THE BUZZER

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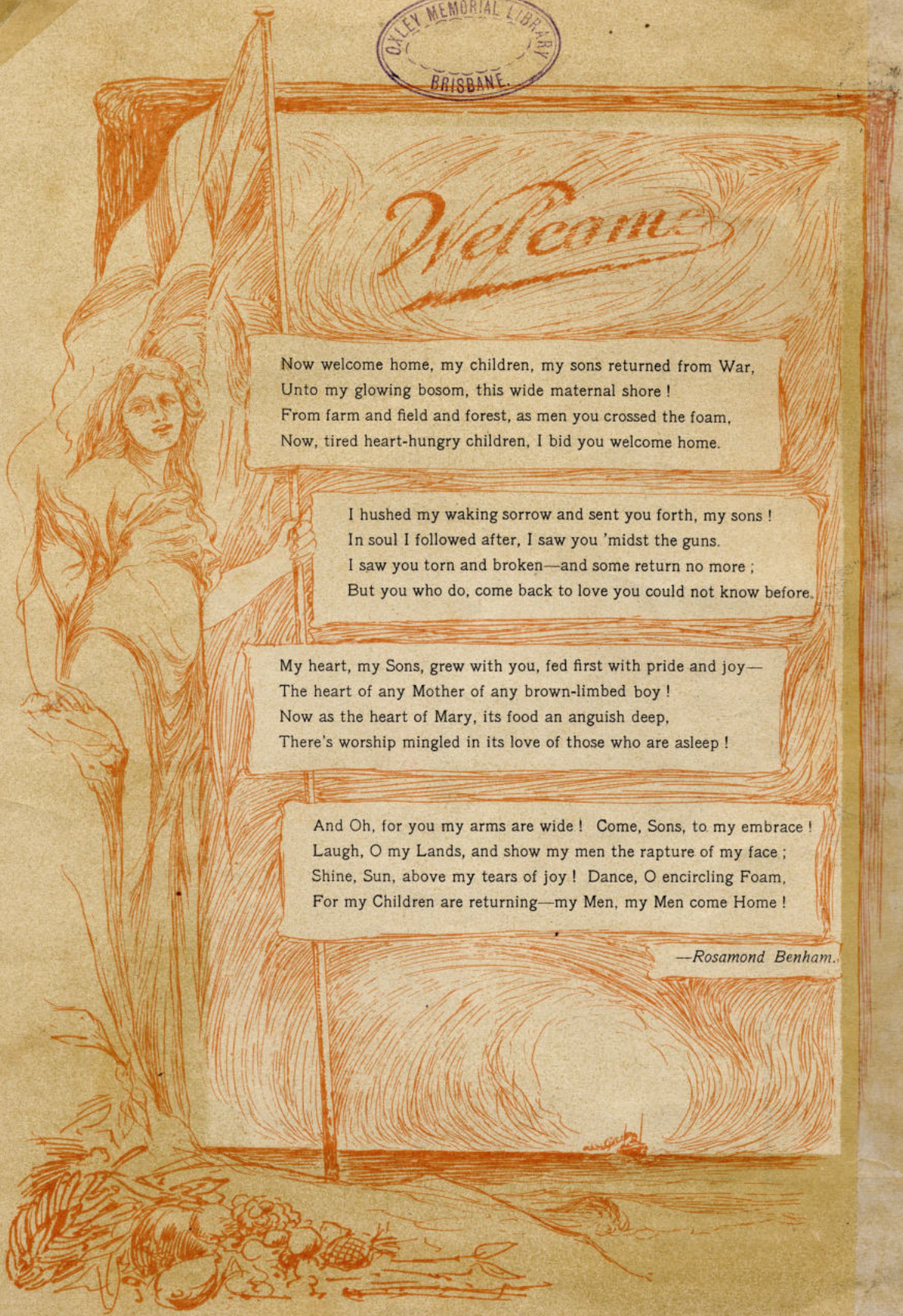

Now welcome home, my children, my sons returned from War,
Unto my glowing bosom, this wide maternal shore!
From farm and field and forest, as men you crossed the foam,
Now, tired heart-hungry children, I bid you welcome home.

I hushed my waking sorrow and sent you forth, my sons!
In soul I followed after, I saw you 'midst the guns.
I saw you torn and broken—and some return no more;
But you who do, come back to love you could not know before.

My heart, my Sons, grew with you, fed first with pride and joy—
The heart of any Mother of any brown-limbed boy!
Now as the heart of Mary, its food an anguish deep,
There's worship mingled in its love of those who are asleep!

And Oh, for you my arms are wide! Come, Sons, to my embrace!
Laugh, O my Lands, and show my men the rapture of my face;
Shine, Sun, above my tears of joy! Dance, O encircling Foam,
For my Children are returning—my Men, my Men come Home!

—Rosamond Benham.

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FROM TRENCH TO FARM.

This little article tells how the State of Queensland is grappling with the all-important problem of repatriating returned soldiers, by placing them on specially reserved and specially prepared farm lands.

Queensland, the great Northern State of Australia, has put into operation a practical scheme for the repatriation of returned soldiers. Queensland is a territory of vast extent, with limitless natural resources awaiting exploitation. Great tracts of fertile land being available for settlement, those in control of affairs realised that there could be no better means of providing for the returned soldiers than by making this land available to them. A scheme of group settlements for discharged soldiers was, therefore, evolved and is now in successful operation. The benefits are extended not only to returned Australian soldiers and sailors, but also to men from the armies and navies of Great Britain and her Allies, who have been granted honourable discharges.

The inauguration of the soldier settlement scheme necessitated the passage of special legislation through the Queensland Parliament, and accordingly the Discharged Soldier Settlement Act was placed on the Statute Book. It was probably the first measure of its kind passed by any Legislature in the British Dominions, and it contains many liberal provisions. The principal feature of this unique Act is the power which is vested in the Governor in Council to set aside areas of land for soldier settlement. The Act lays down that these lands shall be made available under the Perpetual Lease system, but that no rent shall be chargeable for the first three years of occupation. After that period the rental is fixed at 1½ per cent. of the capital value from the fourth to the fifteenth year. Then the rental is to be fixed by the Land Court, an impartial tribunal constituted to deal with land values and rentals. Provision is also made in the Act for a special advance of £500 to each soldier settler, repayable in 40 years by easy repayments of capital and interest. In addition to that advance, soldier settlers are entitled to a further advance of £750 under certain conditions on similar terms to those accorded to ordinary settlers.

Beerburrum Soldiers Settlement Farm.

Under the Discharged Soldier Settlement Act over 4,000,000 acres of land have been reserved for soldier settlement, and it is anticipated that this area will provide homes for over 16,000 soldiers and their families.

The scheme is under the control of the Land Settlement Committee appointed by the Government of Queensland, which has several representatives on the committee.

The initial work was naturally of an arduous nature. But the scheme has successfully outlived the scorn of the pessimist, and to-day several thriving soldier settlements bear testimony to the energy and resource which brought them into being. The site of the initial settlement is at Beerburrum, within forty miles of the capital, and in direct and easy railway communication with the markets. An area of 61,000 acres was set aside at Beerburrum, after the soil had been carefully tested by a variety of experts, and found to be suitable in all respects. This region was selected because the committee realised that the soldier settlers must follow a calling which is not too arduous and which offers a speedy and substantial return for a minimum outlay. Beerburrum is the centre of a pineapple growing district which has already yielded small fortunes to private farmers, and the committee was fortunate in securing such a large area of land in so fertile a region.

The plan adopted at Beerburrum has been so successful that it is being adopted at all other soldier settlements. The first steps were to appoint a practical farmer as superintendent and establish a training farm under his direction.

This action was an absolute necessity, because the majority of the soldier settlers have had no previous experience of farm life. Steps were then taken to clear the land, and when a certain portion had been cleared on each holding and a portion of the area planted, men who had sufficiently qualified to take over their own holdings were placed on the various blocks. The clearing and planting is proceeding apace, and forty houses have already been erected on the holdings, whilst others are in course of construction. New holdings are continually being taken over by men who have qualified at the training farm. Already 300 acres are under crop, and it is anticipated that before very long the whole reserve will be settled.

The settlement is already quite a self-contained community. A township has been surveyed and a State Store and State Butcher's Shop have been provided to cater for the food and clothing requirements of the settlers. Recently a recreation hall was opened and a library installed. Perhaps, however, the best evidence of the progress of the settlement is the establishment of a State school, where 23 children of soldier farmers are being taught.

Other areas are undergoing development on similar lines, and throughout Queensland there are now 332 returned soldier settlers on 100,901 acres, whilst a further area of 294,108 acres is in course of preparation for settlement.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for the disposal of the output of the various soldier settlements, and a fruit-canning factory is being erected on the bank of the Brisbane River to deal with the surplus crop. This factory will cost over £40,000 and will be constructed on the most up-to-date lines. The decision to erect it was arrived at after the Land Settlement Committee had considered the report of a commission which was despatched to Honolulu and California to study fruit-canning methods.

Another important feature of the soldier settlement scheme is the establishment of poultry farms for men who are physically incapable of undertaking more strenuous work. The principal centres of activity are at Yeerongpilly, Belmont, and Wolston, all close to Brisbane, where large areas of land have been set apart for soldiers' poultry farms. These areas have been subdivided into suitable blocks, and the work of stocking the holdings, erecting houses, fowl yards, and fencing is proceeding apace. A number of men have already taken over their poultry farms, whilst a still larger number are undergoing a course of instruction at the Government Agricultural College at Gatton.

Several areas in the suburbs of Brisbane have been set apart for soldiers' homes, and already 260 houses for soldiers or soldiers' widows have been erected in Brisbane and elsewhere.

Other forms of assistance are also being given to soldiers, and the establishment of apiaries and pig farms are in contemplation.

In order that soldiers may be able to obtain all information and be assisted in every way in securing holdings at the various settlements, an inquiry office has been established. Anyone desiring information has merely to communicate with the Soldiers' Inquiry Office, Lands Department, Brisbane, Queensland, and their wants will receive immediate attention.

This, in brief outline, is what is being done in Queensland to provide for the men who have been prepared to give their all for their country. The problem is one that bristles with difficulties, but now that the scheme has been established on a sound basis, there is every indication that the ultimate results will fully justify the optimism of the originators.

School for Soldier Settlers' Children at Beerburrum, Queensland.

THE BUZZER

Incorporating "The Submarine Dodger" and
"The Watch on the Brine."

Published on board H.M.A. Transport

By Willing Hands and Coy.

License Refused.

Editor, Gunner Taylour

No. 1—Vol. 1.

AT SEA.

Price: Tin of Pineapple.

GREETINGS!

We purpose in a few introductory lines to welcome ourself as a greatly to be desired institution on board ship—a real, lively, witty, wise and brilliant example of journalism.

A ship's newspaper cannot be too good for the appreciation of the acute critics in the higher domains of literature who grace the erudite company of this ship's staff and rank and file.

Therefore, by a few explanatory remarks (restrained necessarily in self-laudatory expression because of our innate modesty), we do present to ourself the first number of Vol. 1 of "The Buzzer."

We value the immense circulation amongst discerning readers, on both sides of the equator, of this great literary venture as the inauguration of a new era in the glorious history of the Press.

Our aim shall be the ambitious altitude of perfect literature and supreme precedence in news, with unfailing promptitude of publication twice a week.

Through medium of this successful and representative paper it will be proclaimed to the whole wide world that a community of one thousand intellectuals—members of the United Services—an honourable band of returning heroes—who have been dutiful in every detail of daily fatigues, diligent in seeking ways of mutual help, and persistent in the pursuit of the ideal of scrupulous sanitation—have lived in a compacted relationship of shipmates with complete amity, courtesy, and cheerfulness from Blighty to Australia.

THE WANDERER WAXES THOUGHTFUL.

I'm 'ardly wot you'd care to call
A bloke chock full er guff ;
Me 'eart aint on me tunic sleeve,
I'm made er different stuff.

But some'ow, now I'm 'omeward bound,
I'm not ashamed to say
That I've bin thinkin' pretty 'ard
'Bout soldiers' work an' play.

A thousand times I've cursed meself
Fer ev'ry kind er fool
Since I chucked up me little lot
Ter be an army mule.

I've done me bit, I've 'ad me crack,
They say I've played ther game ;
I've done some time fer twenty days,
But all ther flamin' same—

I tell yers me conclooshun is,
Tho' we've 'ad many a knock,
If any dinkum bloke was arsked
If 'e'd put back ther clock,

I'd take me oath 'e'd shake 'is 'ead,
Fer, tho' we do a roar,
There's 'eaps er good as well as bad
Along this blanky war.

There's more in war than sheddin' blood
An' shiverin' in ther snow.
We aint perpetual 'ungry.
O ! There's joy as well as woe.

We've all made mates 'oo'll stick like glue,
Our chests 'ave grown a bit ;
We've seen a scrap o' this old earth,
And sure we've made a 'it.

I tell yers me conclooshun is
Tho' we've 'ad many er knock,
If any dinkum bloke was arsked
If 'e'd put back ther clock,

I'll take me oath 'e'd shake 'is 'ead,
For, tho' we do a roar,
There's 'eaps er good as well as bad
Along this blanky war.

The Wooloomooloo Wanderer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Wanted surveyor, with experience, to subdivide allotments of deck space between 31 officers, 10 nurses, and 900 men. Applicants must be " On the level." Write " Sundowner," this office.

Who is the nice sailor with the electric laundry iron ? Does his burning ardour make him run a scorching pace with the ladies ?

Is the Rev. Father Hennessy a Three Star Artist ?

Is that genial Pict, the Padre with the popular pedestrian patronymic, still going strong ?

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

There is an elevated O. Pip. porthole most favoured by the " Stars " and " Stripes " of the United Services for special confidential communication with sister " Planets."

" WHY EMMA."

Our Y.M.C.A. Secretary on board, Mr. L. G. Wakefield, is always ready to help any of us in any way possible. Everyone who has been with the A.I.F. knows what the Y.M.C.A. is and what it stands for. Our representative is a man who knows the troubles and needs of the soldier, having been with them so long. He has served the troops in Egypt and was fifteen months in France, including the whole of last winter on the Somme, and those who were there know what the Somme winter was. Besides the attention to the material comforts of the troops, who in all seasons have demanded—we don't know how many—thousands of gallons of coffee and tons of " something to eat " at the eager efficient hands of our Y.M. Secretary, there has been given the kindly, uplifting comradely advice of a man. On board, his is the rôle of ready confidant—equal brother of those who need a friend—even when they hardly realise they need it.

We don't appreciate anything of the brand of a " wowser." We have an understanding of the value of this muscular Christian, who wears not a worried look, but a smile. It's a regular halo of a smile too !

TO THE EDITOR OF THE " BUZZER."

Sir,—The treatment of the mental ward is shameful. We are treated to biscuits once a week ; and the orderlies think we have no sense. They have tea six times a day, and we get a half-cup twice a day. We do all the work and they get the praise.

Now, Mister " Buzzer," I want you to give them a Mill's bomb—them that ought to be in and us over them.

ONE OF THEM.

We publish without comment this appeal.—Editor, B.B.

An Australian private was about to return to Salisbury from London. Having partaken of the usual nineteen last drinks, he hailed a taxi, and the following conversation was overheard :—Soldier : " Drive me to Waterloo, Digger ! " Driver : " Yes, sir. The station ? " Soldier : " No, the ————battlefield, you ———— fool ! "

SARTORIAL SNIPS.

By " Ironbark."

Our artiste-des-modes advises that whilst in the tropics Seymour (see-more) styles will be quite the vogue. For all soirees, midnight poker and bridge parties, for slumbering or sleep-walking, &c., ninon over none-on will be *au fait* around the equator.

We give these tips free to all readers who still cling lovingly to leg-sheaths.

Soldiers on troopships should wear their identification discs in a prominent place. Many cases of mistaken identity have occurred already through men discarding their padded tunics and standing near the broom-rack.

FOR VALOUR.

By A. Postle.

1. And there came from the Wars then raging throughout the land a man much wounded and grievously hurt, and great multitudes were with him.

2. And behold there came a Healer of the Sick, examining him, and saying, " Private Brown, thou shalt return to Australia."

3. And Brown straightway put forth his hand and saluted, saying, " I will," and immediately he was pleased.

4. And the Healer of the Sick saith unto him, " Go thy way and bear testimony unto the peoples of thy valour."

5. And the Healer of the Sick promised :

6. Thou shalt dwell in the Troopship A72, and thy comforts will be many and manifest.

7. Even out of the mouths of the Military Police shalt thou hear words of comfort and peace.

8. And the ship's Sgt.-Major will lead thee and make thy way smooth.

9. Also shalt the Adjutant and his Assistant one be fatherly unto thee.

10. Thou shalt dwell in the Officer's Smoking-room and gaze unto the mysteries of the Heavens from the boat deck.

11. Unto thee will the promenade decks be open, yea, even the main companionway.

12. But when Brown, the fourth son of Brown, senior, and Martha, the daughter of Jesse, came unto the vessel, he was sorely amazed and the multitude with him murmured and were in doubt, saying one to another, " What meaneth this."

13. Others, mocking, said : " We have been deceived. Behold, this is not what the Healer of the Sick promised."

14. And Brown said : " Brethren, be followers together of me, and I shall be for an example."

15. Wherefore Brown took of himself to the promenade deck, where he was spoken of by the M.P.'s.

16. " Art thou and thy followers officers " ?

17. Being but a private, Brown answered truthfully unto the guardian, " Nay, but these things have we been promised by the Healer of the Sick."

18. Then saith the guardian, " Ye are out of bounds ! "

19. The multitude was amazed and many murmured, saying, " What think ye of that ? "

20. And they journeyed forth unto the boat deck, whereupon they were in the presence of many mighty Rulers and M.P.'s.

21. " Whither goest thou ? " said one, seemingly of much importance.

22. The multitude answered, " Unto that which was promised us by the Healer of the Sick."

23. " If thou and thy followers are not officers, then ye are out of bounds," answered he unto them.

24. And again many murmured, saying, " Lawe Blime," meaning they were sore tried.

25. Being a devout youth, Brown returned unto the port side, and the light was dim, it being the approach of night.

26. Being weary and worn, Brown and a few of his followers did rest upon a seat.

27. Soon there came a voice of a guardian saying, " Ye are not Nurses, then verily ye art out of bounds."

28. Brown began to curse and swear, saying, " I know not of what you speak."

29. These things have we been promised by the Healer of the Sick.

30. Verily ! verily ! it is a hard world.

31. Saith he unto his followers, " Let us go hence, we are but steerage passengers, and must not know of these comforts," and the multitude were sore amazed.

32. But straightway he spake unto them saying, " Be of good cheer, be not afraid, the land of milk and honey awaits you."

33. And ye shall dwell with your people and your people with you.

34. There shall be no more forbidden decks and holy companionways.

35. There shall be manifold comforts and thy ways shall be made smooth.

36. And his followers were much heartened and rested the night in comfort.

It was an M.P. Mariner
And he stoppeth one of three

"SARAH MALONE."

The scene of the ship's second concert had a wonderful setting of beauty. The good old "———" anchored in a broad estuary under a tropical sky, breezes soft, wafting voices sweet, gave refreshment to spirit and war-wearied senses with the harmony of a beautiful night that soothed all hurt of body and mind.

In the swift-closing gloom at sunset, the lightning flashed its torrid message from distant battlements of cloud, and in the sudden gleams showed the hills rising from the town in deep velvet-like folds against the silver, pearl, and blue of now myriad-jewelled night.

The fronded palms and dense foliaged trees were carved like ebon on the fret of the embracing coast. The river-flushed tide rippled in sparkles of phosphorescent light, while the swift current broke in eddies by the ship's side and the port anchor cables.

On a decorated staging on the after well deck subdued artistic glows installed by those magicians, C.P.O. Godden and Mr. A. Gossett, our electricians, illumined the most graceful galaxy of talent that might be difficult to assemble on a concert platform outside that of the Albert Hall.

The gallery of the gods was represented by the well-thronged precarious perch of the derricks and booms. In the shrouds and chain topping-lifts, with agility that suggested an atavistic reversion to their arboreal ancestry, a ventursome and enthusiastically clamorous audience had clambered.

It is regretted that, because necessarily lower seats in the front had to be at the choice of the "Flying Corps," our officers had to submit to the splendid "isolation" of the after poop deck.

However, we had to put the "heads" where we could look up to them.

At the kick off of the programme, the C.O. made a touching appeal for the preservation of discipline, in the forbidding of concrete compliments to the artists in the form of eggs, cabbage, haricot beans, empty bottles, &c.

The audience were requested not to "hop over" nor to poke faces at the enemy.

Among those deserving meritorious mention in our despatches were Sergeant Marsh, who sang "When we come home all will be fair." The modulation was tasteful, with accurate pausation, and the enunciation was excellently clear. However, the last few bars were hurried (our Sergeant was evidently in haste to "go home") and the final note was rather nasal. Private Jarvis—Army Medical Corps—contributed "My Home in Sweet Killarney" in soft round tones. It is a pity that his memory could not be relied upon and the prescription sheets of words of his song dispensed with. O. S. Sharpe, rather droll, was "Helping to Win the War."

The pinky-pang of Mr. Arnold's bangolin made a pleasing fancy in our dreams of an alluring "lanoline" Lulu somewhere over in Mandalay.

Petty Officer Joe Kirkham is quite a gay old dog with his "bow-wow," his expansive smile, and cheerful, obliging avuncular manner.

Fireman Hearn seemed to stutter with his toes, but though he had clogs on his ambulatory appendages, there was no impediment to his steps.

Petty Officer Crawford is the "handyman," always ready to be on the job speaking up for the "Silent Navee."

Petty Officer Judd was well to the front "when he couldn't button his bally bottom button" over that bulging umbilical salient.

Sergeant Tate's invitation "Come Sing to Me" was rendered in nervous manner, yet with sensuous sympathy of expression.

A very able assistance to the success of all the musical items was the accommodating accompanying by the veteran pianist, Private Halls.

A NURSE'S LETTER.

H.M.A.T.
At Sea.

My Dear Dolly,—

A multiplicity of diversions have prevented me writing to you before—for oh! what a time we are having. The same reason combined with the fact that we are kept frightfully busy—the hospital has been full almost continuously—is also my excuse for the brevity of this letter.

The misgivings that obsessed us on embarking vanished like underskirts on a summer's day, and we are having the bonniest time.

I'm afraid, in fact, that we are being spoilt (but more afraid than sorry). The Captain and C.O. are dears, and can't do enough for us. You see, by day the deck space is all occupied by troops, but the Captain's holy of holies has been placed at our disposal; and don't worry, both he and the C.O. are married men. (In any case there are seven of us.)

We've had the loveliest weather, too, ever since we left Blighty, and already we have been ashore at one port; we had an immense time. You should have seen us escorted by the Scouts and followed by the natives, clad in—well, the least said about their apparel the better the description, but they had the most lovely legs.

Here we met a number of girls from the "————" who, by the way, were most eloquent in their expressions of envy. You see, their ship does not carry many officers aboard, and in consequence there are nurses over—a misfortune indeed.

The officers on board are, on the whole, quite nice, and some are nicer than others. Modesty forbids me to say that they are falling over one another to make us comfortable, but a number of them have very charming manners—in the presence of ladies, at any rate. One, in fact, is waiting after every meal to help us at the stairs.

Another point in their favour is that they leave us entirely to our own resources when we go ashore—even the most persistent of them.

At present we are in the tropics, and in consequence the majority of the officers have donned "shorts," in lieu of their other garments; some, however, wear neither shorts nor slacks—don't misunderstand me, dear, I refer, of course, to the wearing of what small boys call "half-masters."

I have not had to alter my good opinion of many of the officers in consequence of the change, although—well, some are obviously not related to the handsome niggers I saw ashore.

I am posting you a copy of the "Buzzer," a magazine we have published on board during the voyage. As you will readily see, its interest is rather historical than literary, for it appears to lack the originality and snap which one expects to find in such a publication. I have heard that the censor is a Scotchman.

Now, I really must run off to the boat deck. We are having a foursome at cards this afternoon; this is my daily exercise.

Ever your affectionate,
BABS.

THE BUZZER BABY.

Who's that beau romantic there,
With the gold caressing hair?
That's—the Baby.

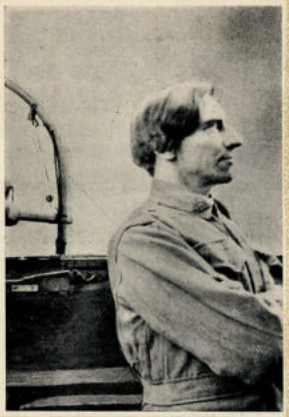
Who's that born mathematician
That's been making ammunition?
He's—the Baby.

Who's that poet all sublime,
Versed in scansion, form, and rhyme?
He's—the Baby.

Who can rattle off his Latin
In a voice as soft as satin?
—the Baby.

Who's the Editor's bon right hand
With his manners meek and bland
like—a Baby?

Who's that swain romantic there
With the gentlemanly air?
That's—our Baby.



THE BATTLE OF THE BUZZER.

We have been privileged to take the leading part of the most bitterly fought battle of all newspaperdom.

The enemy ranged himself with a full battery of his much-boosted blunder- busters before the editorial dug-out at noon on Friday. In a fierce hand-to-hand fight, we clearly had him in every sort of difficulty. With our hair tangling his fingers and our ear inserted between his teeth, he was almost powerless, for he could then neither scratch nor holler.

By a masterful stroke of strategy, we dragged him down on top of us with our back bent over a winch, until his feet were clear of the deck as our head bobbed back on to the cogged gear and clutch-box. With our solar plexus engaging his knee we threw ourself to the deck and rolled him against the salt-sprayed rail, whilst we were safely wedged in the scuppers.

We did stoutly refuse to be dislodged from the advantageous position beneath the water pipes of the ablution shed.

We witnessed from our now enchromined eyes the complete discomfiture of our foe, who had by this time risen and rallied to further assaults. To his evident chagrin, his boot could not reach us as we consolidated our position behind the pipes.

As he retired to brush his jacket and wash his mouth, we hissed derisively through our proud and puffed-up lips.

Verily, the pen is smitey, and the power and the glory of a free, outspoken Press shall be upheld hereafter upon this victory of the Buzzer.

Shares in the patent £1 each—on time payment—deduction from your army pay. This will pay for breakages.

SPORTS

Among the events on Tuesday's sports, held on the aft well-deck, was a treacled-bun contest, which created fierce joy and interest. Four very much betreacled buns were suspended by strings from a clothes-line looking rope The buns, oozing treacle from every pore, looked " too sweet for anything " and cleared a ring automatically as they swung about. In this ring the competitors took their places. On the word " go " each man essayed to make his bun disappear *viâ* the Alimentary Canal in the fastest time.

Four jolly young Jacks from the " Great Silent " led off, and the noise of their engines could be plainly heard as they churned through alternate layers of bun and sticky stuff.

Great lumps of noise from the audience filled the air, and doubtless prevented some sound advice reaching its mark, such as " Swallow the lot, Jonah, and spit the rope out after." The buns flew fiercely about on their tethers, distributing treacle on competitor and onlooker with impartiality. A tall young tar won this heat by a long neck, having apparently, about a yard of it. This gave him rather an unfair advantage over his shorter brethren. In the next bout, a sailor, three soldier blokes and a cabin boy, size one, contested. The kid experienced great trouble in making his bun stand still whilst he harnessed his teeth into it. He overcame this cleverly by backing it against the most adjacent part at the time of the anatomy of the big soldier cove next to him. Having got it adhered to a chest, arm, or leg, he attacked it with gusto.

A soldier and a sailor chewed it out to the bitter—no, the sweet—end, the latter winning by two swallows and a hiccough.

The next bout discovered the greatest bun demolisher of the day, if not of the century. He is a soldier named Banks, and after his sensational appearance, all other heroes faded away into a dim and shadowy past. He is IT. His mode of attack is worthy of note: Having made a few passes with his mouth, to ensure the great Australian Bight was working correctly, he gave the bun a long, penetrating look, causing it to stop surging and to shiver helplessly on its string. Then, with his main entrance wide open, he slowly approached it from directly underneath. The bun, all atremble and exuding great beads of treaclification, gave a pitiful little sob and disappeared in the fearful abyss below. So swift was its end that the all-conquering one heard not the faint cry of the astonished referee declaring him the winner, and devoured still another bun before he could be stopped. The winner finished quite freshly, and, blowing a shower-bath of buns and treacle over the Ref., asked him to run the finals right away, " and finish it off." Unfortunately, the lateness of the hour made it necessary to defer the finals till next week. Meanwhile, hundreds are vainly trying to get their money on him.

" GHUTCHI."

IS THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD?

This debate was fortunate in the possession of Captain Chaplain Hennessy as chairman. The popular Padre is an experienced debater, and even in adjudicating had a " way wid him."

The subject chosen was a motion brought forward by Mr. R. Boothby (" Dad "): " That the pen is mightier than the sword." Dad proved a veritable surprise packet and for the full time allotted to him kept us interested by his eloquent and logical speech.

The general trend of Dad's argument was historical, and by various examples he endeavoured to show that the sword destroys what the pen creates. Assuming as axiomatic that creation is more powerful than destruction, he brought forward many facts in support.

Mr. Boothby dealt at length with the raising of some of the immense ancient cities, including Persepolis and Babylon, and demonstrated very clearly that the annihilation of these wonderful works of man was due to the sword, wielded in the hands of men of the Cyrus type.

Switching from ancient to modern, Dad dealt with that battle for humanity, the American Civil War, and pointed out that " The Battle Hymn of the Republic," written by a woman, exerted a wonderful influence for good in the struggle.

Finally, he put forward his trump card, and said that the Mosaic Code, though given to the world many centuries ago, still remained quite sufficient for any nation's ethical requirements, and was in striking contrast to the ephemeral nature of the conquests of the sword.

He was warmly applauded when he resumed his seat. Mr. Mendelsohn then rose in opposition to Mr. Boothby, and moved as an amendment that " The sword is mightier than the pen."

At the outset he asked the audience to realise that Mr. Boothby had rather distorted the debate by assigning to the sword the exclusive rôle of destructor, whereas the sword is quite as potent a factor for the uplift of humanity as the pen. He quoted Dad's supporting point on the American Civil War, and neatly undermined it by stating though that war, waged for a principle of justice, was urged on by the pen, the sword was the initial and principal factor in its inception.

One of his most important arguments was that the only " might " we could recognise was the power of ultimate good; this was in accordance with the highest ideals.

He then dealt with several other fallacies in Mr. Boothby's arguments, and broke new ground by saying that though the sword brings misery in its train during its action, the pen effects quite as much evil. In this connection, the literature of the I.W.W. in Australia is as pernicious as are its acts of arson and sedition.

He concluded by saying that, as in almost all cases the ultimate argument of the best of writers was the sword, that must be the mightier agent, and in further support pointed to the case of their illustrious Editor of the " Buzzer." (Uproar.)

Private McLachlan then rose in support of the pen, and though he broached little original matter, made a neat and effective speech.

Captain Chaplain Walker delivered a particularly able oration in advocacy of the pen, and elucidated many minor points in support of Mr. Boothby's general trend of thought. The Padre appropriately dealt with the Deistical aspect of the matter, and his points found general acceptance.

The Editor of the " Buzzer," in spite of his mental and physical " grogginess " occasioned by his battle on the aft well deck earlier in the day, rose to support the opposition, and had a very cordial reception.

Appropriately enough, his speech inclined to the personal, and by his veiled shafts he kept the audience in paroxysms of merriment.

Turning from gay to grave, he put forward and skilfully backed up the argument that the sword is a very desirable element in a revolt of society for the elimination of effete institutions.

In a neat little speech, Padré Hennessy summed up, awarded the honour to the affirmative side, and made n appeal for the holding of more debates.

DISCREET VALOUR.

From Australia's sunny security
I'll never, never roam,
My heart'll be in the trenches,
But—my body safe at home,
For once they cured the wounded,
Now they put 'em quick to sleep,
So I'm glad I'm on this blinkin' tub,
A-ploughing o'er the deep.

When next the boys are fightin'
And the guns begin to shoot
I'll be wishin' I was with 'em
As they're puttin' in the boot.
When I read about the Prussians
I could murder 'arf the swine,
You bet there'll be somethin' doin'
When the Aussies cross the Rhine.

When I'm ending of a furrow,
Afinishing a crown,
I'll be wishing 't'were a German
That my share is turning down,
If I could meet old Hindy,
Oh! I'd mutilate the "cow,"
And he'd fertilise the paddock,
Where I'm following the plough.

We've taken on the contract,
And we've got to see it through,
When we win you'll hear me yelling,
All the way from the Paroo.
And if it only'appens
When the work's a little slack,
I'll go down and help the cheerin'
When the lads are comin' back.

In the bush we've got that feelin',
Just the same as in the town,
That the Anzacs ought to stick it
Till they've fairly got 'em down.
Oh, I'll always read the papers
'Bout the splendid things they do;
It will be my way of working
For the Cause, on the Paroo.

V.B.W.

LAND AHEAD.

For the benefit of ex-service men who will settle as "cockies" on the land when they return to fertile Australia, we publish some hints by our Agricultural Expert.

Summer.—Whilst the weather is still warm pumpkin-palms may be potted out. Their top fronds should be pruned back so that the fruiting spurs will not be out of reach.

Water-melons need a dark shady spot—try the coal-cellar.

A sowing between the kidney potatoes of some bile beans is advisable.

The egg-plant germinates excellently in an incubator.

Mushroom vines should not be allowed to straggle over the oyster-beds.

The prickly-pear is a very risky crop. After manuring well and mulching over the roots, care must be taken so that the strawberry bushes are sufficient to shade the young prickly-pear tendrils from the direct rays of the sun.

The entrenching tool must be plied vigorously for the eradication of turnips between the rows of pineapple bombs.

Subsoiling with 9·5's is essential when you are bedding down peanuts or chocolates.

In the droughty districts—when the pubs are closed—irrigation must be maintained systematically.

For successful field-cropping in those thirsty areas we know of no better scheme than that which is known as the automatic compensating compound reciprocal irrigation of potatoes and onions.

The method consists of planting the pathetic potato and the potent onion in alternate rows—then, you see, the eyes of the potatoes are made to water by the pungency of the onions—till the soil is automatically saturated.

The resultant crops have been known to bulge the fences out of line.

LOVE LETTER COMPETITION (For 50 Words).

"Arcanum" has the secret of "telling a lovely tale" in exactly fifty words. His love-letter won the prize We hope his eloquent passion may win the sweet response his devotion deserves.

"Love! My senses and tense nerves ache for thee.
My arms stretch empty into dark loneliness.
My eyes search the heavens for thy starry eyes.
My mouth yearns to press thy trembling lips.
I listen in every breeze from the silent hills for thy voice of music.
I worship thee!"

"Jim," the "Wooloomooloo Wanderer," has written a gem of a love-letter in vernacular verse; it is "bonzer"—tres bonzer.

Me Bonzer Tart,
I loves yer! 'Struth I do!
I seen a little star the other eve,
An' sez, "Yer don't shine like *'er* eyes of blue."
I can't catch on that I'm the self-same bloke
'oo used ter knock around ther good old "Loo,"
Before I larned that all ther world
Was tuppence to a quid compared ter you.
Yer loves me, I loves yer—that's enuf
Ter keep me on the straight path—dinkum true.
Kisses from Jim.

THE WINNER OF THE LOVING CUP.

The difficulty of compressing into a tabloid of fifty words the tenderness of a love letter was most happily surmounted by "Arcanum," who, therefore, carried away the prize of the competition.

The identity concealed behind the sinister pen-name was variously conjectured. When the ultimate disclosure, however, was made it came as a thunderbolt.

In common with other mortals, the troops well knew that it requires at least two or three thousand words to express the mere fringe of the amatory region long before development calls for epistolary comment on the subject.

Then, who could be this mighty bridler of the flaming ardent steed? Who so powerfully voice, yet stem the cataract of love?

Almost parental and disingenuous editorial criticism of the said script had appeared in the columns of the "Buzzer." This is perhaps why the man whose daily avocation is to limit, confine, and abrogate, to clip and condense in a literary "boiling down" generally was the last upon whom the shadow of suspicion fell.

When "Arcanum" was at length bade by Major Cowlishaw to step forth from among Arcana and proclaim himself, adjudicators, sports committee-men and the great host of soldiers and sailors at the presentation concert hailed with a mighty shout of gladness the reluctant appearance of the blushing "Buzzer." With crestfallen mien he accepted at the hands of Matron Rinder an appropriate prize.

Then, with scowling glance at the happy audience, who "barracked" him unmercifully for a speech, our usually resourceful, witty, and eloquent comrade stammered out something about "being in earnest" and bolted off the platform.

Who would have suspected the fighting editor of running a "dark horse" lover. It is interesting to speculate upon romantic scenes of his secret training.

G.V.C.

PRESENTATION.

A pleasant function was the presentation of a handsome and valuable prize to Major Goldsmith, whose record achievement in the recent progressive euchre tournament was celebrated convivially last evening. The popular Major Medico suitably responded in a witty speech, whilst with becoming modesty, he graciously acknowledged the assistance of his several partners in his win. May there long be in his memory a lingering flavour of his fellow officers' appreciation of his prowess and dry humour. He has tasted the sweets of success, therefore let there be in his mouth for contemplative moments the conforting taste of pungent "menthe" that giveth not the "pip." There is a delicate art of awarding tokens of appropriate worth for genuine merit; the essence of accurate appreciation is in finding gifts most acceptable; a packet of spearmint chewing gum is a just consolation for a man of reflective nature—*a right reward as a booby prize.*

BILLJIM'S LITANY.

From submarines, raiders, and other pests of the sea
And from all other dangers may we be kept free,
For this, dear Lord, we'll not forget Thee—
Good Lord deliver us.

From the dreaded sea-sickness, which puts us to rout
When the ship is rolling and tossing about,
And we wouldn't much care if her bottom fell out—
Good Lord deliver us.

From ships in the convoy with the speed of a snail,
Which are keeping us back and making us wail,
We want Christmas at home, dear Lord, without fail—
Good Lord deliver us.

From the skipper's daily rounds with his followers behind,
A more assorted crew 'twould be hard, Lord, to find,
And the skipper's remarks !—they're not at all kind—
Good Lord, deliver us.

From the rotten bad tucker which we get on this trip,
You only know how long it's been in the ship,
And the cooking !—it's enough to give us the pip—
Good Lord deliver us.

From the blokes who have never seen any fight,
But at the base kept snug, and sat tight,
And now swank over *us* chaps—Lord, it aint right—
Good Lord deliver us.

From the bloke who invented the term, " Out of bounds,"
The same, we expect, who commenced " Skipper's Rounds,"
May he be absent when your last trumpet sounds—
Good Lord deliver us.

We hope *You've* no notices like that up above,
And poor coves like us always getting the shove,
If so—then from such a place of Brotherly Love
Good Lord deliver us.

We thought, Dear Lord, we were invalids quite,
Who'd done their little bit in this awful great fight,
But somehow or other, things don't seem to be right—
Good Lord deliver us.

You see there's not enough room on the deck for to sit
All of us blokes what's been and got hit
After the " bosses " have taken their bit—
Good Lord deliver us.

But never mind, Lord, it will come to an end,
It's a very long lane without any bend,
So any spare blessings please continue to send—
We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.

PANORAMIC - VIEW - OF

Queensland's

Scenes at National Park

THE · LAMINGTON · PLATEAU

National Park

Queensland Industries

BLANK FIRE.

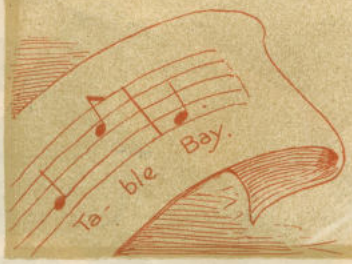
I landed in London and straightaway strode
Direct to headquarters in Horseferry road ;
A Bucksheesh Lance-Corporal said, " Pardon
me, please,
You have dust on your tunic and dirt on your knees,
You look such a sight that people will laugh,"
Said the cold-footed——of Horseferry Staff.

" Your hat should be turned up at the side like mine,
Your boots, I might state, are in want of a shine,
Your puttees are falling away from your calf,"
Said the cold-footed——of Horseferry Staff.

The soldier gave him a murderous glance,
" Remember I'm just home from the trenches
in France,
Where shrapnel is flying and comforts are few,
Where the soldiers are fighting for——like you.

" You bully the soldier you meet in the street,
And tell them you suffer from frostbitten feet,
While your mates in the trenches fight on behalf
Of you cold-footed——of Horseferry Staff.

" You speak to a soldier, you cold-footed cur.
What of your Mother, did it ever strike her
That her son was a waster and afraid of a strafe,
Who hangs on to his job at Horseferry Staff."



SPECIAL NOTICE.

Unfortunately, the best literary matter, the smartest jokes, the cheekiest skits, the most artistic sketches, the finest inspirational poetry, had to be omitted from this issue. We have filled in merely with this tosh, tripe, and sawdust whilst waiting for your contributions.

DO IT NOW.

CONSCRIPTION DEBATE—COMMENTS BY PRIVATE G. V. CZARLINSKI.

The case in favour of the adoption of conscription in Australia was led by Captain-Chaplain J. Walker, who spoke with wonderfully sustained vigour and pleasing eloquence. He maintained that, despite the anomalous position he was in of advocating a war measure, " this was not the time for mere war-hating or sentiment."

Animated with patriotic sentiment and speaking in common-sense utterances, the reverend officer made the most he could for the difficult case he advocated, and he justly received a good hearing and warm applause.

The Padre's appeal was, in spite of his declaration against sentiment, largely of the nature of emotion rather than that of colder reason ; but his sentiment was truly of a high standard. He claimed that the voluntary system had failed, and that we were forced morally to the protection of the lives of those who were holding on in the trenches ; and, amidst a reception of great sympathetic feeling, said that all his five sons had enlisted.

Two had made the supreme sacrifice, and his daughter was nursing in Salonica. Animated by his sound patriotism as by the spirit of a holy crusade, he took the attitude that in the war against war and tyranny we were compelled to adopt conscription for the right protection of freedom.

Sergeant Woodman, championing the case against conscription, marshalled his weighty arguments with force, good delivery, and singular freedom of speech, notably impressing his hearers. As he said, " Given sufficient inducement, there would be no failure of voluntaryism."

To the inattentive, superficial mind there is here some indication of mercenary motive. Not so, however,; for, as the " leader of the Opposition " so admirably suggested, the necessary money can easily be raised to meet the additional cost by the suppression of combines and by the conscription of wealth.

This should surely take precedence over the conscription of human life. If the Government has the means to meet its obligations to the soldier and yet refuses to do so, what right has such a Government to expect anything from the soldier ?

The debate having come to an impasse, Lieutenant Buggy volunteered to step into the breach and take up the cudgels on behalf of the affirmative.

Speaking with much animation and heat, but missing the point of the last speaker as completely as possible, he asked, in stentorian tones, whether Australia was not inducement enough to fight for—whether the comrades left behind in the trenches were not sufficient inducement ? queries which, because of their melodramatic tendency and delivery, carried the battle for a short while, evoking tremendous applause, but which nevertheless were " words—mere words."

For it must be remembered that the welfare of Australia and the regular supply of reinforcements are equally shared by anti-conscriptionists—plus this important qualification : that the latter regard the matter from a fundamental standpoint and consider results in all their ramifications, whilst the conscriptionists are for the most part largely swayed by shortsighted consideration and verbal claptrap.

Private Mack's honest but rather prosy speech on the side of " No " served the utilitarian purpose of reducing the momentarily high temperature of enthusiasm.

On the other hand, Private Rollo, another volunteer for the " Yes " plank, was most unmistakably " counted out " by partisans of both sides.

A murmur of delighted anticipation broke forth from the " visitor's gallery," as the Colonel announced the " Buzzer " for the " Noes," quickly giving way to an intense hush at the first articulation of that deep, attention-compelling voice of the Editor of the " Buzzer."

With subtle irony in word, intonation, and gesture, he began :—" I rise in fear and trembling. The ground has been swept completely from under me ; the heavens have been raked and the seas sounded in argument on policy by the speeches of my learned opponents."

Little did the " Ayes " then reck of the whirlwind of oratory that was so soon to sweep them into the turbulent sea of polemical distraction, or of the Apollo, there risen, with his lightning bolts to blast the proud structure of their stronghold.

As the text of Gunner Taylour's speech may appear elsewhere, no quotation need be made here. That it was a masterpiece of fluency, adequacy, and clear-pointedness was proved by the enthralling effect it produced on the audience.

Expediency *versus* principle ; militarism, the enslaver, to fasten its tenacles on the most complete democracy yet known to history ; the parallelism to the tyranny which paradoxically we would fight ; the first blow on a wedge between the " meum et tuum " of the Commonwealth ;—these were the leading points which the skill of a born orator, a keen political insight, and incisive reason expounded and clarified and robbed of all trappings, assumptions, and pretensions.

This was the intellectual feast presented by the magnetic, somewhat Machiavellian personality whose eloquence found vent, not merely in words, but in every movement of the eyes, play of features, sinuous gesture of a body swayed by an overpowering sense of the righteousness, the indestructible might and reason of the cause for which there should be no pleading but the dominating inner self-force.

Her Babyship

AN AUSTRALIAN'S ADORATION OF A BRITISH CHILD.

" No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands."

Swinburne.

The benediction bestowed by her floweret fingers yet thrills my heart. There throbs in the beat of my tingling pulse a wild harmony toned and metred with the music of her wondering voice that rings like a bell of crystal through gold-dappled glades of fragrant woods.

I still see the wonder-light in twin jewels of celestial blue that flashed question of a man's crude power as she touched my stretched hands, massive and strange.

With winsome mood and so sure she commanded for her will the force latent in my grasp. Her searching look of innocence and the clear purpose of her beauty and fire revealed glowed through my deepest being and dispelled the clouds of my doubt of good after the storms of war, even as the sunrays pierced the rain-washed canopy over that dear garden in surety of the glad life-filled summer's return.

For the glory of her heavenly endowment, by the influence of her pure power, I would hold myself chosen and ennobled—sworn in allegiance to a Princess of imperious sweetness who is sceptred with loveliness and orbed with humanity uplifted and free.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Blue velvet—dark, dark blue—and sometimes pale; and five translucent points of gold; the product of ethereal looms, and of celestial alchemy.

Four points to make a Cross!

Symbolical—Let's say, of Love and Sacrifice, of Soul and Immortality.

* * * * *

Ours, Comrades mine! the love, the sacrifice ours who, for country's sake endured, have suffered, groaned, and bled—as He on Calvary—and now return so weak and wan, maimed, perhaps, perchance with "sightless orb," or still more sad, the reign of reason dimmed, restrained. It matters little, for, behold! soul, immortality, they too are ours.

Four points to make a Cross!

The Fifth, a pointer to the core, where once the Redeemer's side was opened with a spear that so—it hath been said—as through trellis work, the Heart of God may watch both you and me.

* * * * *

Pledged by the Sacred Sign, our Southern Land invites to pleasant groves and gardens fair, with feasts of joy and plenteous happiness.

But still shall Eden grow its thorns, life hath its pains in all diversities of toil and circumstance.

Yet, faltering not, gaze we on high, and from significance of five bright stars gain courage new, support and strength.

* * * * *

Love, Sacrifice, the Soul and Immortality!

Yours, also, Oh, Carissimi! Ye Sainted Comrades who repose in alien lands and foreign shores; in ravaged Flanders, France despoiled and in

"That precious jewel set in the silvery sea" the Motherland.

Yours shrouded in the billowy folds; and yours whose temporal sun set where it rose—the East.

Shall we forget, 'neath the sidereal cross, those hallowed mounds, those unmarked graves?

With sign and symbol overhead *can* we forget the "greater love"?

Four glistening gems to form a cross!

And that fifth jewelled finger pointing to the sacred wound, whence Love Divine unceasing flows for you, for you, Carissimi—and me.

* * * * *

Blue velvet-dark, dark blue—and sometimes pale; and five translucent points of gold.

"CARITAS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W.O."—A clever insult we admire, and would even print; such stuff as this, however, is puerile.

"Mendicans."—This, sir, is the "Buzzer," not the "Hummer."

"Spring Poet" and others.—Cut out the poems (?) about "heroes" facing shot and shell.

"Humourist" (unsigned).—There is a ten years' limit on our jokes.

"Audax."—Don't expect us to publish stuff you wouldn't be game enough to acknowledge yourself. Remember that someone always has to pay the piper.

"Willy"—If we printed that, every one of us, down to the office cat, would be in "clink."

"J.T.W."—We have half a mind to publish it with your name on top.

"Ginger."—Afraid the ship is not very interested in your French "tart!"

"Army Service Corps."—Well, what if you did *hear* a shot fired?

"Tubby."—Glad to see you got so many replies to your advert. in our last issue. We regret you have not yet adjusted the bill you contracted thereby.

"Patriot."—Yes. We are surely for Home Rule, but we must deprecate the spirit of enmity, especially when it leads you to propose to accept German influence to your nationalism. Your forbears were stauncher upholders of Irish nationhood—the fair, brave land of Erin held herself secure against both the Roman legions and German hordes that overran Europe in the early centuries. No Roman invader or German barbarian ravaged her ancient civilisation. It would be ill-service to our beloved "Dark Rosaleen" that "patriots" would give, in these days, by selling the Irish birthright for a mess of sauerkraut.

"Sport."—No! It is not quite like your name. We stand for fair play and "sporty" conduct, and we cannot stab in the dark, even with your "stiletto dipped in gall." It doesn't affect the question of our policy of Straight Criticism in a free Press, whether those of whom you complain are deficient in a sense of humour, or are lacking in dignity and are minus moral courage. We shall "tell them off" exactly in our own patient and pleasant manner, when you are fair enough to supply us with a statement of facts in place of the scurrilous selection of spite skulking behind your signature of "Sport."

BURIAL AT SEA.

Attention! The fleece-flecked sky above—the ship stilled on the wide sunlit blue of Atlantic waves; a flag-covered grating raised to the rail of the aft deck; and a spirit breath of sadness and silence steadied every man of us as we stood to attention with solemn mien. Then the low tones of holy words were softly wafted to us while the robed priest slowly led those who bore reverently the flag-wrapped bier of our dead comrade Caffrey.

As the Latin prayers were read over that canvas-shrouded shell of the departed soul of a devoted soldier and devout man, the mist of tears would rise to our eyes—we who have seen death close and often before. The sob was dry and soundless in our throats, for it seemed hard that he who was to have been welcomed so gladly in his homeland in a few days must find a grave in the infinitude of the restless ocean.

Yet in committing his poor broken body to the deep the swift dive of a muffled figure overboard was a sound uplifted to us in glorious hope, even like unto the sound of wings rushing upward to a waiting heaven.

At the salute of the whole company of watchers the sweet call of a wonderful peace in the bugles' tones of the "Last Post" spoke our farewell to a brother who has gone on Home before us.

"GONE WEST."

November 15th, 1917. Private Thomas James Caffrey, No. 1083, of the 33rd Battalion. Age, 33 years. Grafton road, Armidale, New South Wales.

WOMEN AND UMBRELLAS.

By Bonaparte.

Do you know why a woman is like an umbrella? No! Well, I don't either. Who does know why a woman is or isn't?

Woman is a mystery ever! One kind of mystery has been described as an aggregation of glutinous assorted proteid particles mixed with spice and starch, and enclosed in a skin.

However, an umbrella is less of a mystery.

An umbrella, you know, has a number of ribs covered with silk.

An umbrella is an article you take out for a walk some times. But I know that if you leave your "brolly" standing about for half a minute, with your eyes off it, some other fellow will walk off with it.

At any rate, you can at times shut an umbrella up.

A man has more ribs than has an umbrella, but he has been minus one on his left side ever since he had a camp in that ancient orchard on the banks of the Euphrates.

He lost that rib about the same time that sin and trouble came into this life below.

Isn't it funny how man ever since has been worrying about that lost rib?

Every miserable little human male runs around chasing spare ribs covered with silk.

Do you know, I think that is why woman has always been a "bone of contention"?

Anyhow, when you come to consider woman calmly, especially in the light of that old biblical story, you must decide that she is but a "side-issue" in the scheme of life.

After all, I reckon a woman is like a good umbrella—a right sort of friend to have by you for life's rain and stormy weather.

THE RETURN TO CIVILIAN CLOTHES.

Some of us have worn khaki for three, and a large number for two, years. Those who are due for discharge are experiencing a delicious sense of anticipation over their first new "civvy" suit.

Mind you, there is nothing wrong with khaki *qua* khaki. It is nice to be more or less relieved of the worry of the selection of a tailor, and the agony of discovering that one that has had a suit made in an obsolete or demi-semi-obsolete style, but, on the other hand, the most enthusiastic will admit that khaki tunics, hats, breeches, and the whole paraphernalia are apt to become a wee scrap monotonous.

Who of us will forget our debut in soldier's apparel before our admiring family? How Dad's shoulders squared up, how Mother's eyes glistened, how Sister thought Kitchener ran a doleful second, and how young Jim, aged fifteen, was afterwards discovered surreptitiously trying on the hat and leggings when one had retired to bed, flushed with the family's whole-hearted approval. Yes, indeed, khaki does carry romance with it, and perhaps a few are a trifle afraid that our return to the humdrum tweeds and beaver will carry with it the loss of much of the glamour of the slouch hat.

Still, when the time comes, I don't think many will feel pangs of remorse at the change.

The old tailor will have to remeasure most of us. Hard soldiering has filled out our chests and added several inches to our stature; some, too, will only fill one leg or arm. Still, it was worth it, eh?

STADIUM SPARKS.

By the sanction and under the patronage of the Ship's Master and O.C. Troops; and supported by the officers and Nursing Sisters, the first of the series of Boxing Tournaments organised by the Entertainment Committee eventuated.

P. O. Crawford of the H.A.M.S. "Melbourne" officiated as M.C.

The strenuous post of referee was ably undertaken by A. F. Gourlay, Esq.

The distinction of leading the programme was thrust upon the most juvenile members of the sporting fraternity. In the contest for Boy Featherweight Championship, Boys Auger and Perkins gave a plucky exhibition of no little skill and endurance. The diminutive Auger pressed the battle in the first jump off of the first round. His tactics were also appropriately those of a boring-in nature. Although his hits were rather of "small bore" fire, he showed, by swift judgment and persistent seeking of every unwary opening in his opponent's guard, that he was "some fly" kid, that "skito" Auger.

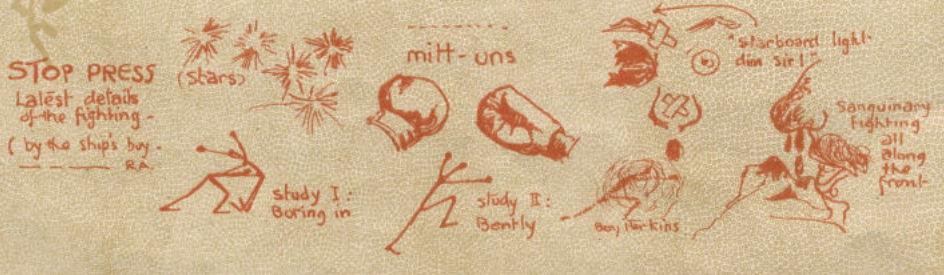
Boy Perkins had the advantage of weight and reach. He sported a genuine pug's clip: but his slogging strokes caught the wind, not of his opponent, but of the balmy breezes, most of the time. The battle was limited to three rounds, yet in the first, middle, and final, the confidence, the quickness and pressing work of the Tom Thumb bantam chicken had the sturdier young barecombed cockerel puzzled, if not dismayed. Upon points, the decision was given for Auger.

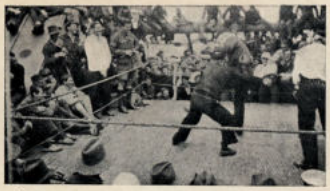
Seaman Burke of the "Sydney" and Stoker Bently of the "Melbourne" tackled three rounds as lightweights.

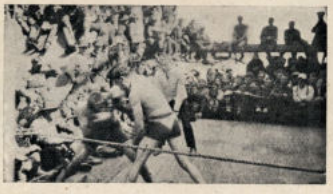
Bently's style resembled rather the racing, jarring rattle of engines with the governors jolted off and the screw tipped out of the water. He seemed to spoil good courage with his own bluffing. His hitting was not so swift after all, although he was a dandy stepper if it were not for the stringhalt shellshock style.

Bourke showed that he had more form and better nerve. He reached two good hits home on his mate's handsome figurehead in the second round and generally managed to cover himself well. He was, perhaps, too cautious till the third round. Then the decision for him was accepted with applause that recognised the win for points as well as for steady stay and grit.

For the Welterweight, Seamen Mellor and Bainbridge, of the H.M.A.S. "Sydney," competed in a genuinely willing scrap as far as about a round and a-half went. At first, Bainbridge put as much ginger as his Rufus complexion promised into the mill, but both men staled off in the second round. Bainbridge relied rather monotonously upon the bunnyhug closing-in game with kidney stroke thrown in. Mellor was as sprightly as a dancing professor, but was softer in condition than the red man. A tame draw was the only conclusion possible. We look for good work from both these lads. They have the tip-top stuff in them, but they were not *thinking* of their best on this occasion. The best of any sort of fighting takes *thinking*. Take the tip. Train the brain and come again.







In the Heavyweight exhibition of sparring, Seaman Harry and Fireman Buchanan betrayed considerable acquaintance with the science and art of "stoush." Seaman Harry was ready enough to go his darndest in a dinkum hurry-up scrap if Buchanan liked. The fireman played bo-peep, and Harry sometimes almost pretended that it was a fight.

In the third round Harry scored a tap in the region of the ganglia of the solar plexus that put Buchanan to the ropes. In a real earnest dust up this would have meant that he came a ——. We mean he would have sustained, in polite soldierly language, an abdominal disaster. If they were ready to fight, both these lads would make a ding dong go; but in this gentle fray they showed more of the ping pong manner of gentle curates.

The Lightweight Twins, Bruce and Wallace Gregor of H.M.A.S. "Sydney," made a regular mix-up. At each round-end, each second had difficulty in seeing that the right man got back to the right corner.

A no-decision spar in the heavyweight class was then displayed by Joe Binskin of H.M.A.S. "Melbourne" and Joe D'Ornay of H.M.A.S. "Sydney." Binskin was cool and drew colour before the gong donged in the first round. D'Ornay was rather a roarer—right out of form, but showed eager and quick, if rough, scrambling footwork.

Binskin played a very considerate but very pressing game, and did not strike as hard as his weight and mettle might have permitted.

A lightweight contest of much merit was given us by Pte. Smith and Fireman Hearn. The latter had just come up from the dark regions where the black diamonds are, and volunteered to take a substitution match with Private Smith. Luckily the colour line was not drawn whilst our tricky little comedian was masquerading as a dark-town minstrel pug. He had, perhaps, a score of years in youth the better of his opponent.

Comrade Smith was a clever scrapper. He fought prettily with a sureness of spirit and science. He was lively, good natured, and in earnest. The younger lad was in "Hearnest" too. and right mighty on his feet. His methods proved him an artful dodger. Hearn was almost musical with his tootsies, but the drum was played by Smith on his ribs. Our badger-haired boy twenty years before must have been a whirlwind smacker. Even now, with his legs stiffened by full pack marching in France, he was a puzzling box of violent tricks.

However, in the beginning of the final round, when Hearn side-slipped with a bit of a skid to the mat, Smith, with as much courtesy as judgment, withdrew from the fight in which his spirit supported more than his age and condition could uphold.

The Blindfold Burlesque Boxing brought tears to the eyes of every beholder—tears of screaming joy. It was a fourfold battle in which the interference by the police only produced more trouble. We noticed that, from outside the ropes, the Sgt. M.P. had the longest reach—a mit tied to broom-handle—that was reckoned the long arm of the law.

The Kid showed most game and, with his antics, brought the house down. He would have done the same to the mast had he hit it.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

By Private Beynon.

So yez wants to jine the Army, Moike, and wants the binifit of me experyinces? Well!, yez jines up, takes the oath to love and obey yer gineral. After that, yez commince in rale earnest. Yez is taught equal to a 'varsity coach to carry yez deportment between yez scalp and yez feet in correct military stoil. Then gymnasthics, where yez toime is spent one sicond in imploring the blissing of hivin, and the nixt in searchin' for the divil. Thin yez hilth is considered; the oncertainty of masthicashun demands imployin' imminint dochters high in researrch work, who speshilize in sthandard midicines, and the result is, Moike, yez can git midicine from the wan bottle in liquid or pill form accordin' to yez complaints and dilikit nature of yez constitooshun; and many wunderful cures and releases are ifficted, so Oim towld. Thin yez has the theologian institooshun, where yez spiritual difficts is cared for and the divilipment of yez facial exprishion and modulashun inlarged in order that yez slinder chances of amalgamatin' with th' forces of Saint Peether be stringthined. In midiaval toims ginirals were created by kings for wunderful exploits at ither's ixpinse.

Nowadays, yez can buy yer way out of the rank and file if yez can sit up and comporrt yezself illigently at formil dinners. If it happens that yer giniral was yez groom in curteus life, he might confer his speshul attenshun to yez as a mark of esteem. For the wages yez cribbed him, he might initiate yez into the wunderfull mysteries and intricacies of fatigue wurrk.

If yez commit wan blunder, he might confer upon yez, as a spishul favor, fourteen days riyal warrant.

The power of a giniral bein' greater than an Imprir. If yez be aboard a troopship yez space is limited to well-decks and the rist of the "hooker" belongs to the giniral and the whole firmimint of "Stars" It bees sacred; it bees hallowed by the prisince of Padres. It bees nursed by gintle nurses and intirtained by musical abilities. Yez might fancy yez can hear the beautiful strains of "Home, Sweet Home" when yez down below. It all might be comfortable an' aisy—restin' places for "wingies" an' "hoppies" of the "Flying corps"—but it bees holy reserves for dick quoits and canvas arrm chairs. It bees jiliously guarded by spishil perlees wid bare fate. Moike, me bhoy, the patriotism of thim perlees is wunnerful, their fidelity bees unshakeble. Its a wunnerful systim is the milithray, Moike! and if ivir I should be out of wor-r-k, O'il jine yez. Yes, it bees a glorious institution! its athractions bees hypthnotic.

THE MATRON'S TEA PARTY.

It was the final festivity of our memorable trip—a gala entertainment presented, at the instigation of Matron Rinder, to "all that was left of them"—lucky chaps of the New South Wales and Queensland drafts. Kind, merry-eyed Sisters directed operations under the generalship of the Matron, mere officers poured out tea and coffee, and Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan and Padre Hennessey, with the thoroughness of born aptitude, did yeomanry service as Stewards-in-Chief. Whilst our commissioned orderlies, imitating the polished manner of the "dinkum stew slingers" in many a realistic touch and gibe, added a spice of fun, our esteemed "Buzzer" turned the tables by inquiring in his most officerial tone as he visited each mess in turn—"All right here? Any complaints"?

But there were none.

The first pangs of afternoon-tea-hunger having been stilled, the strains of dulcet music commenced to float upon the air as one by one the old favourites of the concert parties gave a parting rendition.

At the close of the programme the O.C., with the customary twinkle in his eye and amid the warmest applause, mounted the rostrum and harangued the revellers.

After explaining the *raison d'être* of the occasion, he apologised for any defects, regretting that supplies of eatables permitted only of an invitation to afternoon tea instead of to a more solid meal, and the incompetence of the orderlies. A complaint had already been made to him in this respect, he said, it having taken two officers and a sergeant to carry one tin of milk.

Nothing of sweets or fruit must remain on the tables under pain of the Matron's displeasure. He then called for a vote of thanks for our chief hostess, which was carried unanimously by three ringing cheers.

Commander Bidwell, who had entered to make a surreptitious—and unofficial—inspection, remained as a visitor and paid the penalty for his rashness by being similarly acclaimed; and then the *bon viveurs* dispersed, each his own way, to prepare, as well as his gastronomic economy might permit, for a further indulgence, at suppertime, in eggs and fruit, which the hospitality of Melbourne people had placed on board for his delectation.

"SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE."

We are glad to learn that the sum of money needed to recoup the P. & O. Coy. for the losses of silverware on this trip has been generously made up by the troops accepting a levy upon their final pay.

We recognise that this magnanimity is appreciated in high quarters because of its spontaneity and unanimity of agreement among the donors. Really, it is to be expected that troops would be grateful for the sumptuous accommodation and delectable fare afforded them by the patriotic P. & O.

Moreover, it is only just that the serious loss of a rusty "dixie" which was inadvertently slipped through a porthole by a one-armed orderly, and that the unfortunate damage to a bald-headed broom, sustained in a game of deck billiards, should be met with compensation at the rate of 10s. for each table in the steerage.

THE " ANTI " PEST.

"Feed me on constant affirmations."—Emerson.

It is a disease in itself to be always " ag'in' " everything that doesn't suit us. There are " anti " societies for the suppression of this and that.

There are " anti " individuals who spend their days and disturb the nights, too, in fulminating against every institution and condition and being that is not sponsored by their union, party, or church.

They have a grievance concerning every state of society, every system of governance, politics, and industry.

These are the chronic " grousers." They are a nuisance to themselves, and a hard trial even to those who agree with them, for their zeal of hate and vehemence of spite make them boring bigots.

The trouble is not that they are wrong in principles (they are in the right most of the time in that they declare where wrong exists), but that they exert their whole powers in destructive criticism by expounding, expatiating and expanding in season and out of season the evils they detest.

Not by any chance do they afford us the relief of constructive suggestion. We long to hear words of hope, determination in good will, brotherly co-operation, mutual help, social service, idealism, and education.

We should be delighted if these soured misanthropes would learn ways of pleasantness and would revive the spirit of real altruism and would develop definite plans for personal and general progress.

We are worn out with the resentful attitude of the " anti." We want to grow upon " pro " methods. We want the encouragement of affirmation. We are sick of the negations of condemnation.

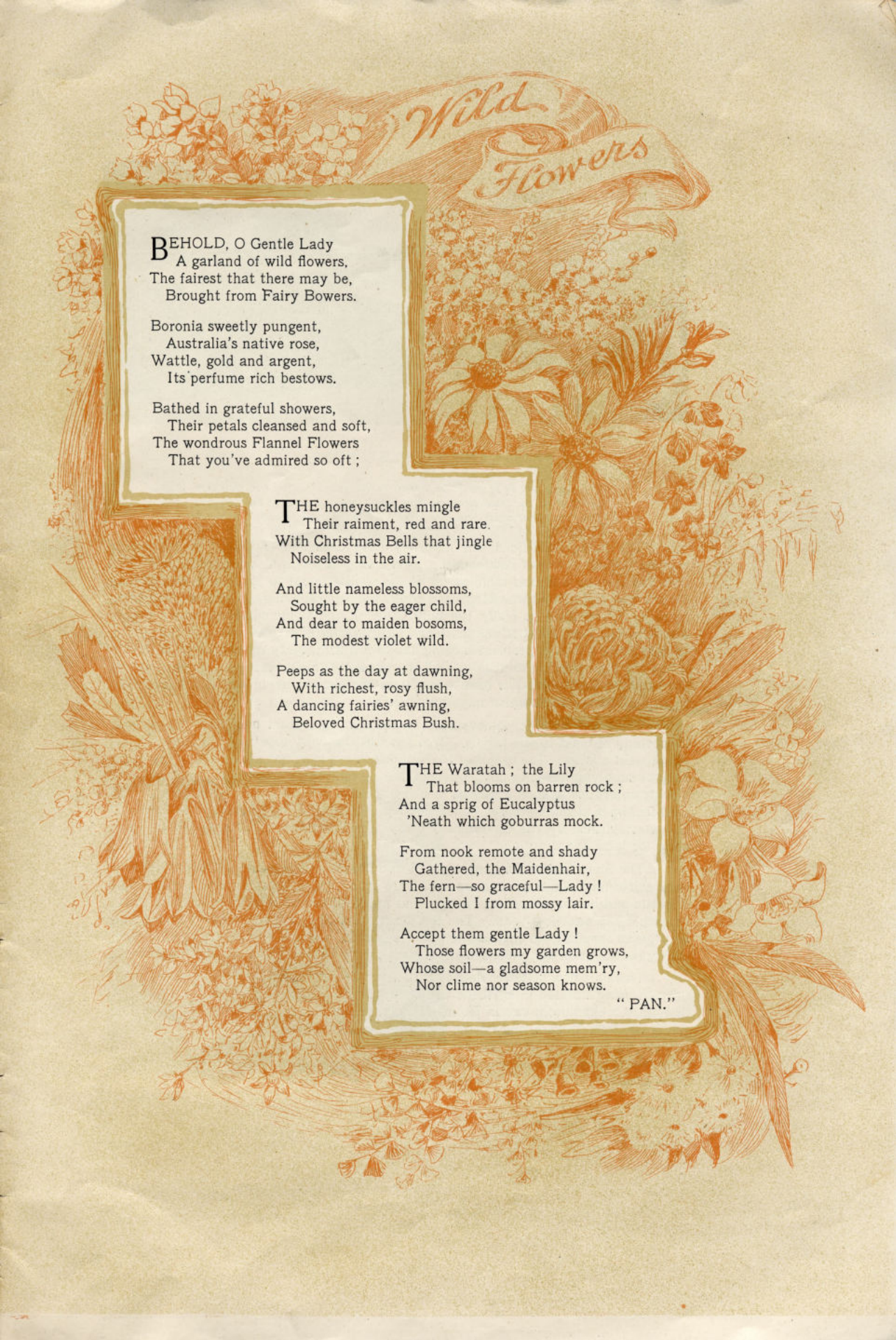
We all have the power of improvement within us. The all-patient Lord knoweth we have need of it.

Let us set about doing our parts towards the betterment of society by each making himself a better citizen in the world.

It is a good beginning for the Grand Reformation of Society—the best start off in Social Reconstruction—to make ourselves sweeter-natured, fairer mannered, stronger minded, more nobly interested, more unselfish men, with clearer, cleaner, brighter brains, and happier modes of thought and speech.

In this way lies our power for good :—there are a host of friends to help us and to be helped.

ON LEAVE FROM H.M.A.S. " SYDNEY."



BEHOLD, O Gentle Lady
A garland of wild flowers,
The fairest that there may be,
Brought from Fairy Bowers.

Boronia sweetly pungent,
Australia's native rose,
Wattle, gold and argent,
Its perfume rich bestows.

Bathed in grateful showers,
Their petals cleansed and soft,
The wondrous Flannel Flowers
That you've admired so oft ;

THE honeysuckles mingle
Their raiment, red and rare.
With Christmas Bells that jingle
Noiseless in the air.

And little nameless blossoms,
Sought by the eager child,
And dear to maiden bosoms,
The modest violet wild.

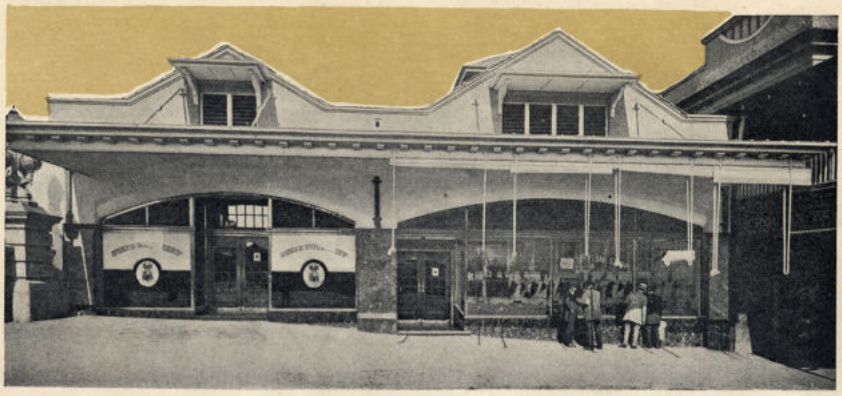
Peeps as the day at dawning,
With richest, rosy flush,
A dancing fairies' awning,
Beloved Christmas Bush.

THE Waratah ; the Lily
That blooms on barren rock ;
And a sprig of Eucalyptus
'Neath which goburras mock.

From nook remote and shady
Gathered, the Maidenhair,
The fern—so graceful—Lady !
Plucked I from mossy lair.

Accept them gentle Lady !
Those flowers my garden grows,
Whose soil—a gladsome mem'ry,
Nor clime nor season knows.

" PAN."



THE PEOPLE'S FOOD.

This article will be of particular interest to Queensland soldiers who have been absent from the State for some time, as it will tell them of the improved living conditions which have been brought into being during the last few years.

The living conditions will naturally have considerable weight in influencing soldiers in their choice of new homes. It is a subject which most intimately concerns both the soldiers and their families, for no man will attempt to establish a home where food is dear and difficult to obtain, and where the general living conditions are unsatisfactory. Queensland is really the only State in the Commonwealth where proper attention has been given to the matters which directly affect the homes of the people. In that State the food problem is being handled in a masterly manner, and, although it has not been possible to deal with all the phases of this most intricate question, yet the improvement which has been wrought in the general living conditions has more than justified the steps which have been taken.

The most notable achievement of the last few years has been the general cheapening of meat to the people. This has been brought about by the State control of the meat market. The object of the authorities has been not to undertake the whole duty of supplying meat to all the people, but to establish a healthy competition with private enterprise in such a way as to bring about a general reduction in prices. The chief factors in attaining this end have been the State Cattle Stations and State Butchers' Shops established by the Government and the reservation annually of a quantity of meat for local consumption.

The State Stations' scheme is yet in its embryonic stages, and although the State owns thirteen holdings, with an area of 11,516 square miles, together with 158,320 head of cattle and horses, the effect on the meat market has not been so marked as it will be within the next few years. The State Butchers' Shops have already resulted in a very great benefit to a large section of the people, and the operations to date fully justify the adoption of a wider system of meat supply on which it is proposed to embark.

There are now no fewer than twenty-seven State Butchers' Shops in Queensland, thirteen being situated in Brisbane and suburbs, two in Gympie, one in Maryborough, three in Rockhampton, two in Mount Morgan, one in Bundaberg, three in Townsville, one in Charters Towers, and one at the State Soldier Settlement at Beerburrum. The average number of customers served daily at these shops is now over 12,000, and as these figures represent families, the number of people actually benefited is several times greater.

A glance at the price list of the Brisbane shops will show that a very real benefit is being conferred on the people who draw their supplies from these shops. Here is the latest list of charges :—

Beef.	Per lb. d.
Roast, sirloin	6½
Roast, prime rib	4½
Roast, chuck rib	3½
Steak, fillet	8
Steak, rump	7½
Steak, beef	5½
Topside (in piece)	5
Corned round	5½
Corned brisket	3½
Corned ox tongues	6
Gravy meat	5½
Sausages	5
Mince	4
Shin beef	4
Ox skirts	4
Ox cheeks	3
Suet	6

	Each. d.
Ox kidneys	5
Ox tails	10
Ox hearts	6

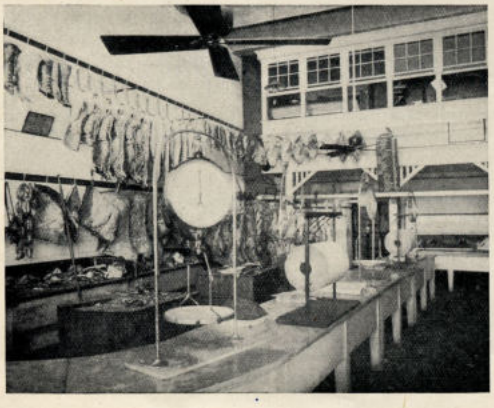
Mutton.	Per lb. d.
Legs	7
Shoulders	4½
Hindquarters	6½
Forequarters	4
Loins	7
Breasts	3½
Chops, loin	7
Cutlets	6
Stewing chops	5½

	Each.
Sheep tongues	2½d.

Apart from the direct saving enjoyed by the people who buy their meat at the State shops, there is the influence which these shops exercise on the private establishments, which are thus prevented from raising their prices to an outrageous figure.

The State Stations, too, have already had an important influence on the retail price of meat. A most notable instance was the reduction effected in the market price of cattle in October last, when prices were soaring. The State drafted a couple of consignments to the saleyards and prices came down with a run, the reduction representing something like £3 10s. per head within a fortnight.

These remarkable successes fully justify the inauguration of a scheme which will directly benefit the great majority of the people of the State. The proposal is to adopt measures which will enable all the people along the great railway systems of Queensland to secure State meat. This will be achieved by the establishment of stock depôts, at suitable points along the various railway lines, together with the erection of abattoirs, refrigerating plants, and insulating cold stores, from which meat will be consigned to various towns and railway stations for sale and distribution by State shops, or by private shops in centres where it is not deemed advisable to establish State shops. The price to the public will be based on the cost of production plus the cost of distribution, and thus the public generally will be protected from the profiteer.



The improvement in food conditions in Queensland is not confined to meat. The State has also taken full control of the fish industry, and it is now possible to obtain adequate supplies of this highly desirable food at reasonable prices. Prior to the inauguration of State control, the consuming public were in the hands of exploiters; fish was difficult to obtain; prices were prohibitive; and much of the fish placed on the market was of doubtful freshness. All that has now been altered, and under the new order of things the public can obtain their fish without difficulty; there is a definite guarantee that the fish is fresh, and, in addition, the fishermen are assured of a fair return for their labour.

Of course the new scheme is not yet fully in operation, but the foundation has been laid and operations will be rapidly extended. A large fish market has been erected on the southern bank of the Brisbane River, near Victoria Bridge, at a cost of £51,000. A capacious refrigerating plant has been installed and cold storage for a large quantity of fish is now available. Wharfage accommodation has also been provided. In addition, there are cleaning, smoking, and drying rooms where the surplus catch will be handled. To enable the public to obtain their supplies direct, a State shop has been opened in conjunction with the markets, and it is indicative of the popularity of the venture that 3,000 customers were served at this shop in the first four days. It is proposed to establish further shops in other parts of the city, and subsequently in the larger centres of population throughout the State. Receiving depôts have been erected at Wynnum and other fishing centres, where the fishermen may deliver their catch. Steps are also being taken to purchase a trawler which will devote its endeavours at the outset to exploratory work, and later will help to augment the supplies.

These steps, it is hoped, will lead not only to the building up of a large retail trade in fresh fish, but also to the development of the smoking and curing industry, so that people in far-distant centres will be able to secure the benefit of State control.

Thus it will be seen that the public of Queensland are enjoying facilities for obtaining two important food essentials which are obtainable in no other part of Australia. Steps are also being taken to improve conditions with regard to other foodstuffs. The recently-established State Produce Agency should be an important factor in bringing primary producer and consumer closer together, and whilst assuring to the grower a good return for his products, should lead to a general cheapening of many lines of foodstuffs.

"COBBERS."

Friendship has been defined as a reciprocal endurance of mutual egotisms. Friendship calls for all sorts of toleration. Because of the exercise of mutual forbearing we are better folk through our friendships.

This voyage of the H.M.A.T. "———" has made for us friendships that are worth holding fast. None of us needs to drop good acquaintances made in the compulsory gregariousness of the trip.

Every man needs all his friends.

The Editor of the "Buzzer" has the temerity to proffer his cheerful chumship to all tolerant readers who would care to maintain with him kindly feeling and epistolary correspondence.

The address is Gilbert Taylour, Australian Comrades of War League, Brisbane, Queensland.

The Staff of the Queensland Government Printer who have printed the "Buzzer" must be complimented upon this souvenir edition.

Australia

Dear brown and gold gem of the Southern Sea—land of my life, my hope and liberty! I have served thee faithfully as fondly have I loved thee.

Longingly, passionately, with soul suffused in thy bright romance, I turn to thee for the embrace of thy bosom of broad gleaming plains and rounded cool-gladed hills.

I am weary, and fain would I comfort my heart in the peace of thy placid rivers. My hurts would I heal in the sweet groves of grey and golden green.

The stress of mad strife will be eased from tortured nerves; the glare and roar of battles, the struggles of greed and mean life will be forgotten when I seek my sleep in the dry yellow grass on the hillside where the quondong sweeps down to the sheoak-fringed gorge of the creek.

The curtains of glorious night, spangled with myriad stars, shall shelter my dreams, and music of minor lament wailed in flute notes from the circling curlews shall be my slumber-song.

When the pearl and rose and amber gleams of dawn shall be hailed by the magpie's thrilling carol and the kookooburra's delirious laugh, I'll catch my dainty red arab and ride to the gap in the range.

From that fair prospect the mist will lift in filmy fleece pierced by sapphire beams to reveal the sinuous stream of silver where the river meanders by the stately Eucalypt and bends back into the reedy billabong far down the wide valley.

When the spire of smoke shall rise from the kindling leaves at my breakfast fire on the bank, I shall spit the blackfish fresh from the trap, and, with the "billy" boiling over the clear embers for ambrosial tea, I shall cook, with a sacred ritual of thanksgiving, my regal fare.

As the sun mounts his zenith throne and flecks the shade of the gums with purple and molten gold, I shall drink with my body's naked delight the tumbling singing rill of waters on the rivulet bar.

Kin with nature, I shall breathe deeply the fragrant air and shall steep my spirit in the beauty of colour and form in thy fairest scenes. Strength in me shall be renewed and my thoughts shall garb themselves with grace as my native-born friends of the bush shall greet me with confidence in messages of song.

Dear Land! my sweet, warm-lifed, strong, imperious Love, I am glad to come Home!

An' the shore lights flashin',
An' the night tide dashin',
He sees et all so plainly
As he saw et long ago.

— Banjo Paterson

A. J. Cumming, Government Printer, Brisbane, Qld.