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037436

# Runic

# Rag



Official Organ  
of  
H.M. TROOPSHIP RUNIC

Sep 24 '18

F.W. 1800  
111

## A Souvenir

of the Voyage of  
.. the ..

## H.M.A.T. "Runic"

D 23

With Illustrations  
including  
THE LANDING AT  
FREMANTLE.

AFRICA

CAPE TOWN

DURBAN

FREMANTLE

Australia

ADELAIDE

MELBOURNE

26 Nov '18





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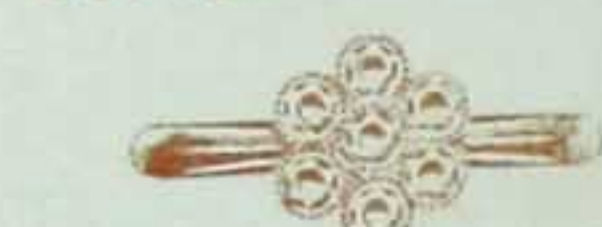


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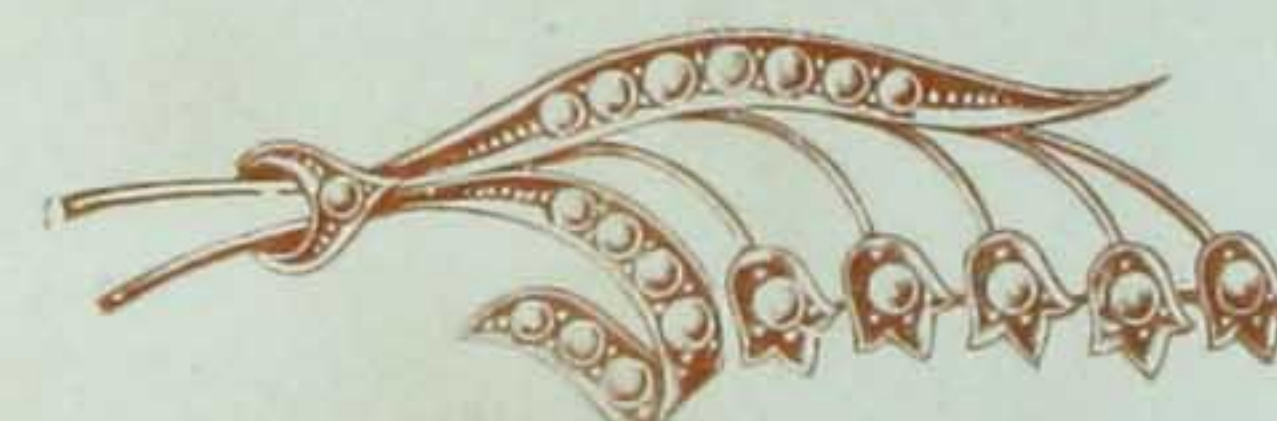


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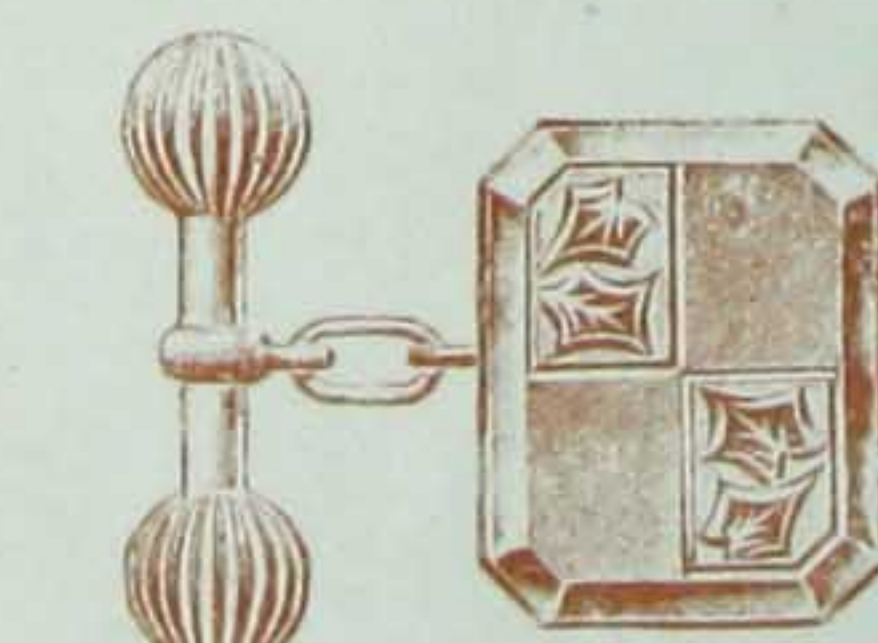
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## "The Runic Rag."

### EDITORIAL.

The object of this publication is to place on record,  
in the form of a souvenir, those incidents and  
pleasant associations which undoubtedly relieved the  
monotony and created a radiance of merriment dur-  
ing our otherwise long and tiresome voyage. It is  
unnecessary for me to comment on the various  
subjects, as they have already been competently  
dealt with in following pages.

I have been requested by "The Digger" subscribers  
of "The Runic Rag" to express their whole-hearted  
admiration and respect toward the C.O. (Major A. L.  
Roberts) and "The Skipper" (Captain J. Kearney).  
We all very much regret that the incident at Fre-  
mantle is likely to cause them undue trouble and  
anxiety. The Fremantle episode was not promoted  
by any Bolshevik spirit nor riotous feelings towards  
the C.O., troops, or ship's captain. We fully realise  
their unpleasant position in the matter, and sin-  
cerely trust that they will not be held responsible  
for an action which was a spontaneous and typical  
expression of "The Diggers'" regard for the "red  
tape" methods which have so often been imposed on  
them, but, thanks to the Anzac spirit, passive sub-  
mission will never be tolerated in our free land, Aus-  
tralia. Perhaps it is unnecessary to remind readers  
of the splendid discipline maintained throughout the  
voyage, especially at Durban, which fully proves  
that the Australian soldier appreciates a critical  
position, and is never found wanting in such cir-  
cumstances. In conclusion, I desire to tender my  
thanks and appreciation to all who have contributed  
to the success of "The Runic Rag."

ERNEST EVERY, Editor.

"Mayville," White Hills, Bendigo, 1/12/18.

### INVICTIS.

(With Deepest Apology).

Dark though the days of three long years,  
Frozen the muddy Flanders trench,  
We thank whatever God that hears  
That nothing could our ardor quench.  
In the fell clutch of massed advance  
We had not winced nor cried aloud;  
Beneath the bludgeoning of France  
Our heads were bloody, but unbowed.  
It matters not how cramped the space,  
How deadly slow the engine turns,  
We take our meed with chastened grace—  
Our moving tent is nearing home.



THE EDITOR.

### "WHAT HE HAD HE GAVE."

Straight from the open, country life he came,  
A boy clean-hearted, simple, strong and fleet,  
His world a little township far from fame,  
His interests, football and the price of wheat.  
Yet to him also came the country's call  
Clear through the gum-tree and the wattle's shade  
Clear the long tale of wrong and murder's thrall,  
And leaving all beside, his part he played,  
He offered all he had for Britain's need,  
And his to pay the perfect sacrifice;  
Far on an alien soil his spirit freed,  
Passed to the God Who bought us with a price,  
Just one more martyr for a glorious cause,  
Just one more life laid down in youthful prime;  
No time for tears, we hardly dare to pause  
Or think of sorrow in a by-gone time.  
'Neath southern skies a mother's heart must ache,  
A maiden weeps, perchance, for lover slain.  
But he who passed for King and country's sake  
New clad now follows in the Lamb's white train.  
God grant us through all time such souls as these,  
Who know no fear who seek no mead of praise,  
Brave, simple hearts throughout our Seven Seas,  
So shall we banish fear and all dismays.

E. H. FERNIE.

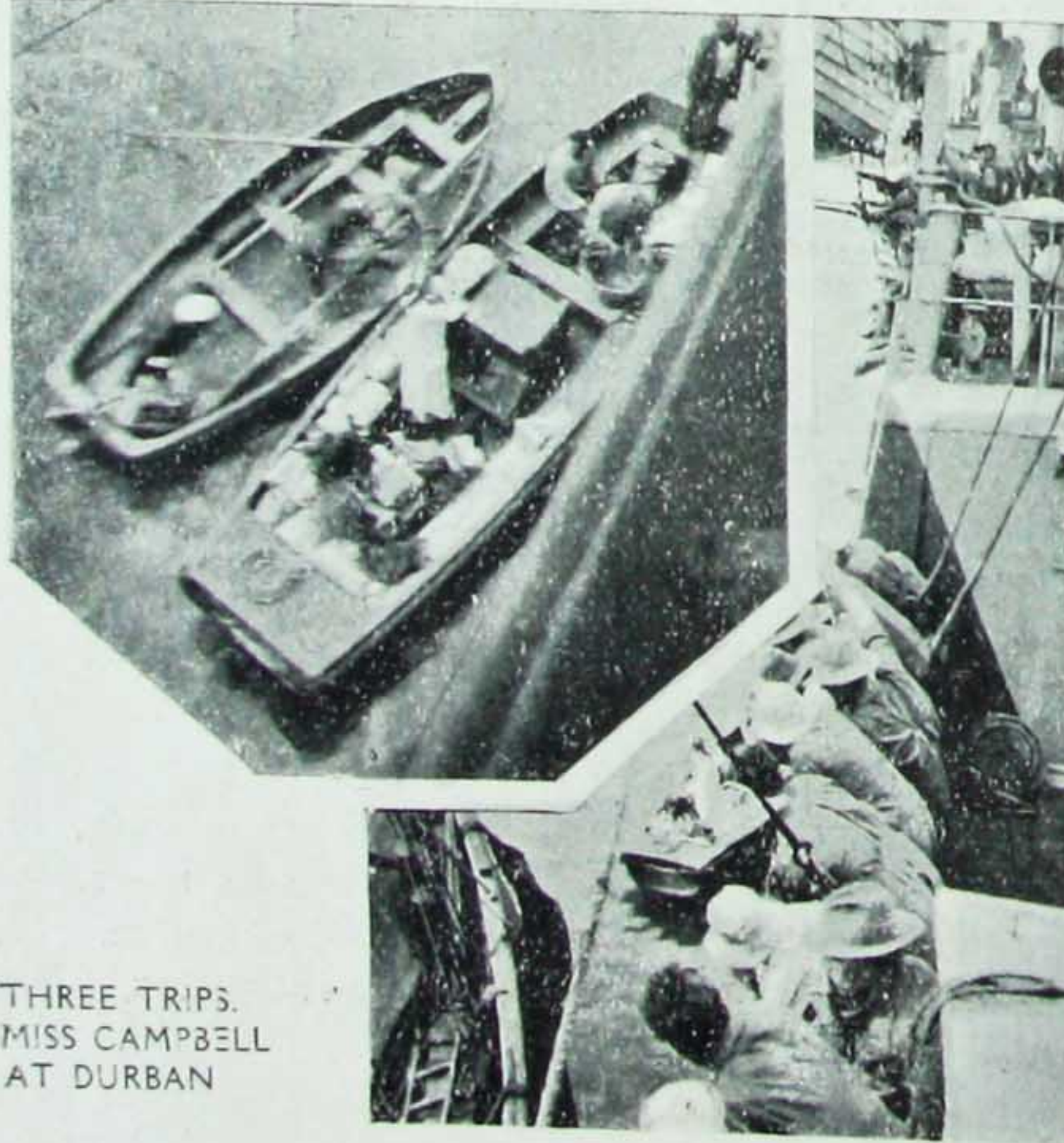
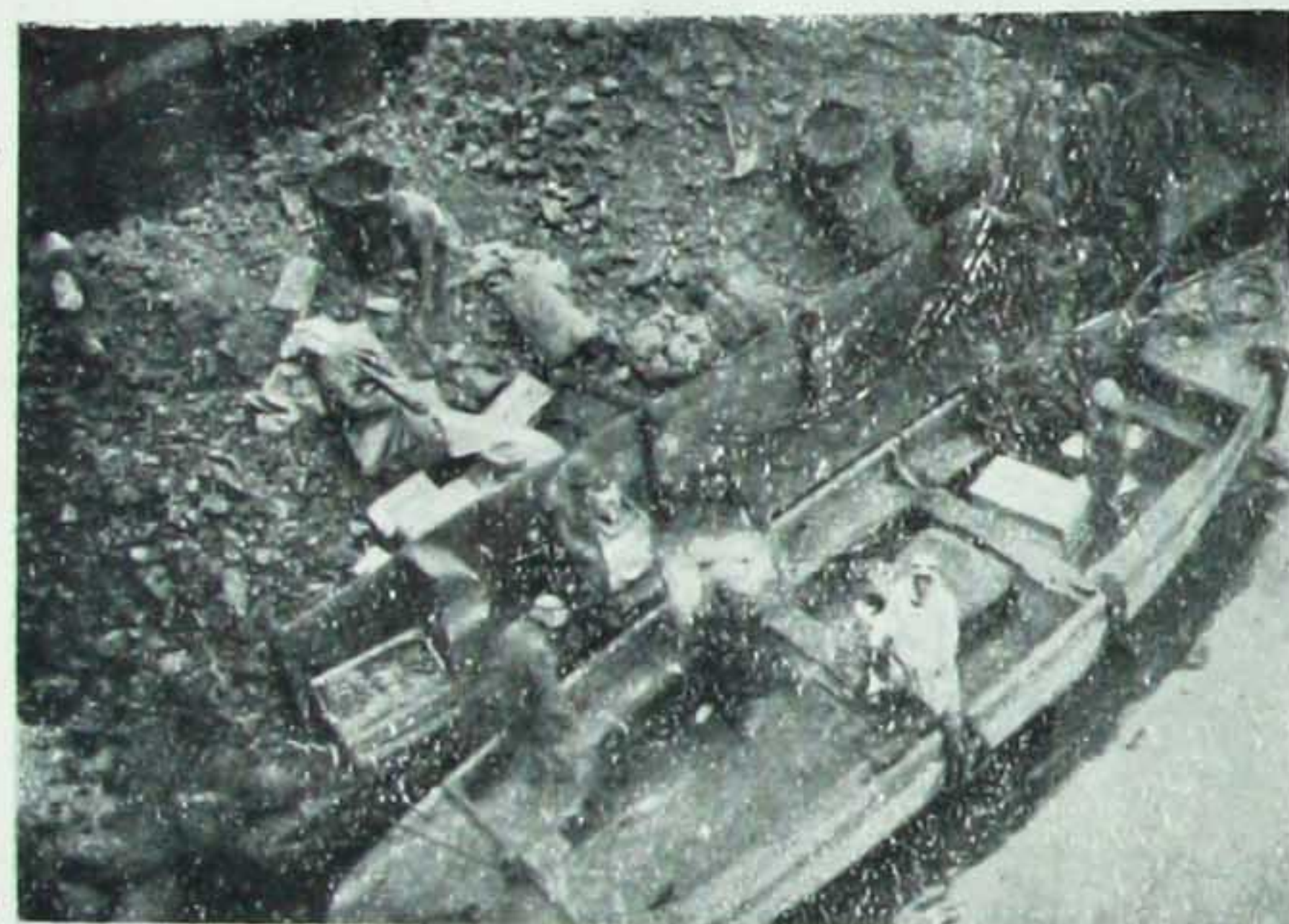




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## "The Runic Rag."

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THREE TRIPS.  
MISS CAMPBELL  
AT DURBAN

### THE STORY OF THE TRIP.

(By Lieut. Allan M. Brown).

Some on crutches, others on sticks, many with wounds still fresh, and some, Anzac furlough men, they formed their straggling line which wound its tedious way up the gangway, and on to the D-23, which was to be home during the next two months. They wore upon their faces the look of men who had lived in another world, and who had seen the things which ordinary mortals know not; but there was also that indefinable something which spoke of the home which they had left long before, and which now lay on the horizon to ever grow larger and more distinct each passing day.

It was a cold and miserable day when we set out from Liverpool, homeward bound. For many days we one and all believed that we were going through the Panama Canal, but eventually we knew that our destiny led us round the Cape. There, in the brightness of a glorious Sunday morning, lay ahead of us in the distance the great Table Mountain, covered with a wonderful mantle of pure whiteness—a great cumulus cloud. What pleasures we anticipated there, and what good times we had planned, but, the toll of death was great, and we had to stay on board. Spanish influenza had shaken Capetown to its very foundations, and so we passed on. Arriving at Durban we felt that we would very probably be allowed off to stretch our limbs on mother earth again. Once more, however, we were doomed to disappointment, and after several days in the port we moved out. The Durban people were excellent, and they looked after us in a very fine way, considering how difficult it was to get into communication with us. **MISS CAMPBELL** soon captured all hearts. Her kindness to the "Aussie" soldiers in this war should be carved in tables of stone and handed down through the ages. She brought us several boat loads of much needed things, and which we thoroughly appreciated. Our indebtedness to the people of Wesley Hall was also very great, for they were untiring in their energy in purchasing necessities for us, also in sending us on many comforts. To the many who helped in various ways to brighten our journey, our hearts go out, and Durban will ever be looked upon as a town which proved a home from home. Durban can be proud of its workers. It's workers can be proud of Durban, and the Australian is thankful for both.

## "The Runic Rag."

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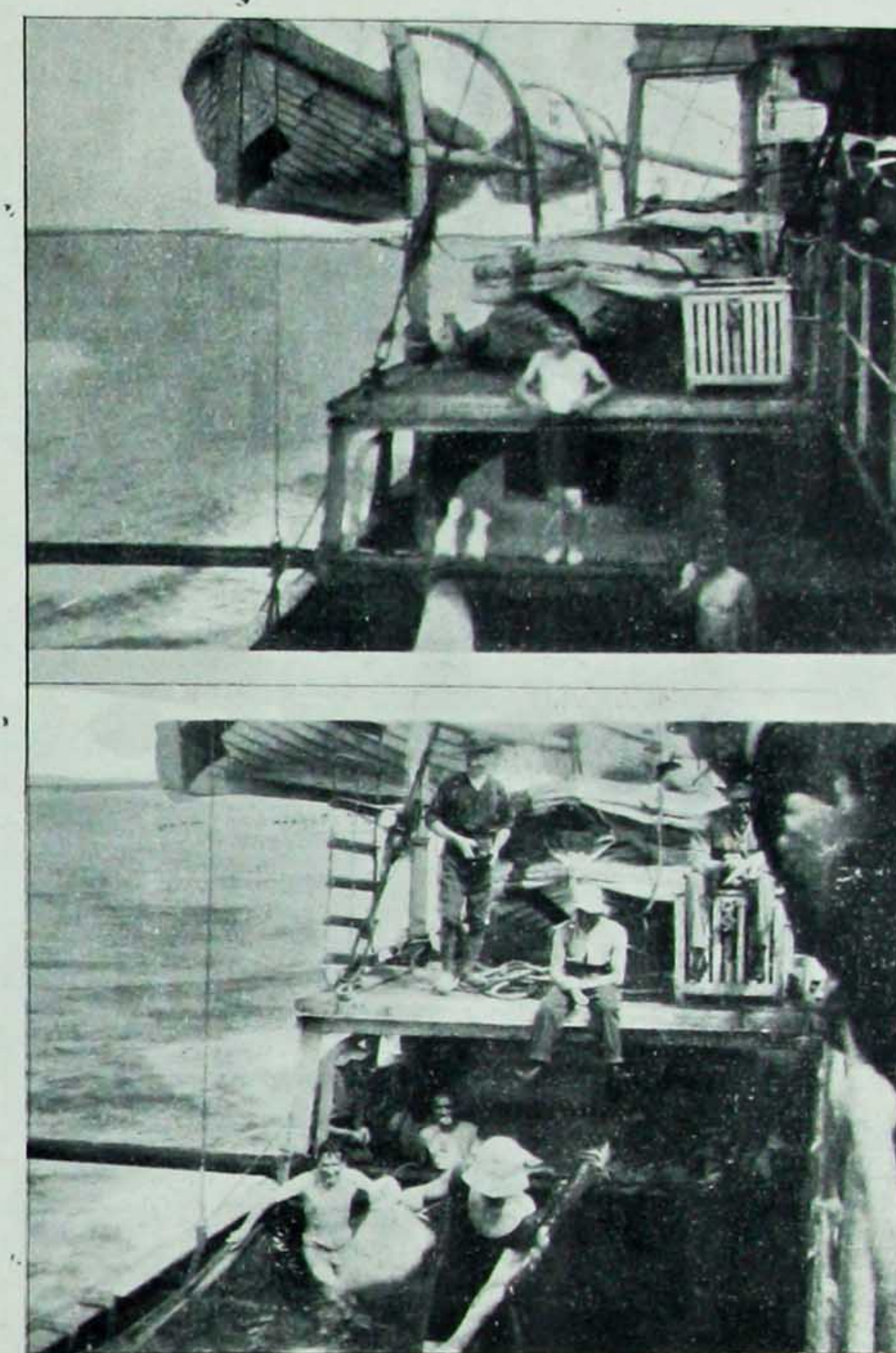
At last, coaling done, and supplies aboard, we slipped quickly out of Port Natal, and were once more headed for home. Away in the distance were the rocks of the breakwater, and high mounted on one, bidding us farewell and God speed, was the little "Lady of the Flags."

After many days of sameness, broken only by varying climate and differing temperature, each heart beat glad with anticipation. Somewhere, just ahead, would we soon sight our own dear land. As one stood there and thrilled through he thought of the lines—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land."

The wireless news day by day had been excellent. All hearts rejoiced because of it, and our genial chief engineer assured us of the near proximity of peace. The day of our arrival in Fremantle marked an epoch in the world history, viz., "The signing of the Armistice." The news was too wonderful for us to fully comprehend, and too big a thing had happened for us to shout. The announcement first produced exactly what one would have expected from our Austral sons. Strong, brave men, who had known the horror of war, quietly grasped hands, and later on some noisy expressions of appreciation and delight were heard, and next morning those expressions were seen, in the form of battered buckets and dishes. We had done our best to reduce these articles of ship's stores to an unrecognisable mass, and a great measure of success had come to us.

There before us, stretching out under a burning sun, was the panorama of Fremantle, the first view of homeland to all of us, and home to many. It was a glad sight. The god of bad fortune was with us, however, and we saw the yellow flag of quarantine go up to the mast head. For three days we lay idly at anchor there in the bay, the monotony broken only by our vain attempts to catch a shark, and concerts or lectures. Here however, we witnessed a most interesting aquatic carnival, "The Runic Regatta." We Aussies are born sailors. Of that there can be no doubt whatever, and as one gazed on the successful result of the efforts of the boys, he was led to wonder why there had not been more trips paid to England from the war. Yea, such mighty men of valor would soon have effected a successful landing on old Blighty's shores. We stormed the heights of Fremantle, and captured the city. In a thousand years time, if we feel in a reading mood at that distant date, we will read something like this:—"And in those days came there the men of Aus from a distant land, even



OUR BATHS

across the waters mighty and deep did they come. Upon their ship did they make then music, yea, even upon dishes and buckets and bugles did they play, and the noise thereof did put the wind up the people of Frem. And upon the third day did these warriors come unto one who had upon his shoulder a golden crown, and did say unto him, 'Oh mighty one, that is called Mayor, and Officer Commanding, now is the time ready for us to go ashore, even in small boats that are called life-boats. Then lowered they the boats, and paddled ashore. Upon the shore they were met by men arranged in fine linen, and upon their shoulders bore they instruments of war. Then did the men of Aus, fall upon them and disperse them, and went their way to rejoice with one accord in the victory which they had won. This mighty feat of arms was called 'The Runic Regatta,' and so it is called to this day."

We were unfortunate in our stay at Fremantle, for the people on shore thought that we were an infected ship, and so we were left very much to ourselves. Their surprise was somewhat great when we got ashore, and they found that we had no in-





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## "The Runic Rag."

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fluenza on board. After five days in port we moved out, leaving seventy-six of the "B'hoys" on shore, continuing their "leave." The journey to land released the tension, however, and all who came on felt that the trip ashore had been worth while.

The crossing of the Bight was quite uneventful. There was a good big roll on, but we managed to keep perfectly cheerful. Had we not, or most of us anyhow, set foot on Australia, and would we not in a few days again be in our own homes with our own loved ones? Could one help being cheerful under the circumstances? On opening our eyes one fine morning we discovered that we were in Largs Bay, and there snuggled down so prettily among the foothills was Adelaide. The Adelaide people looked after us well. Papers, fruit, and cigarettes came on board when we arrived there, and continued to do so until we left. Our four days at Adelaide were cheerful ones, although we had to do our trip ashore to Torrens Island each day for fumigation. Our quarantine treatment was mild. But, the joy of the cake, real cake with currants and fruit, and an Australian flavor about it, was more than recompense for our detention there. There was one day's leave given to us in Adelaide, and it was a day which we will remember. The Adelaide people had spared no pains or expense to give us a good time, and they succeeded most handsomely. Our day there was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and we "dip our lids" to the Adelaide people.

Two days later we tied up to the New Pier at Port Melbourne, and felt a hum of expectancy go right through the ship. Kits got ready, hammocks and blankets packed away, good-byes said, and we were ready for home. The old ship, which had been our home for many weeks may now go on her way, without us. But, — we give her many a kindly passing thought. The men for the Northern States were quickly despatched on trains for home, while the Victorians and Tasmanians were taken in motor cars through crowds of cheering people. Has it not thrilled every man yea who has come back to hear and see the appreciation of "his own folk." The joy of holding in his arms again the mother, the wife, the sister, the sweetheart, or the little son or daughter, after years of separation, created the position wherein one doesn't want to talk lest the fairy spell be broken, and our loved ones be gone from us. In silence we love on, and reverently thank God for His goodness. As the days pass by into years, we will many times live over again those days on the D-23, and there will well up within us a certain pride and affection for the old ship which for years had come through storm and enemy attack and done her bit for the Mother Country.

### PERSONALITIES.

A report of the trip home would not be complete were it not to contain a word or two regarding some of the people on board. Our skipper, Capt. Kearney, was a man whom one and all admired. At all times genial and considerate, he did everything in his power to make pleasant a journey which must necessarily prove tiring and monotonous. We believe that he admired the spirit of the Australian; we know that the Australian admired him, and wherever he goes he carries with him the good wishes and the appreciation of the men who came on his ship.

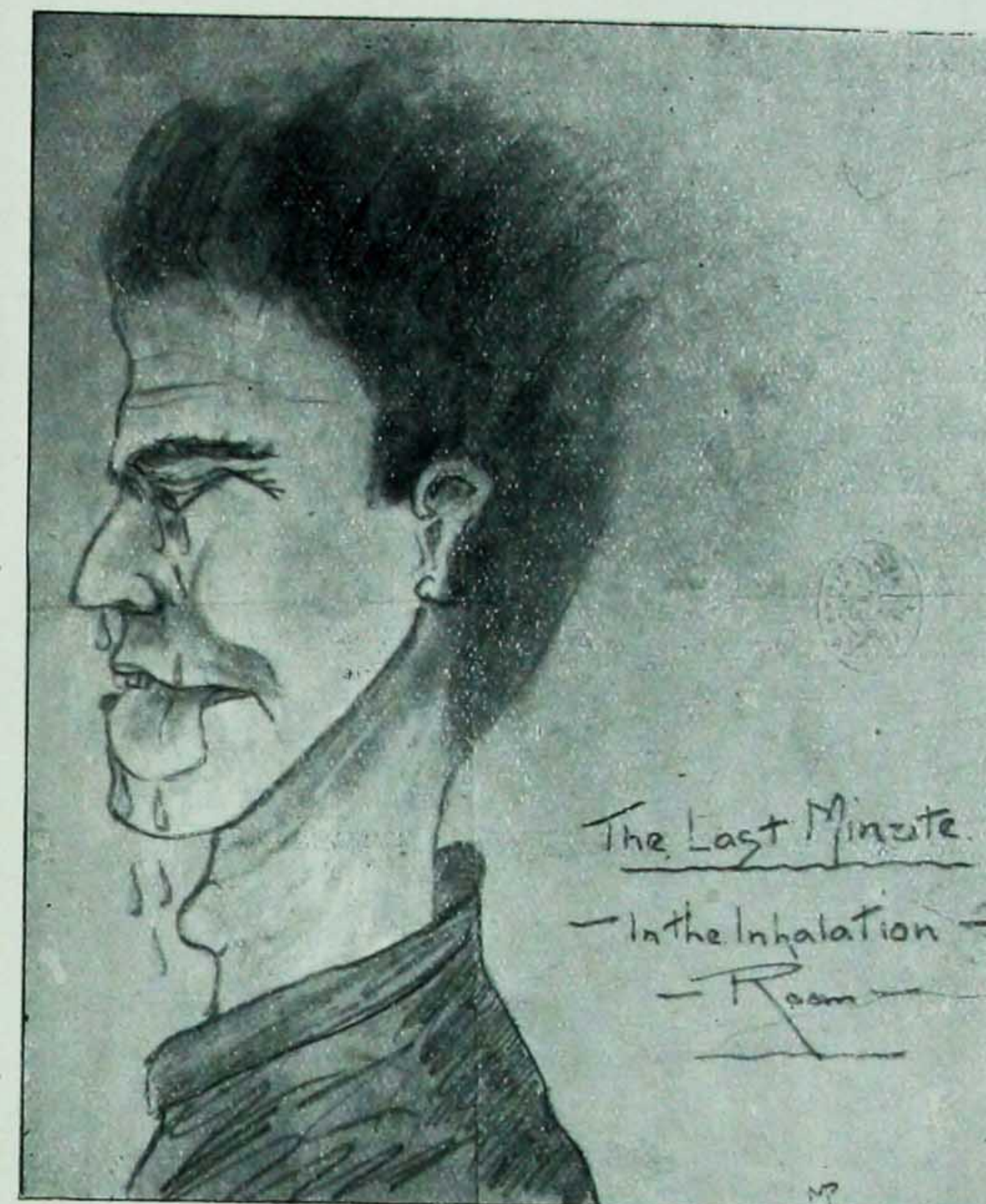


Our O.C. troops, Major A. L. Roberts, V.D., filled a most difficult position in a manner which gave to us as good a time as he could get for us, and we all appreciate him. He was a sport, as was evidenced by the fine, sensible way he handled the "Regatta" at Fremantle. The proof of the general appreciation of both Major Roberts and Capt. Kearney was given by the boys voluntarily, wishing it made known that if any trouble arose to either officer we one and all would stand behind him.

Another most interesting personality was our Chief Engineer. He was probably as well known on the ship as any man, and was greatly liked by all. He, from the first, confidently foretold the coming of peace, and—it came. We wish the best of good fortune to the old chief; and hope that he may be long spared to make bright many voyages to many travellers.

## "The Runic Rag."

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A REMINISCENCE OF TORRENS ISLAND.



OUR CONCERT PARTY—"SOME PARTY"

### SPORT AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

The room on board was very limited, but we had some good times, with sports, swimming, concerts, lectures, debates and other events. Majors Armstrong and Prince worked very hard in the arrangement of sports and competitions also swimming events. Their efforts were very successful.

Captain-Chaplain Wilson Smith, with some loyal



TALKING MATTERS OVER  
AT FREMANTLE

workers, gave to us some very fine and interesting debates. Interest in them was evidenced by the crowds that attended and applauded. But better still than the ordinary debates were the Mock Elections and the Mock Trial. A fine Bible Study circle was also run by the Padre, and some of the more thoughtful members spent many helpful and pleasant hours in that circle. A fine concert party gave us many concerts of really splendid programmes. Lieut. A. M. Brown (Y.M.C.A.) had charge of the party, and with him were about twenty of the men who were at work continuously from early morning until late at night practising. These concerts, with lantern lectures given by Lieut Brown and Mr. Graham (Y.M.C.A.) filled in many evenings, and were very bright spots indeed. Games and competitions, deck and outerdeck, conducted by Mr. Graham, proved to be very attractive, and filled up about two weeks of the journey. The prizes for all sports and competitions on board, which amounted to over one hundred, were presented by the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross, and after they had been won by the boys, were distributed by our genial matron, Sister M. Martin. We feel now that if every troopship which comes back is as comfortable as the Runic, there will be not much room for complaint.





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"The Runic Rag."

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COOK HOUSE

TOPICAL SONG.

Last Tuesday morn we arrived in Largs Bay,  
Quarantine flags floated high all that day.  
Doctors came on and examined the crew,  
Said that zinc sulphate would kill Spanish flu;  
So for days and days and days.  
We paddled ashore in relays;  
Major Prince he was there, just to see us go  
through,  
And watched that we put on no stunts that were  
new;  
You can bet your sweet life that escapes there were  
few  
During days and days and days,  
By Friday night they had hauled the flag down,  
Said that next day we would go up to town;  
So to the wharf the old Runic did go,  
Where we expected a wonderful show  
Would run hours and hours and hours.  
In a place filled with cake, fruit and flowers  
We saw Charlie Chaplin display his great might,  
We saw pretty girlies all dressed up in white,  
And we'd like to be cuddling them every night  
For hours and hours and hours.  
Saturday came, and we off to town went,  
All the Bhoys were on pleasure bent;  
Charming young things drove them round in their  
cars,  
Others selected the pubs and the bars;  
They sank beers and beers and beers.  
Of the Bull and his police they'd no fears,  
But when the night came what a horrible plight,  
Some of the diggers came home very tight;  
Five of the number have vanished from sight  
After beers and beers and beers.  
The Australia we live in's a very fine place,  
Producing the best of the whole human race;  
There isn't a doubt that our hearts madly burned

To get such a welcome when home we returned  
After years and years and years,  
From those glorious Adelaide dears,  
If Melbourne and Sydney can give us a treat  
That in any way their reception can beat,  
We're sure that old Aussie can know no defeat  
For years and years and years.



AND ANOTHER LITTLE TRIP  
Won't do us any harm.)

Oh, there was a mighty ship  
That sailed the briney sea;  
It was packed from bow to stern,  
Known as D23.  
There were "Diggers" there galore,  
Making for their "Kangaroo" farm.  
And another little trip  
Won't do them any harm.  
Chorus—Another little trip, etc.  
Soon the troops began to "rouse"  
About their evening grub,  
For the pickles, cheese and onions  
Wouldn't do a fifth-class pub.  
We called down Dr. Keane,





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Who said he'd do his best;  
He pronounced the pickles rotten,  
And said we'd eat the rest.

Chorus—A little change in grub, etc.

Now, upon this mighty ship  
We have a little gem;  
His name is Billy Barlow,  
And his rank is R.S.M.  
Oh, he struts around the ship,  
And throws his weight about;  
He pinched the crown and anchor,  
And the boys began to shout.  
Chorus—Another little game, etc.

The other Sunday morn  
Our ship came into port;  
There was "Kiwi" shining everywhere,  
Anticipating sport.

Out came the smartest togs—  
There were tailor-mades galore,  
But a cable straight from Aussie  
Said that none can go ashore.  
Chorus—A little trip ashore, etc.

"Say, who's these blokes in civvie clothes,"

A "Digger" said to me;  
"Have they been or munitions  
So far across the sea?"

Yes, there's blokes that make  
The dods for you to shoot the Hun;  
They've made their pile at seven a week,  
So their life's work is done.

Chorus—So their life's work is done, etc.

BY E. E.



GOOD OLD BOTTLE-O MAC

### WE'VE A NICE LITTLE WAR.

(With apologies to "Our Miss Gibbs.")

We've a nice little war, but it soon will be no more,  
And the people are rejoicing day and night;  
But for us it wasn't gay, we were anchored in the  
bay,

While all the crowds ashore were gay and bright.  
The "Diggers" from the war thought they'd take a  
trip ashore,

But they stayed aboard the ship for several hours;  
Then they donned their Sunday coats, and they  
lowered all the boats;

Oh! you'd love a little war like ours.

All the troops wildly cheered as each boat was  
nicely cleared;

There were quite a dozen skippers to each craft;  
But they all enjoyed the sport, and they safely  
reached the port,

And climbed upon the wharf from fore and aft.  
Now, a picquet standing there said if any of you dare  
To budge an inch I'll shoot you with this gun,  
And they cried, "You silly clown, we're not out to  
smash your town;

Have you ever tried a war like ours?"

We all went up to Perth to join the fun and mirth,  
And celebrate the victory we have won;  
All the people were surprised. Everybody had sur-  
mised

That Spanish "flu" right through the ship had run.  
We said, "What Tommy rot; not a single case we've  
got;"

Then they welcomed us with flags and pretty  
flowers;  
And they treated us to beer, quite the best we've had  
this year—

Oh, this is a lovely war of ours!

On the following day several boatloads went away,  
But the skipper didn't like the second stunt;  
He gave them such a frown as they paddled off to  
town,

And declared he'd go without them with a grunt.  
He pulled up all the boats, and fastened them with  
ropes;

The deck hands all displayed their mighty powers;  
Then he left some in a fix—missing totalled seventy-  
six—

Oh, this is a lovely war of ours!

### THE DRY SHIP.

Can a "Runic" Rhythm Rhyme  
To the sound of passing time,  
And the wounded cavalier  
Ask a man to have a beer?  
NO, they only give him LIME.

The cooks on the Runic are regular Jews,  
I am praying to God they'll get on the booze.  
This awful diet  
Causes a riot

Under my tunic and gives me the blues.

Here's luck to the flea  
That jumped over me  
I've an idea it came straight from France.  
It was a prize bred,  
I could tell by its head.

Runic couldn't breed same—no chance.

An Anzac one day on the Runic  
Saw two men of the ship's crew nick  
A bottle of rum  
Said he, "By gum,"

I could do with that under my tunic.

If Runic were spied by a sub.  
She'd be safe as some shares in a pub.  
As a camouflaged craft  
With six-incher aft

She's a warship disguised as a tub.

On the Runic we hear every day  
The latest "Wireless" they say.  
But 'twould raise a great cheer  
Could the boys only hear  
When the C.O.'s decided to pay.

In Monte we used to complain  
Of the tucker, but never again  
For our palates are tickled  
By salt junk that's pickled

In the bilge of the Runic; that's plain.  
The chief of the wireless crew  
Is a man that all the boys knew,

He's O.C. of sparks  
Enjoys all the "larks"  
That gives us the "Dinkum Oil" too.

You may tell all your tales of Typhoons and whales  
And sometimes perhaps feel "Cartoonic,"

But you'll ne'er beat the tales,  
Of tin fish and gales,  
We encountered while on board the Runic.

The "Old Man" of this packet—the Runic,  
Is John Bunny's double in tunic.  
In neat whitewashed clothes  
He's a devil to dose,  
A "sine qua non" of the Runic.

On the good ship Runic to-day  
The soldiers are waiting for pay.  
They get little to eat,  
Frozen mutton, canned meat.

For the day that we land, Hip Hooray!  
"Good old Runic," the Deck Sergeant's sa  
Is the "Mystery Ship" of the day.  
Little dogs disappear  
And men "warned to be here"

For "Guards and Fatigue" fade away.  
We like all the "sports" of wireless fame  
There's one we call "Slingy," but that's not his  
name,

He's a "Pommy" by birth,  
But he's real dinkum worth,  
We've made him a "cobber" of ours all the same.

### A RHYME OF TRANSPORT "D 23."

It was the good ship Runic  
That had sailed the mighty ocean  
To get home in about six weeks,  
It seemed a splendid notion.  
There's none of us in good trim yet;  
We're classed as out of action.  
And till we are in better form,  
Have joined the neutral faction.  
The C.O. he is quite all right,  
And duly makes inspection.  
When to our deck he pays his call  
He says it's quite perfection.  
The Adjutant (an "airy" chap).  
He's next man on our list.  
If he were not upon this ship,  
My word! he would be missed.  
On deck you must not smoke at night;  
You'd advertise the "posi"  
(And other yarns they tell us, too,  
Of never reaching Aussie!)

The nurses! oh! the Sisters dear!!  
They are an unmixed blessing.  
"Call round at nine o'clock," they say,  
"You're just in time for dressing."

Our R.S.M., a mighty man,  
He claims your whole attention,  
For getting out fatigues and guards,  
We'll give him special mention.  
Some more important men abroad  
Are found among our cooks.  
They serve up stew and dishes rare  
You never see in books.

Happy now are all the troops,  
Who say this stunt's no failure.  
We're on the proper track at last,  
Home to our own Australia.





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## AN UNCENSORED LETTER.

(Found on The Deck).

On the Briny.

November 2, 1918.

My Dear Little English Girl,—Here I am right out on the stuff the shark rears his family in. This Atlantic Ocean is some size, but, of course, it ain't a patch on our Pacific which we use for filling the Sydney Harbor. Takes some filling, too, because it's the finest harbor in the world. You'll be coming out and you'll see it soon. Speaking of your coming out reminds me I ain't told the old man about you yet. Suppose he'll be wild, because he'll have to start working when I get hitched up. My luck is a bit out. I've had a letter from my manager to say that owing to the drought all the stock has died on my station what I was telling you about. Never mind, I can get a job in Sydney all right, and we'll have a little house in Woolloomooloo. I've selected that place because I thought you'd like the name. They'll call you a "Pommy" when you get out there. But I don't care, your rosy cheeks always did remind me of one, any way. The Censor says we mustn't write anything important in our letters. That's 'ard, thinks I! How am I going to write tripe to me girl. You know, I sit up on deck for house, and all the time the white frills on the waves makes me think of those little bits of lacy stuff on you.

The blokes what do the steering of this ship don't know their job. They can't keep her going straight for more than five minutes. I'll show you how to steer some day on the Paramatta. There's about a dozen nurses on this boat, but you needn't be jealous. I ain't been putting in at all. There's 30 officers here. Do you get me? There's such a 'ell of a lot of M.O.'s, here a bloke can't swing it much. Can't write any more, because they're putting the lights out. They always put the lights out on this boat at night—so as we can see the lights on the other ships in the convoy all the better, I suppose. Well, dearest, you are the only girl I ever had, and I'm dying for the time when you come out and join me. Good-bye, darling.

I remain,

Your loving boy,

BILL.

P.S.—Don't come out till I send for you. I'm having a bit of trouble over a tabby I left in Sydney. Wrote and told her both my arms had been blown off. I thought that 'ud choke her off, but she wrote back and wanted to know how I managed to write. That's the worst of them red headed ones—you can't get past 'em. I've had trouble with them before.—B.

(Owner may obtain this by applying Editor, R.R.)

## THE LANDING AT FREMANTLE.

On the twelfth of November we sighted our shore;  
We looked on Australia, the land we adore.  
Then came the news that peace was declared,  
So we donned our best tunics, and to land we prepared.

But a cable came through from some home service snob,

Who has to do something to stick to his job.

The news that he sent met with poor approbation,

For he ordered our boat into strict isolation.

Now, we hadn't a sign of sickness on board—

Not a case of the "flu" in the hospital ward;

But they kept us at anchor three miles from the shore,

And said they were sorry, but such was the law.

Seven weeks had elapsed since we set foot on earth,

So the "Diggers" decided to go and see Perth.

The lifeboats were lowered and hastily manned,

And five hundred diggers headed for land.

Our heads played the game in wonderful style,

And the skipper looked on with a good-humored smile.

The "Diggers" worked hard, and tall language was used,

And the men at the helms were greatly abused.

However, we soon were tied up at the pier,

And were met by a guard with nice polished gear,

Whose officer to us the Riot Act read;

But the "Diggers" pushed forward; "No compris," they said.

The civvies sang songs and showed great elation;

They were doing their bit in the peace celebration.

They said there's no doubt we are glad to see you.

But don't come too close, you may give us the "flu."

Have they so soon forgotten the risks we've been taking

To bring forth the day they are now celebrating.

Would they've stopped us landing in Flanders, think you,

A few months ago if we had Spanish "flu"?

One word of advice. I would give in conclusion—

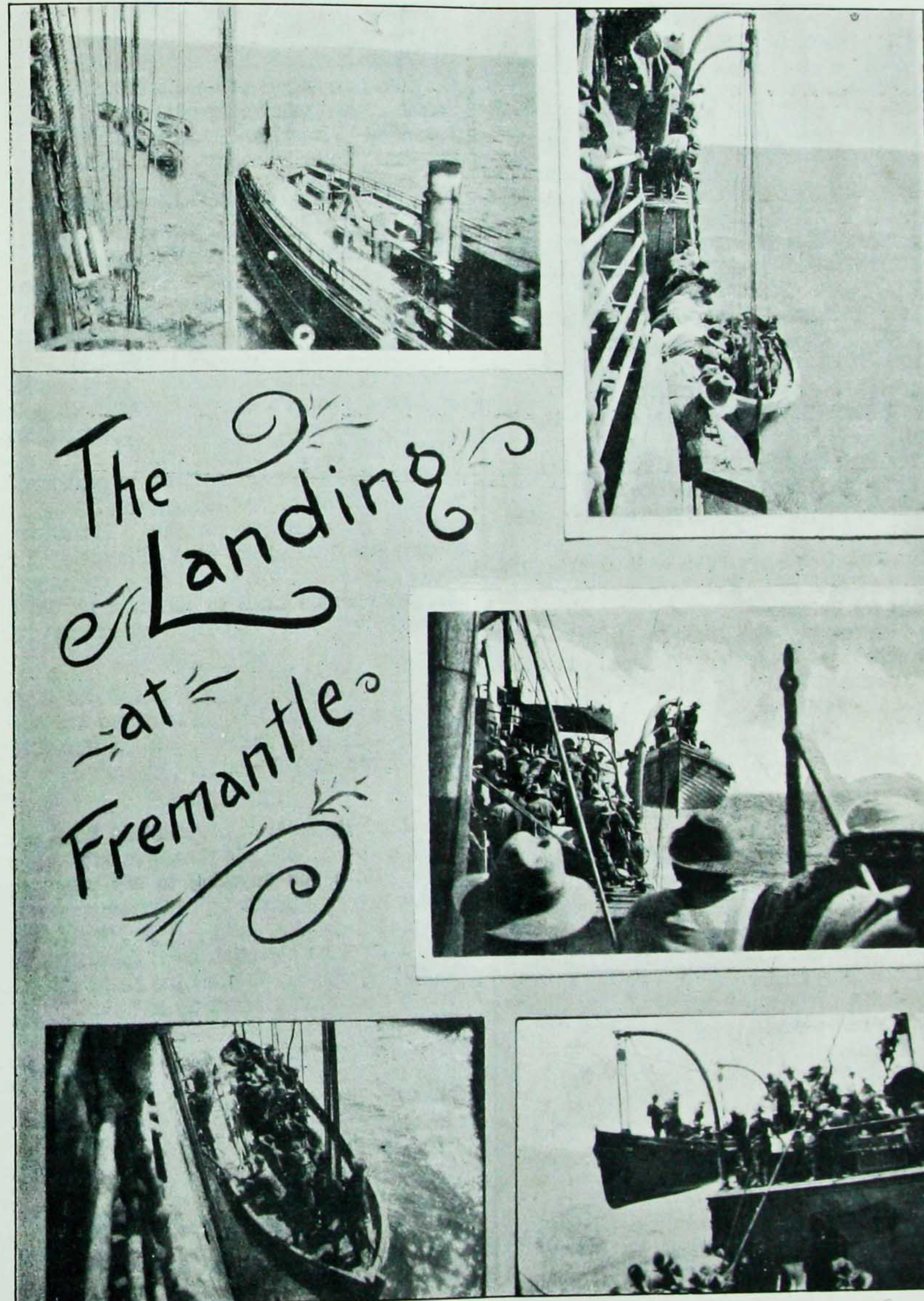
Be careful of orders which may cause confusion;

For stitching big bands of blue on your tunic

Does not always mean you're leaving the Runic.

R. B. CASEMENT,

20th Batt. A.I.F.







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## £10,000 Libel Case.

Sir Archibald Dogsboddy, M.P., v. the Hon. Marmaduke Adolphus.

Case before the Extreme Court, sitting at Runicburgh, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock, October 6th, 1918.

Judge—Lord Patum Pomatum (Padre and Wilson Smith).

Clerk of Courts—Mr. Lawsquasher (Sgt. Murray).  
Counsel for Prosecution—Sir Roderick Mountain Dhu, K.C., S.O.S. (Pte. Thompson).

Counsel for Defence—Sir Cavendish Catchmore, K.C., A.W.L., W.O.L. (Mr. A. M. Brown).

Court Crier—Joe Slasher (Pte. A. G. Woodfine).  
Policeman—No. 9 (Gnr. A. J. Renton).

Foreman of Jury—Browse Walrus (Dvr. N. E. Mossop).

Witness for Prosecution—Earl of Cascarra, Controller of Subways (Pte. W. MacPherson).

Clarence Carbonas, Uncommercial Traveller (Sgt. McCallum).

Signor Marconi Sylvester, "Steak d' Oyst" Café Proprietor (Pte. J. S. Butler).

Witnesses for Defence—

Algernon Mugmump, Artist (Pte. P. H. Bailey).

Jeremiah Jellybags, Proprietor of "Slosh in the Pail Dosshouse" (Pte. J. F. Beal).

Rev. Vitriol Vitoffski, Curate (Pte. A. H. T. Smith).

Tramway Sal, Lady of Pleasure (Mr. E. Graham).

Claimant—Sir Archibald Dogsboddy, M.P. (Sgt. McGrath).

Defendant—The Hon. Marmaduke Adolphus (Cpl. Watson).

Disturbing Element—Lady Dogsboddy (Cpl. Loth).

Baby—Albert Castley.

### JURYMEN.

Browse Walrus, traveller for fresh air and long grass.

Joe Spratt, hammock slinger.

William Higgenshoe, farrier.

John Handshake, pump repairer.

Dick Drinkwater, brewer.

Josh Gasbag, newsagent.

Titch Hardwork, bottleho.

Snowy Baker, coal merchant.

Sol Green, gardener.

Bill Sykes, jeweller and watchmaker.

Horatio Bottleby, editor of "Runic Rag."

Artful Dodger, insurance agent.

Willikins Micawber, fireman.

Dick Neversweat, municipal laborer.

Haman Hangwell, lamplighter.

### OATH BY WITNESSES.

I do solemnly, with my hand upon the Sentimental

Bloke, take oath and say that I shall tell an untruth, not the whole truth, and nothing near the truth, so help me Ginger Mick."

### OATH BY JURORS.

"We do solemnly and cynically declare that in the case now before the court, we shall return unmeditated and unanimous verdict, and shall not be influenced by judge, counsels, witnesses, nor females. So help me over the stile."

### CHARGE BY JUDGE TO JURY.

His Lordship gave a lengthy charge to the jurors, whom the foreman from time to time woke up. Judge Pomatum commended them for the inattention they had given to the case. He himself had not been interested. Would they please forget all they had heard, as he, Judge Pomatum, knew perfectly well, in spite of counsels and witnesses, that the libel case was a trump up affair, conspired by both the claimant and defendant for purposes of notoriety. They, the jury, had been compelled to sit there and slumber on those uncushioned seats without a drink or smoke, unprotected by box respirators from the gas attacks. Moreover, their (jurors) opinion had not been once solicited in the case. They had been sat upon entirely. His Lordship charged them to return a verdict unprejudiced by what they had heard save from him."

### VERDICT.

The foreman of the jury declared the verdict of the jury was unanimous. The jurors had not been able to come to a decision, but he (the foreman) gave his own verdict—guilty.

### SENTENCE.

His Lordship said: "Sir Archibald Dogsboddy and the Hon. Marmaduke Adolphus, you are both found guilty. Have you anything to say why sentence of slow lingering death by asphyxiation should not be passed. Silence, sirs! You have nothing to say. I shall be merciful, as it is written in the Statistical Books "Thou shalt not inflict punishment which a man cannot stand up to."

"You, Sir Archibald Dogsboddy, M.P., are sentenced to pay your respects to your friends, 'toot sweet,' and to be thereafter transported on H.M. Troopship 'Runic' as mess orderly, until the Hun spirit ceases to be rampant.

"You, Hon. Marmaduke Adolphus, convicted and sentenced, to forfeit your title, and all patent rights, to cease forthwith to wear pyjamas, and to clean your teeth, and moreover, you and your wife must abide for life at Burrumbudgee Swamp, for the safeguarding of your children, that they may have a chance to redeem the monstrous and ghastly failure of their male parent.

The court was adjourned sine die.



THE MOCK TRIAL





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#### THE NEEDS OF AUSTRALIA IN VIEW OF THE PLACE SHE MUST TAKE IN THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS.

First Prize Essay, s.s. Runic, England-Australia, November, 1918.

(Written by Gr. J. S. Butler (S.A.), 10th Brigade, A.F.A.).

The last four years have been momentous ones in the world's history. Perhaps never before have the issues of any war that has been waged on the earth been so vast, so tremendous. Affecting as they do in some measure everyone, either great or small, there is no individual but has felt something of the changed conditions that have been brought about. The whole world is in a state of change, and the future looms ahead as something of a great uncertainty. We now know with definiteness that Great Britain is coming out of the struggle in even greater power than when she entered it, and this is something to keep in mind when considering the altered economic position of the countries of the world. The question to-day is confined to the "need of Australia," but it is absolutely necessary to refer in passing to the general world outlook. Australia to-day looms large in the councils of the Allies, owing to the fame won abroad by her fighting men. Possibly no event that could happen along could have placed her name so prominently before the people of the nations fighting the cause of the Entente. Five years ago a young country, in a measure isolated from the rest of the world by fourteen thousand miles of sea, she has blossomed out with all the vigor of young nationhood, strong and virile. The feat of sending an army of over four hundred thousand men, just 10 per cent. of her entire population, over all the leagues of ocean that separated her from the fighting fronts, is something unparalleled in the history of war, and not even the doings of the great Napoleon show anything equalling this task. And when we think that it was a volunteer movement—that alone of all the countries fighting she was not subjected to compulsion—the effort stands out pre-eminently as one of the wonders of the war. The men who have been abroad, and who have already returned, and who will in the immediate future return to their home land in the southern seas, have seen something of the older countries in the world. Their ideas have broadened as they could never have done had they remained at their homes. They not only have had the advantage of rubbing shoulders with the people of other countries, but now know their own Australia for what she is, and what their native land means to them. The wanderings abroad have been an education, and there is not one man but has received ideas regarding some particular industry or phase of life in

which he was interested. The experiences of the fighting that they have been through have made each and every one stronger and fitter men to carry Australia to the great place she is bound to take during the coming years in the world's destiny. It is these men who will form the backbone of the Australian nation that is to be, and it is well just here to consider some of the problems with which they will be confronted in the years that are to come.

The greatest need of Australia to-day is population. That a country twenty-five times the size of England should be peopled by only five millions makes this fact self-evident. While such a state of affairs exists we can never hope to attain to very great heights industrially or commercially. The history of other countries, particularly the United States of America, shows what can be done by a strong influx of immigrants. Australia's resources are tremendous, with the surface, as it were, only just scratched, and what is needed to fully develop the sparse lands is people, wisely and judiciously brought out here from the older countries of Europe. That they will be anxious to come when the war is over is undoubted. They have got to know the Australian, and, speaking generally, they have got to admire him and the land from which he comes. The Anzac has been a fine emigration representative for his country, and we will doubtless in the coming years see many discharged soldiers coming out to share with us some of the advantages of life beneath the Southern Cross. What is wanted is a keen grappling with this question, not by individual States, but by the Commonwealth Government. National questions must be dealt with by the National Government, and this question is now one that comes under this head. "Come to Australia!" should be the cry; not "Come to Queensland, Victoria or Tasmania." Australia is known the world over; the individual States are not.

In line with a policy of immigration to be inaugurated immediately the war ends, must go strong forward policies in regard to railway construction, development work, river and water conservation by means of irrigation. Already we have made a start with a completed transcontinental railway line from East to West, but more are required, and one or even more must be immediately constructed North-South. The value of these lines from the view point of defence is great, and when we consider the advantages that will accrue from that construction in regard to the opening up of now idle lands, through mining, agriculture and other sources, there does not appear any valid reason why this work might not be proceeded with forthwith. We must endeavor to place the people who come to our country on new lands, away from the crowded cities

of the east. Not only will this be to the advantage of them as individuals, but the State will reap untold benefit. The policy of decentralisation must always be a big factor in Australia's forward movement. When we think of what has been done during recent years, since the advent of superphosphate in farm pursuits, in all the States, in the opening up of country at one time considered well nigh valueless as agricultural lands, we should not be timid in still further proceeding with a bold policy in regard to the placing of people on the land.

There are many phases of life which suggest themselves to us in a study of the after-war problems. There is the question of greater organisation in the industrial world. Before war broke out we imported by the millions sterling goods which could well be made in Australia. We were great customers of the United Kingdom and Germany in regard to manufactured articles. To-day conditions have changed. The United Kingdom can supply only a portion, and Germany nothing, of our requirements. The result has been that many of the articles which we previously imported from abroad are being manufactured in the different cities of Australia. Necessity has in this case brought the change, and the need of fostering and encouraging the manufactures in Australia is one that should appeal to all. There is no occasion for us to import the great quantities of textiles, machinery, iron and steel products, ale and spirits as we have previously done. We imported in 1914 nearly seventy millions of pounds worth of goods, of which the articles mentioned formed the bulk, the best part of which could have been manufactured in Australia. Unfortunately there has been a tendency on the part of us all to purchase an article made overseas in preference to one made in Melbourne or Sydney. Not because of any marked superiority of the former, but simply because it was possibly better known, an older line, and more advertised. It is just this attitude that has kept Australia behind in industrial pursuits, and it behoves all who have the interests of the country at heart to give preference to the home-made article. Every pound kept in Australia by this method means prosperity to the individual and the nation as a whole. Let us see that we do not revert to the old time conditions, but that we do all in our power to push along our manufactures. By all helping in this way the movement must succeed.

Coupled with the subject of fostering our manufactures comes the question of the relation between capital and labor. Possibly Australia is further advanced than any country in the world as regards the working conditions that exist for the wage-earner. This may be questioned by some, but I do not think that any person, after viewing conditions

operating in different European countries, will seriously question it. I often wonder whether this fact is as universally recognised as it should be, and despite the almost ideal conditions that are operating, by means of our factory laws, wages boards, and method of arbitration, we are always being brought face to face with industrial disputes, that result in strikes, lockouts, with appalling loss of money to those who can least afford such loss, i.e., the wage-earner. Under such conditions such things should not obtain, and the whole trouble seems to be at bottom mutual distrust of labor by capital and vice versa. A better understanding must be brought about. It will not do in the years to come to have Australia "held up" as has been the case on different occasions not long since. Strikes such as we have experienced in Australia mean very often almost total dislocation of business and commerce, great loss of capital to the employer, and

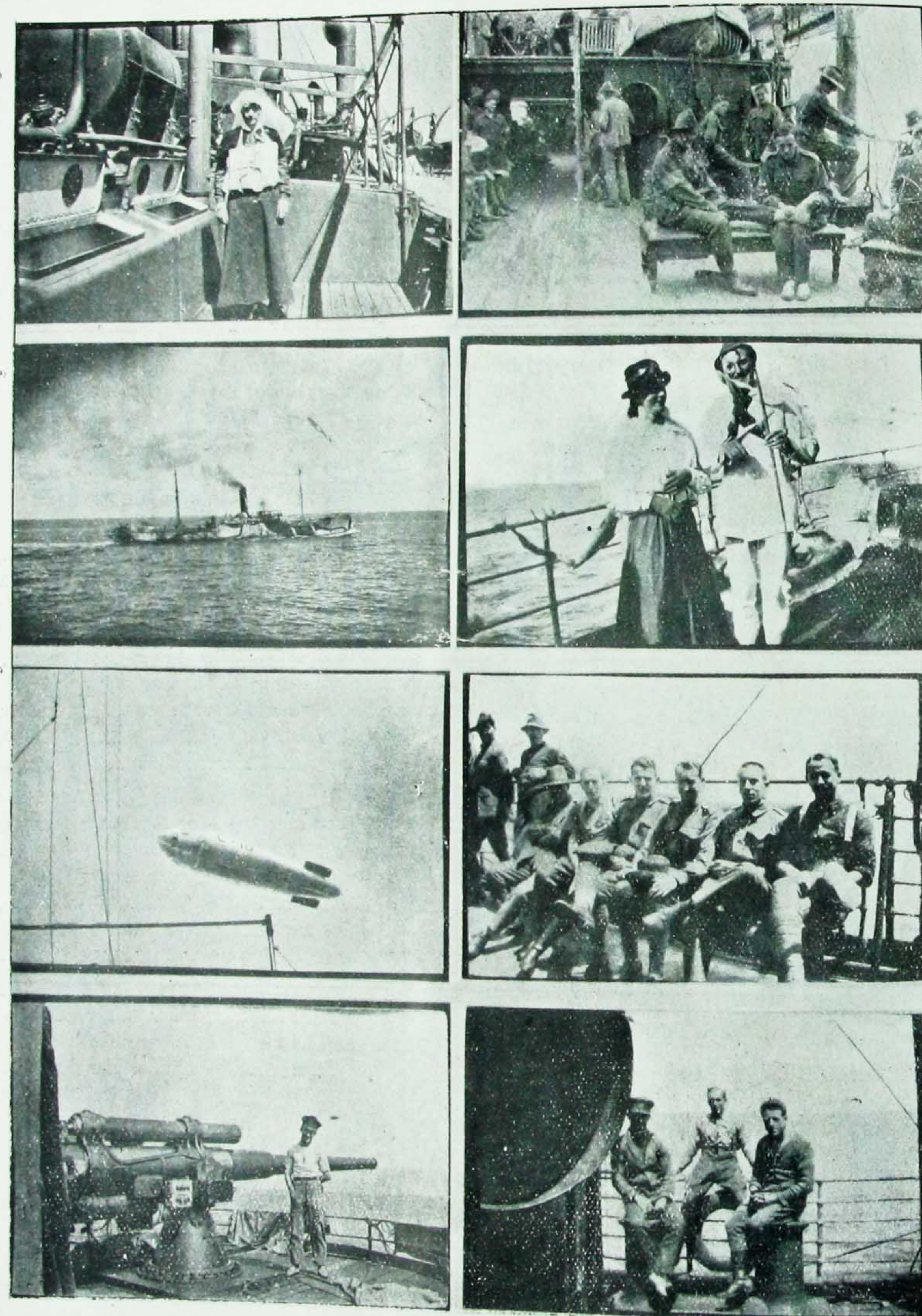


THE PADRE





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1.—A Sister at her Boat Station. 2.—The Gymnasium. 3.—One of our Convoy.  
4.—Two "Mock Trial" Characters. 5.—Dirigible Escort in English Channel  
6.—Some of the Staff. 7.—Our Gun. 8.—Three of The Bhoys.

poverty to the wage-earner, hunger and suffering to innocent women and children. As I have said before, Australia leads in regard to industrial legislation; the hours of working are the shortest; wages are as high as in any country in the world. There is no need for any such extreme measures to be taken as has been the case in the past in order to get settlement of disputes that crop up from time to time between capital and labor. Both sides are strong and well organised, and the consequences are too disastrous for them to recur as they have in the past. Let there be greater unity between these two sides of industrial life, more consideration for the employe by the master, and more trust of the employer by the worker. As a nation we cannot hope to prosper while each side views the other in the way they have done in the past.

The Governments of Australia, both Federal and State, warmly support not only capital and labor in their mutual interests, but also seek to find markets for the commodities in which they both are primarily concerned. By means of a protective tariff the manufacturer has some measure of support accorded his efforts in the various industries, but more attention must be paid to this matter, which so vitally affects industrial Australia. To this end it is necessary to put into our National Parliament men of the best type and of the highest character. I am afraid that at present this rule does not operate. Possibly the party system has in a measure brought this about, and we find dozens of our most able statesmen and politicians being defeated at the poll, owing to their not being attached to one or other of two political parties. We see this particularly in recent years, when men who, essentially party men, have differed from their fellows on vital matters of State interest, have stood as independent candidates, and suffered defeat. There seems to be far too much distrust of our leaders, which is a mistake at times of crisis. Criticism dealt out fairly is welcomed by politicians, but that those at the helm should meet with such petty abuse as frequently happens in Australia is a pity. It weakens the administration, and the men elected to a certain course of action often find their hands tied. We find very few of our leading men of business, barristers and others caring to enter politics in these days, and often the best minds of our country are not utilised in the control of our destinies. This is a pity, and one hopes that the time may soon come when men who have proved themselves in other spheres may be induced to embark on a political career. Having the best men of our country in our Houses of Parliament is one of the most urgent needs of Australia. To this end possibly a scheme of effective or preferential voting would

enable the electors to make a better selection of the candidates offering.

The time at my disposal will not permit me touching on other subjects that suggest themselves. The needs of Australia, politically, socially, industrially and religiously are great, and require even greater thought and consideration. Post-war problems will probably require even greater strength in handling than any of the questions that have come along during the war's continuance. None of us can really tell just what is in store for us in the immediate future, but with the best co-operation of all classes of the community there is no reason why we should fear any problem that may come along. We are all shareholders in a great concern, our opportunities are unlimited, and it behoves us all to pull together and put Australia in the place she is bound to take among the nations of the world.



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Capt. Storkey, V.C., on the right.

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## "The Runic Rag."

### FAREWELL MESSAGE.

(From Major A. L. Roberts, O.C. Troops H.M.A.T., Runic, D23.)

To All Concerned,—

Having arrived at the end of a long and somewhat tedious voyage, a few words from me may not be out of place.

Shortly after leaving Liverpool harbor I called the first boat muster parade. Considering adverse weather conditions and the fact that there were 1,220 troops on board, of whom 930 were invalids, I cannot help but appreciate and admire the good temper which prevailed all round.

Of course, there were anomalies, such as men with arms and legs missing who were allotted rafts instead of boats, but from the nominal roll issued me it is impossible to gain such particulars prior to the muster.

I cannot speak too highly of the splendid discipline maintained during the voyage, more especially at the Cape, where we encountered the bitter disappointment, viz., "no leave." I think that at first everybody thought it was "bluff," but when the real state of affairs became known all on board "played the game" without a "grouse." Our three days at Durban, under trying conditions, passed very well, and here I wish to express my warmest thanks to Miss Campbell and the Durban people for all they did for us, and are doing for all troopships calling at their port.

After another seventeen days' run we arrived at our first home port, where we were "greeted" with a most chilling reception, or, rather, absolutely ignored. What happened at Fremantle is well known to all, and, in my position, I consider the less said the better.

At Adelaide the quarantine arrangements were carried out each day without a hitch, thanks to all ranks. After the three days' trip to Torrens Island, we have every cause for regarding Adelaide as the brightest spot of the whole voyage. Everybody will carry the happy recollections of their stay at the S.A. port as long as they live.

The final disembarkation took place at Melbourne successfully on the 64th day of a long and monotonous journey.

In conclusion, I repeat my statement on the occasion of our last concert aboard the Runic—"You will do me." I wish every one the best of luck, and the invalids a speedy recovery to health and strength.

A. L. ROBERTS, Major,  
O.C. Troops D23.

### TOPICAL SONG FINALE.

It's apparent that topical songs are all right,  
So we're putting another two on show to-night.  
The first we sing is of people we see,  
The second you'll find on the Adelaide spree.  
The finest old chap that we've ever met,  
He's hardly thin, but a trifle thick set;  
I wonder if you know whom we're getting at;  
He was seen up in town with a straw boater hat.  
The O.C. of troops, to us "tres bon" has been,  
Although on the decks he's not often seen;  
But after our stunt at the Fremantle port  
We reckon that he is a jolly good sport.  
The ship's "Doc" we know is a flighty young spark,  
Endeavoring to hook up a thundering big shark.  
The "Diggers" all say that he's line he can't bait;  
The crew know full well he can't in-oc-ulate.  
Old "Bottle-O Mac," who's well known on the ship,  
Hopes that before you get over the trip  
You'll give him your shillings and pence in galore  
For the kiddies whose fathers were killed at the war.  
And now at the end let us wish you adieu;  
And here is good luck to the ship and the crew.  
We're now at the end of your journey so long,  
Likewise at the end of our "Topical Song."

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all about it and where they can secure a copy.



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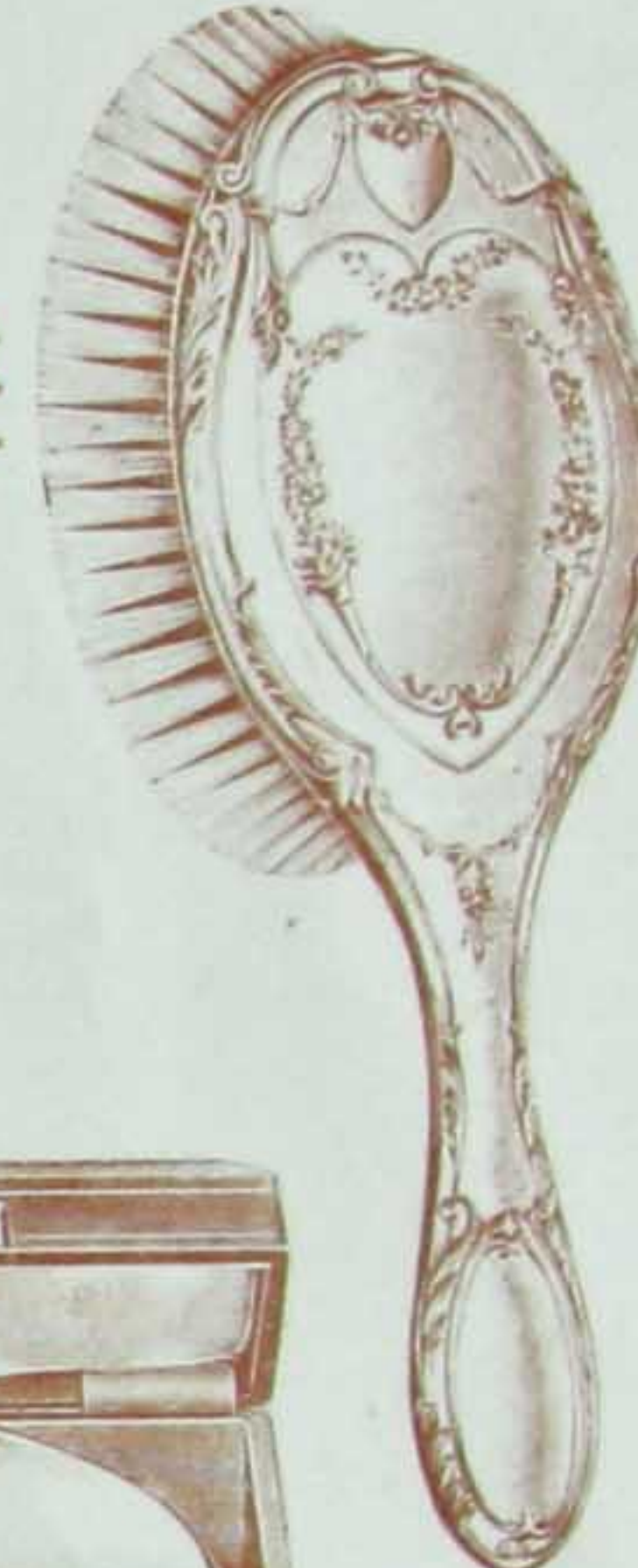
A 3305.—Solid Silver Cigarette Cases—Plain, 30/-; 35/-; 40/-; 45/-; 50/-; 55/-; 60/-; Gold, £8/10/-, £9/15/-; £12, £13/10/-, and £20; Gold-filled, £2/10/-, £5.



A 4409.—Solid Silver Flower Vase, 4 1/2 in., 14/6; 5 in., 17/6; 6 in., 21/-; 7 1/2 in., 30/-; 8 in., 35/-.



A 3306.—Gentleman's Solid Silver and Best Bristle Hair Brush, with Comb, in Case, £1/15/-.



A 3604.—Solid Silver Hair Brushes, £1/5; other designs, 25/-, 27/6, 30/-, 32/6, 35/-, 45/-; in Case with Comb, 15/-.



A 4003.—Best Silver-plated and Clear Crystal Glass Cruets in a great variety of styles—3-Bottle Breakfast, 13/6, 22/6, 27/6; 4-Bottle Breakfast, 25/-, 27/6, 35/-, 37/6; 4-Bottle Dinner, 30/-, 35/-, 37/6, £2/5/-, £2/7/6, £2/15/-, £3, £3/7/6; 6-Bottle Dinner, 45/-, 63/-, £0/-, 84/-, £5/5/-, £5/12/6.

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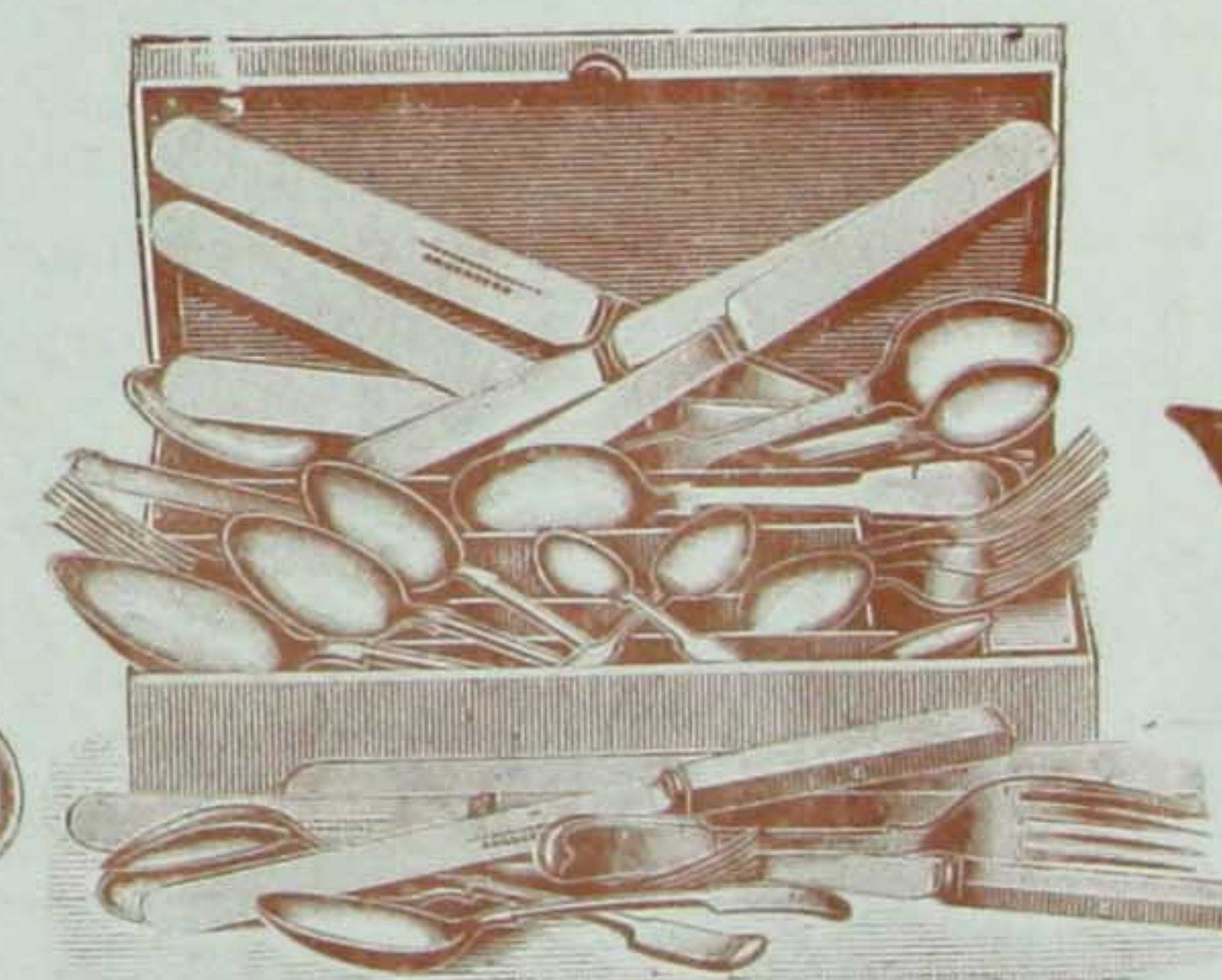
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