far as possible be made locally and further arrangements were left to the committee.

Thanks of the sub-branch were tendered to Mr. S. Roots who presented a photo of the Victorian War Memorial and has promised to pay for the framing, etc.

It was resolved that an exhibition of war souvenirs be held in the Town Hall on Thursday, January 7, and ex-service men are requested to notify the committee of any souvenirs, photos, etc., which they may be willing to place at our disposal so that they may be collected and returned O.K. The proceeds will be in aid of the Amelioration Funds. Albany readers, please note, members of the committee's

Let Carter's look after your larder and save £'s annually!

Thousands of Western Australian housewives have found that there is one sure, safe way to save on the food bill—by buying from Carter's stores at Charlie Carter Ltd., where bigger buying makes prices so much lower that you save £'s in a week by having everything of the freest and finest quality.

Charlie Carter Ltd.

586 HAY STREET, 687 HAY STREET
111 BARRACK ST., 178-8 MURRAY ST.
ADELAIDE ST., FREMANTLE

December 21, 1934

The Listening Post
BE SURE YOU GET

HAMS and BACON
The Limb and the Law

(By C. R. Collins)

None of us could quite remember how or when he joined us. Eddie, who had made great strides with the Australian language since he became naturalised, said he was a “blow-in,” but Carl, more genial, and, therefore, more poetical, described him as a tea-leaf—something you strike in your cups. As he brought his own chair and his own supplies to our table, and seemed quite prepared to abide by club rules, I was willing to suspend judgment until I had heard his story.

During the evening Mr. Benson introduced Colonel Brown, of South Africa, and Mr. Farr, of Singapore. They were on their way home from the B.E.S.L. conference, in Melbourne. Colonel Brown spoke of the work at the conference and was ably supported by Mr. Farr.

During the month the Nedlands Sub-branch was entertained with games and supper, a draw being the result. The sub-branch will enter the individual champion tournaments to be conducted at Anzac House and no doubt will be able to give a good account of itself.

The Christmas meal passed off fairly quietly. Mr. Rowles extended the compliments of the season to President Ted Damon and Ted did the same to the sub-branch.

The picnic raffle will be drawn on Friday, December 21. The annual meeting is fixed for January 24 when elections of officers will take place. A good roll-up is requested.

The Building Fund Committee is getting a move on and we hope in the very near future to have our own home in the district.

There will be no meeting on Thursday, the 27th, the next meeting being on January 10.

Unless memory fails me, Carl had just made some remark about the adaptability of the digger, especially in the direction of turning even misfortunes to advantage. This gave the Stranger his opportunity.

“That reminds me of me old cobber, Jim Haley,” he announced, waving an exploring hand in the direction of Eddie’s pot.

Eddie removed the pot to the safety position and inquired, “Who’s Jim Haley?”

And this is the tale the stranger related in the service, while Ted, the Adonis of barmen, whose clothes look like Savile Row, but whose language sometimes sounds likeBillingsgate, hovered in the offing and supplied the necessary lubricants.

When Jim Haley lost his leg at Lone Pine, all the mob up at Mergathilla reckoned that that would put the full stop to his turkey shooting. Imagine poor old Jim, the best turkey shooter in the district getting his leg done in by some gunner from Turkey! No doubt the Mergathilla turkeys would be pleased, but the mob up that way were very upset, not only on poor Jim’s account, but because it looked as if his long contest with Mick Rooney had slumped into one of those “no decision” affairs. Mick Rooney was the local cop, and Jim was one of those civil servants who believed in the commandment “ six days shalt thou rest, in the civil service, but on the seventh, thou shalt labour at turkey shooting”; and up at Mergathilla the law is very hot on fellows who use firearms on Sunday. Mick Rooney had made attempts to catch Jim, but Jim had always been too shrewd for him. During the next four years we had quite enough to think of, but blow me, if when I got back, there were Rooney and Jim, both home from the war, both stationed in Mergathilla again, and Jim bagging his brace of turkeys every Sunday, just like he used to in the good old days before the Big Stoush. How did he manage it? Well, that’s something nobody could nut out—at least not at the time.

Jim spent a few years in Blighty before he came home, but when he did, the first man he struck in Mergathilla was his old friend and enemy, Mick Rooney.

“Well, Sherlock,” he asked, “And how are all the little turkeys these days?”

“Just about as scarce as ever they were to anyone but yourself. And while you’re pumping the Force for information, I might remind you that the law against Sunday shooting is still in force.”

A wistful smile was Haley’s sole reply. Then he asked another question, and Rooney said he didn’t mind if he did, and they adjourned to the Fossickers’ Arms, where Hogan the publican was still standing occasional treat to returned soldiers.

Jim quietly resumed his old work in the Mines Department, but he caused a mild sensation the next Sunday when he shattered the Sabbath calm with one of those motor cycles, driven from a side car, which had been specially constructed for limbless men. It was the first of its kind that Mergathilla had seen. Haley was never tired of explaining and showing off its workings, and it looks as if the new toy had made turkey shooting just a memory of happier days, like the tango and the musical compositions of John Philip Sousa. Then came a Sunday when Jim went out for the day. He returned at dusk with a brace of fine turkeys, one of which he left on Mick Rooney’s doorstep.

“So you’ve started your old games again,” was Mick’s comment. “Well, I’ll say this for you, you’re a sportsman, anyway. But I’ll get you yet.”

And this was the opening of the return bout—or was it just the second round?
Every Sunday, the performance was repeated, and the publican and the storekeeper were laying odds on the event. Like the Mounted Police, Jim always got his bird. But how he did it was a mystery. He always went out on his own, and no one ever saw him with a gun. The other chaps at Mrs. O'Connor's boarding house, where he lived, were prepared to take a Bible oath that Jim didn't even own a gun, but Mick Rooney used to shake his head and growl, "That be damned for a yarn. He leaves it somewhere on the way home and gets it when he goes out again."

And the mob used to answer, "Weren't you ever taught care and cleaning of arms in the Army, Mick?"

It was useless for Rooney to follow it out to a certain soak which he knew was a likely spot for turkeys; a secluded spot, miles from anywhere; a mere splash of topaz and emerald in a rolling vista of spinifex and mulga. He sought concealment in the scrub, and patiently settled down to wait for his prey. And waited in vain.

"Never mind," Rooney consoled himself. "He must try this spot sooner or later, and waiting for him is a lot easier than riding all over the countryside after that infernal bike of his."

(Continued on Page 34)
## R.S.L. SUB-BRANCH AND UNIT ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

**RATES: £1 1s. 6d. PER ANNUM**

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<td>A. W. Wheeler, Babakin</td>
<td>A. T. Lay, School House, Ardath</td>
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<td>ALBANY</td>
<td>Soldiers' Institute</td>
<td>3rd Tuesday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>E. Y. Butler, R.M., The Residency, Albany</td>
<td>F. T. Evans, Serpentine Road, Albany</td>
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<td>BUNBURY</td>
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<td>C. Nixon, View St., Peppermint Grove</td>
<td>C. Avery, 1 Grange St., Claremont</td>
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<td>CARLISLE</td>
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<td>H. N. Nicol, 31 Mill St., Vic. Park</td>
<td>G. H. Greaves, 34 Mars Street, Carlisle</td>
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<td>J. Stirling, c/o Power House, Collie</td>
<td>H. H. Stuchbury, Hawthorne Av, Collie</td>
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<td>W. Ford, 11 First Avenue, Claremont</td>
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<td>DENMARK</td>
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<td>Alan Morton, Salmon Gums</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DONNYBROOK FREMANTLE AND DISTRICTS</td>
<td>Memorial Hall</td>
<td>Alternate Thursdays (Pension Nights), at 8 p.m.</td>
<td>J. W. Lynch, Hampton Rd., Fremantle</td>
<td>A. V. Self, Donnybrook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GASCOWNE</td>
<td>Gascoyne Hotel</td>
<td>1st Monday</td>
<td>C. A. P. Gostelow, Carnarvon</td>
<td>S. P. V. Harrison, 62 Bellevue Tce, Fremantle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GWANGARUP</td>
<td>Soldiers' Room</td>
<td>1st Wednesday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>Dr. R. C. Austin, Gwangarup</td>
<td>W. S. Appleyard, Council Chis, Carnarvon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GULLA</td>
<td>State Hotel</td>
<td>1st Thursday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>Dr. H. E. Clarke, Gwalia</td>
<td>S. W. Stewart, Gwangarup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HARRIET</td>
<td>War Memorial Hall</td>
<td>Last Tuesday</td>
<td>B. H. L. Ischo, Wokalup Phone Harvey 108M</td>
<td>J. E. Treasure, Kojonup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KALGOORIE</td>
<td>Soldiers' Institute</td>
<td>Every 2nd Tuesday at 8 p.m.</td>
<td>R. R. Gibbs, Bank of N.S.W., Hannan St, V. Monti</td>
<td>C. Shepherd, Gwalia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KARRIDALE AND DISTRICT KELLERBERRIN AND DISTRICT</td>
<td>P.P.A. Room</td>
<td>1st Wednesday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>G. L. Ogilvie, Kellerberrin</td>
<td>R. Irving, Harvey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KIMBERLEY</td>
<td>Derby</td>
<td>When called</td>
<td>J. Knopp, Derby</td>
<td>T. C. Fairley, 49 Campbell St., Kalgoorlie. Tel. 290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KATANNING KOJONUP</td>
<td>Club Rooms, Carew-St. Memorial Hall, Kojonup</td>
<td>When called</td>
<td>H. W. A. Tylor, Katanning</td>
<td>W. J. Cox, Karridale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KOORDA</td>
<td>Koords</td>
<td>4th Friday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>Joniah Norrish, Kojonup</td>
<td>Geo. W. Mann, Kellerberrin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAKE GRACE</td>
<td>Road Board Hall</td>
<td>Quarterly</td>
<td>Chas. H. Smith</td>
<td>A. Guillian, Derby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAKE KING</td>
<td>Lake King Hall</td>
<td>Committee 1st Friday</td>
<td>J. Collinson, Lake Grace</td>
<td>W. Bailey, Katanning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOUNT BARKER</td>
<td>Mt. Barker</td>
<td>3rd Friday, 3 p.m.</td>
<td>R. D. Allen, Lake King</td>
<td>L. E. Treasure, Kojonup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAYLANDS</td>
<td>Supper Room, Town Hall, Maylands</td>
<td>3rd Friday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>T. G. Sourness, &quot;Merryup,&quot; Mt. Barker</td>
<td>R. C. Wood, Lindsay K. Joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUNDARING AND DISTRICT MIDLAND JUNCTION</td>
<td>Town Hall Committee Rm</td>
<td>When called</td>
<td>P. R. Allen, 20 Coode St, Mt. Lawley</td>
<td>C. Verden, Lake Grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Alt. Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.</td>
<td>H. Walker, Mt. Helena</td>
<td>C. Verden, Lake King. Tel. No. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(Pension week)</td>
<td>J. Shannan, Lindsay St, Perth</td>
<td>S. Reeves, Mt. Barker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3rd Friday, 7.30 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>W. J. Lovell, 98 Sixth Av, Maylands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3rd Thursday</td>
<td></td>
<td>H. Patten, Mundaring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>H. B. Stephens, 19 Amherst Road, West Midland Junction</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sub-Branch</td>
<td>Place of Meeting</td>
<td>Date of Meeting</td>
<td>President</td>
<td>Secretary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOUNT MARSHALL</td>
<td>Rosedale Hall, Bencubbin</td>
<td>Third Sunday, alt. month</td>
<td>E. H. Rice, Bencubbin</td>
<td>R. F. Braskell, Bencubbin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOUNT LAWLEY</td>
<td>Wallish Hall, Groeden Rd., Mt. Lawley</td>
<td>1st Tuesday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>Col. T. Plinston,</td>
<td>J. K. Joyce, 118 Central Ave., Maylands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MORNINGTON MILLS</td>
<td>Mornington Mills</td>
<td>Every Alt. Sunday</td>
<td>A. Turner,</td>
<td>Gordon, Mornington Mills</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTH-EAST</td>
<td>Artillery Barracks, Burt St. Fremantile</td>
<td>2nd Monday</td>
<td>Major G. P. W. Meredith, Artillery Barracks</td>
<td>T. Hogg, Narragin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PREMANTLE</td>
<td>Railway Hotel, Northampton</td>
<td>3rd Saturday, 9 p.m.</td>
<td>L. F. Ash, Northampton</td>
<td>A. Glance, Northampton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTHAM</td>
<td>Northam Bowling Club House, Wellington St.</td>
<td>1st Wednesday in the month</td>
<td>J. E. Robertson, c/o Court House, Northam</td>
<td>G. C. Curlew, 145 Fitzgerald St., Northam Tel. 174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NORTH PERTH</td>
<td>St. Hilda's Hall, Glebe St. (Off View Street)</td>
<td>1st and 3rd Mondays, 8 p.m.</td>
<td>W. J. James,</td>
<td>A. J. Hawkins, 24 York St., North Perth Tel. B1200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERTH</td>
<td>Anzac House, Perth</td>
<td>2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Geo. S. Millar, Soldiers' Institute, Perth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Office hours 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>R. Biggs, C/O 'West Australian'</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRESS</td>
<td>Billiard Saloon</td>
<td>1st and 3rd Wednesdays, 1 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>H. K. MacLean, East Press, Tel. 10 No. 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PITHARA</td>
<td>Yocanning and Yocanning</td>
<td>1st Saturday, 10.30 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>C. I. McGarragial, Yocanning Yocanning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POPANYNING</td>
<td>Port Hedland</td>
<td>When called</td>
<td></td>
<td>E. J. Gregan, Port Hedland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PILBARA</td>
<td>Miners' Arms Biggs, Morgan St.</td>
<td>When called</td>
<td></td>
<td>T. F. Smith, Miners' Arms Biggs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAVENSTHORPE</td>
<td>Public Hall, Swan Street</td>
<td>4th Thursday</td>
<td></td>
<td>H. S. Thompson, Public Hall, Swan Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOUTH PERTH</td>
<td>Branch Rooms, Rokeby Rd., Subiaco</td>
<td>1st Thursday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Benj. Williamson, Branch Rooms, Rokeby Rd., Subiaco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUBIACO</td>
<td>Road Board Lesser Hall</td>
<td>2nd Wednesday</td>
<td></td>
<td>S. V. Roehlweid, Subiaco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TAMBELLUP TOODYAY</td>
<td>Toodyay Newsagency</td>
<td>1st Wednesday in each month, 8 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>N. H. Millar, Toodyay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YEBALING-YELBENI</td>
<td>Training (1) Yelbani (1)</td>
<td>4th Sunday</td>
<td></td>
<td>F. N. Graves, Yelbani</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YEBALING</td>
<td>Soldiers' Institute, Perth</td>
<td>Every 3rd Wednesday from January 10, 1934</td>
<td></td>
<td>W. F. Saunders, 146 Albany Road, Victoria Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VICTORIA PARK</td>
<td>Library Hall, Albany Road, Victoria Park</td>
<td>3rd Friday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>T. Chandler, 11 McMillan St., Victoria Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEST PERTH</td>
<td>Anzac House, Perth</td>
<td>3rd Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>P. L. Ross, Workers' Homes Board, Perth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOBIN, BUNTING</td>
<td>Each place alt., commencing Bunting, March 1</td>
<td>1st Sunday, 3 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>W. A. Cadwallader, Wobin Tel. No. 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATHERING WEST LEEDELLIVE</td>
<td>Town Hall, Cambridge St., Lederville</td>
<td>2nd Monday, 7.30 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>J. W. Smeathers, 18 Woolwich St., West Leederville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YEALERING YORK</td>
<td>Commercial Hotel, Yealering</td>
<td>3rd Saturday, 8 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Keith J. Jones, Yealering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WYALKATCHEM</td>
<td>Town Hall</td>
<td>2nd Tuesday alt. months</td>
<td></td>
<td>C. Vernon Harris, P.O. Box 99, Phone 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WAROONA</td>
<td>Memorial Hall</td>
<td>1st Friday, 8.30 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Hugh A. Leslie, Wyalkatchem</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**R.S.L. Sub-Branch Women's Auxiliaries**

**DONNYBROOK**
- Memorial Hall
  - First Saturday, monthly
  - Mrs. MacCrowley, Blackwood Road
  - Mrs. O. Taylor, 94 State St., Victoria Park

**VICTORIA PARK**
- Library Hall, Albany Road
  - Fourth Friday, 7.30 p.m.
  - Mrs. V. T. Miller, Donnybrook
  - Mrs. D. Pike, 38 State St., Victoria Park
ASSOCIATIONS OF EX-SERVICE MEN

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Association</th>
<th>Place of Meeting</th>
<th>Date of Meeting</th>
<th>President</th>
<th>Secretary</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>BLINDED SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION</td>
<td>Anzac House, Perth</td>
<td>When necessary</td>
<td>D. M. Benson, Soldiers Inst., Perth</td>
<td>Mrs. W. James, 19 Marion St., Leederville</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELEVENTH BATTALION ASSOCIATION</td>
<td>Anzac House, Perth</td>
<td>Monthly Luncheon, 1 p.m. on 11th of month</td>
<td>W. Kruger, 79 St. Leonards Avenue, Leederville</td>
<td>R. W. Blair, 79 William St., Perth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EX-NAVAL MEN: Fremantle Sub-Section</td>
<td>His Majesty's Hotel, Fremantle</td>
<td>2nd and last Wednesdays</td>
<td>J. A. Main, 10 Wray Ave, Fremantle</td>
<td>A. J. Rote, Royal Oak, 233 Mary St, Fremantle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MEDICAL SERVICES ASSOCIATION</td>
<td>Anzac House, Perth</td>
<td>Third Thursday, quarterly</td>
<td>Col. D. McWhaie (Chairman, A. H. Hood, 39 Tate St, W. Leederville)</td>
<td>H. W. Rigs, 26 Elizabeth St, N. Perth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWENTY-EIGHTH BATTALION ASSN.</td>
<td>Committee, as arranged</td>
<td>2nd Monday</td>
<td>Lt-Col. I. E. Dunkley, 86 Angove St, Nth, Perth</td>
<td>Phone B2234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10th LIGHT HORSE ASSOCIATION</td>
<td>Anzac House, Perth</td>
<td>When called</td>
<td>Tom Kidd, Agricultural Bank, Hay Street, Perth</td>
<td>L. D. Lobascher, 26 Second Floor, Economic Chrs., Perth</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Several other Sundays did Rooney spend in this manner, and, in the fullness of time luck dealt him what looked like a winning hand. He must have been doing in the sunshine, for he did not hear the buzz of the approaching cycle. It was the sharp crack of a rifle that aroused him, the whang that sounds even more ominous when it is near. Mounting in haste, he dashed from the ambush, and there was Jim Haley awkwardly getting out of the-sidecar while a newly-slain turkey lay a few yards away.

"Got you at last," he cried triumphantly.

"Your bird, I believe!" said Jim with a grin. "That's a queer rifle you've got," Rooney retorted. "Most peculiar sounding report. Let's have a look at it."

"What rifle?" Jim asked innocently.

"The one you've just fired, of course."

But search as diligently as he might, Rooney could find nothing that even remotely resembled a firearm, nor was there any ammunition in evidence. Finally he gave it best.

"You've beaten me this time," Rooney admitted. "And I'm not saying that I'm altogether sorry. Never mind. Return match next Sunday."

But that ended the business. Some whisper of the contest must have reached headquarters, for the next week Jim Haley was transferred to Perth, and the affair looked as if it would go down to history as one of those unsolved mysteries that the people who write thrillers talk about.

But Haley was too good a sportsman to let the matter rest there. I'll never forget the night that Rooney read his letter out at the sub-branch meeting and cracked his whip for the mob in Hogan's bar. You see, while he was in hospital; Jim cobbered up with a bloke that had been a gunsight before the war, and got a job in an artificial limb factory when he came home. This merchant fixed Jim up with a combination gun and wooden leg. Jim used to ride the turkeys down with his bike, and when he got near enough he'd cock up his wooden leg and pot them off. It was a magazine affair, but it used to jar the old stump, and, anyway, just about the time he'd got his transfer to Perth the blooming borgers had got into it.

Thanks, Ted, but one of you chaps'll have to put me in this time.

We did, because we reckoned he had earned it:

After he had gone I asked:

"Who is that bird, Ted?"

Ted, whose business it is to know everybody, replied,

"His name's Monkhouse, but it must have been Munchausen before he got naturalised."

J. C. CORNISH
M.P.S.
CASH CHEMIST
770 ALBANY RD., VICTORIA PARK
Agent: Commonwealth Savings Bank.
Phone B5372

SMILES

An advertisement we read during the week described Eau de Cologne as a "delightful refresher." Before the War this might have appealed to the sex which is supposed to be fair. In those days, scent-drinking in shop parlours was as prevalent as cocktail parties are now, but in these days of militant feminism lovely women makes no secret about her ability to sink a snifter.

Referring to recent activities of a Perth publicist, a contemporary states, "As far back as May, the accusations appeared in print under his signature." Instead of going behind politicians' backs to make the charges, the public denouncer evidently stood on his head to write them.
For Quality DRY-CLEANING
and DYEING the

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Those who wish for greater service and convenience, and the very best of results will, of course, have their Dry-Cleaning and Dyeing carried out by the Foy-Parisian Service. Just ring B8101 and the Foy Delivery Fleet is at your service, and a complete and comprehensive service is offered at prices unbeatably keen. In a few days your parcel is returned to you—fresh, clean, and just like new. No matter what it is—Men's Clothing, Ladies' Clothing, Furnishings, and even Feathers—it can be successfully treated.

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Perth, Branches and Agents

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for the Digger!
The ALEXANDRA HOSTEL
932 HAY STREET

Under the management of A. R. AINSWORTH (late of Koobup), where a guaranteed clean bed and a good breakfast are obtainable. Communicate with me early for your accommodation for Show Week and Xmas.

There is still a limited accommodation at our New Guest House at North Beach.

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The new prices are practically half the figures of former ones, without reduction in quality. Medals are guaranteed to last a lifetime. Sets embrace ribbon and safety-pin bar complete.

1914-15, General Service, Victory .................................................. 10/-
General Service, Victory ................................................................. 8/-
Set of three—1914-15, General Service, Victory, and any one of decorations noted below .................................................... 17/-
Set of three—1914-15, General Service, Victory, and any two of the decorations noted below ................................................................. 22/-
Set of two—General Service and Victory, and any one of the decorations noted below ................................................................. 15/-
Set of two—General Service and Victory, and any two of the decorations noted below ................................................................. 20/-
Decorations: M.C., D.C.M., M.M., M.S.M.
Long Service (Army or Navy), Merc. Marine

"Miniature Medals of South Africa, Queen's and King's, each 7/-

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WINGELLO HOUSE SYDNEY